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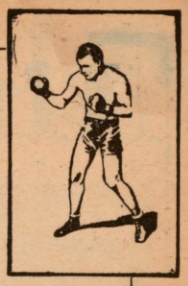

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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CONTENTS

MIKE JACOBS, FROM SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK, BOXING'S NEW BOSS	Nat Fleischer	2
IT'S BASEBALL TIME (Photos)		4
THE CHAMP IN CAMP (Photos)		5
INTERNATIONAL BOUTS	The Veteran	6
INFIGHTING, LOST ART	Murray Lewin	7
UP THE LADDER WITH FARR (Photos)		8
BRITISH CHAMP POSES (Photos)		9
ARRANGING THE FARR-LOUIS MATCH	The Ring Editor	10
FARR'S RISE LIKE HORATIO ALGER STORY	Hype Igoe	12
PITTSBURGH FISTIC STAR	Paul Beeler	14
BRITISH INVADERS	George Tickell	15
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		18
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	20
NEW FACES	Meyer Ackerman	22
OFF TO CALIFORNIA	Bill Doherty	24
NEW TERROR OF THE RING	Ted Carroll	26
THE JACK CURLEY I KNEW	Frank Graham	30
GANG WARS AND POLITICS OF THE PRIZE RING	George T. Pardy	34
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Emery Clarke	37
PREPARE FOR INDOOR SEASON	The Matman	40
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Nat Frank	42
LITTLE MEN OF THE EAST (Photos)		46
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	50

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	51
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	52
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER	I. Q. Gross	53
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, CLEVELAND CHATTER		54
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES, SOUTHERN OHIO, MICHIGAN AND THE COAL FIELDS		55
LIMA, PERU, SOUTH AFRICA AND BOXING IN CUBA		56
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	57
BOXING IN JAMAICA, B.W.I. AND HOLYOKE NEWS		58
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER AND TEXAS NEWS		59
CANADIAN TOPICS, IN THE NORTHWEST AND AUSTRALIA		60
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, IN SYRACUSE		61
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON	Doc Almy	62
IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO	Sheridan Brown	63
IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS, KANSAS AND VICINITY		64

In Our Next Issue

The Farr-Louis fight is over. The pictures of this International battle are being awaited with interest by thousands of Ring readers throughout the world. The Ring Editor, as on previous occasions, assigned several of the best photographers in the country to shoot the boys in action at the ringside. These pictures—about ten pages of them—will appear exclusively in the November Ring.

The greatest carnival of fisticuffs that has taken place in any country at any time, will be staged by the Twentieth Century Sporting Club of New York on September 23, too late for our next issue, but you'll see your favorites in action in their respective training camps.

How have champions passed out of the picture? Jack Kofoed, one of America's foremost boxing critics, has an interesting story on this subject.

And in addition, special features by world renown writers—Hype Igoe, Bill Doherty, Bob Edgren, Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, George T. Pardy and Eddie Borden.

An issue you shouldn't miss

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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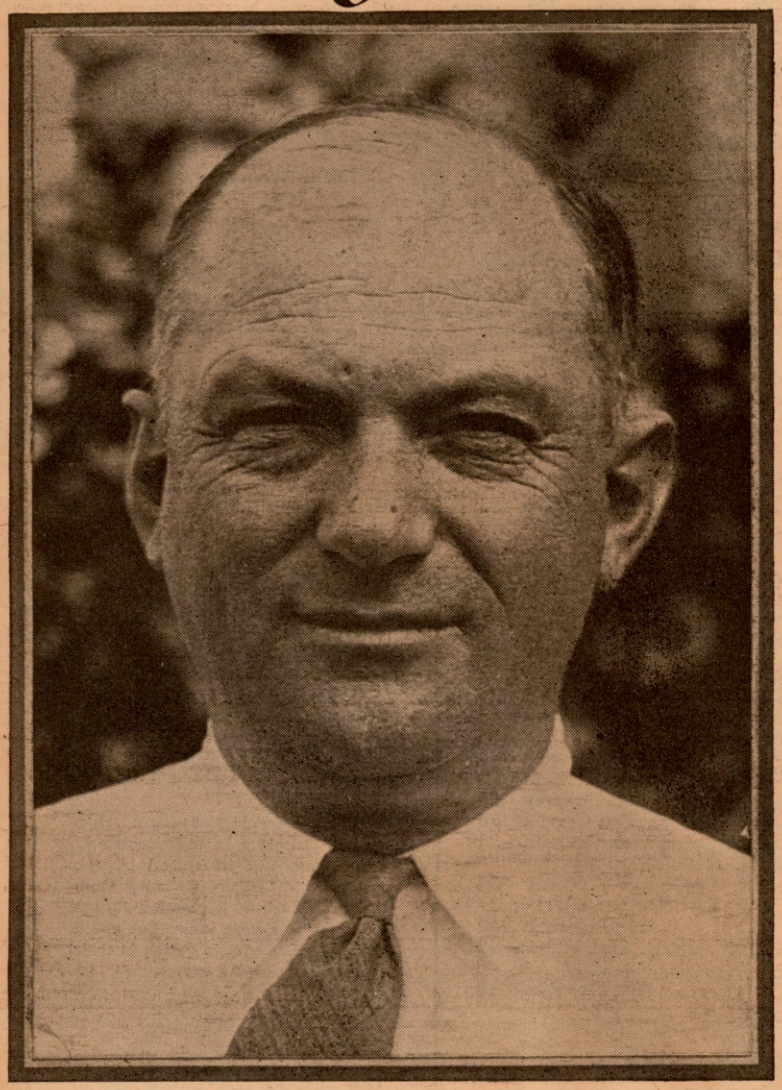
MIKE JACOBS, *from Sidewalks*

By NAT FLEISCHER



Mike Jacobs, who dominates boxing control without any likely interference at this stage.

THIS is the saga of Michael Strauss Jacobs, and the story, by Mike himself, of his plans for the big Madison Square Garden in New York, which he has taken over for two years for the promotion of boxing events. The arena in the heart of Manhattan, the amphitheatre which the Garden built out on Long Island, the prestige of the big organization and its physical assets,—all lie in the hands of Mike Jacobs.

Taking over the Garden is not merely a successful business venture with Mike. It is a triumph of acumen, and the realization of a hope and an ambition. No stranger to the Garden was Jacobs when he closed the deal with the stockholders. It was Jacobs who got the builders of the Garden and the owners of the site together. It was Jacobs who advised Tex Rickard while the arena was being constructed.

Just how far and how much and how adroitly Jacobs advised Rickard in everything never will be known. Rickard was a gambler in everything. He needed a balance wheel. Money meant nothing to Tex. He was as lavish in its expenditure as he was lavish in the living of life. He had to have some business head to hold his hand and stop him when it seemed as if the Rickard enthusiasm for his venture would be allowed to run off with the principal idea.

When Rickard died, Jacobs built the ambition to succeed him. It was not easy. To get into the Garden by direct means was impossible. The owners of the Garden had to be fought, had to be forced into a corner. So Jacobs went out and organized the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. Along came Joe Louis, and Jacobs was crafty enough to see the Negro's potentialities, and with this ace, got the Garden into a thoroughly defensive position.

* * *

THE arena was full of static. The management moved as if its hands were tied and its feet shackled. There was no progress. And when Jacobs grew in stature as a promoter, the Garden as the fountain of boxing features dwindled. When Jacobs went into Chicago and put over the Braddock-Louis fight in a tremendous way, the Garden was doomed as a rival of Mike.

The stockholders began to take stock. They looked over their books, they looked into the future, and they called Mike. And they surrendered. That's how Michael Strauss Jacobs got into the Garden. It was not, as published, entirely by invitation.

Born and reared in New York, Jacobs is the very antithesis of Rickard. He is of, by, in New York. He knows the city, he knows its people, he knows its capacity for enjoyment and the extent to which it will go for recreation and fun. He has a keen sense of judgment on theatre. All his life he was a ticket broker. He made a fortune because he knew what the people were going to want tomorrow.

The dry rot is being swept out of the Garden. The jinx which has pursued those who tried to make the old Garden and the new one pay is about to be throttled. Because Mike is no failure in anything he sets out to do with all his might. And in this Garden adventure, he is doing things with all his might. He is not in this alone. Josie is Mrs. Jacobs. She is the balance wheel for Mike, as Mike was the balance wheel for Rickard. This new setup in the Garden is likely to be fraught with tremendous developments for the welfare of boxing, and the benefit of the fans, the fighters, the promoter.

* * *

MIKE JACOBS has built around him an organization that is second to none in the promotion field in this or any other country. As his public relations counsel, he has a veteran sports writer of the old school, Walter St. Denis, a man whose knowledge of the boxing game is so wide that he has few equals. And as a contact man, there is none his superior. As his aid, he has Nat Rogers, a young man who has been associated in one way or another with boxing as manager, publicist and promoter for many years and whose sense for news makes him a most valuable asset to St. Denis and Mike Jacobs.

In the matchmaking field there is Tom McArdle, the man who piled up a record series in sellouts for the Garden under the regime of the late Tex Rickard, there are Rogers and Lou Brix, manager of world champion bantamweight, Sixto Escobar. Lou received his training under Billy Gibson and McArdle.

Right down the line, from the most efficient Louise Young, his secretary, who handles the complimentary list and the reservations for all of Jacobs' fights, to Nat Ellenbogen, his hard-working auditor, Fred DeWolf, the treasurer, and Frank Bisland, the head of the box office staff, Mike has gathered around him an incomparable force that enables him to carry on with his many ventures without the headaches that usually go with such a gigantic venture. That's why everything that Jacobs has promoted, has been a success.

With this introduction, let us permit Mike himself to tell you what he intends to do in the Garden.

# of New York, Boxing's New Boss

Madison Square Garden, the scene of many historic fistic events, which Jacobs has taken over.

By MIKE JACOBS

IT ISN'T often that I talk about myself. I let others do that if they choose to. But I can't let a friend of thirty years standing down, so here goes my story:

In taking over the lease of the Garden for a period of two years, I didn't gamble as some would have it. I never felt more confident in my life about a new venture into which I was sinking thousands of dollars than I was when I closed the deal for the Garden lease. Why? Well, that's a long story, but I can summarize it as follows:

The Garden made big money for Tex Rickard when he was at the helm. Of course he had his Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and several other big shots to carry him along, but he proved to the world that with the proper material in hand, boxing can make big dough if the right kind of matches are made and the confidence of the public is obtained.

What Rickard once did for the Garden again can be accomplished and I know that I can do it. Again you ask why? Well, because I have another Dempsey in Joe Louis. He may not be the equal of Jack as a drawing card or a fighter, but he's the most popular champion we have had since Jack's time and the public can be made to go out to see him. They have complete confidence in him. They know he is a fighter who won't shirk his duty to the fans. They know that he is a hard, terrific hitter and can furnish the sock that brings 'em out. And he has color—another great asset.

* * *

I HAVE the sole right to Louis' services for many years. I have the sole right to the services of every heavyweight of note the world over—Braddock, Baer, Schmeling, Louis and Farr. Only Bob Pastor is not in the fold and I can get him any time if desired.

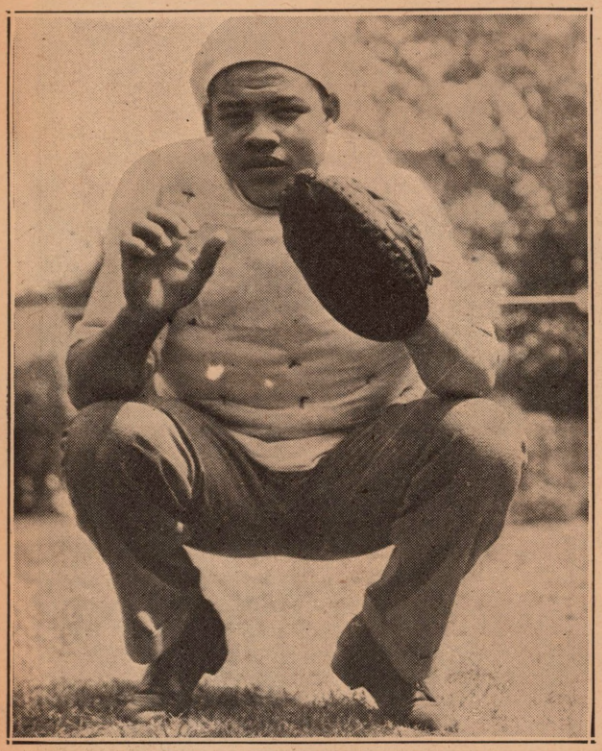
Does it appear from that list that Mike Jacobs took a big gamble when he signed the Garden contract? I don't think so. I played safe and I'll make money for Uncle Mike and the Garden and the fighters.

It's the fighters I'm most interested in. I have plenty of dough, enough to carry me through old age, but I can make more and while making it for myself, I can help all associated with me to profit handsomely.

It is my aim to better boxing. I want to bring the sport back to where it was when my pal, Tex Rickard, ruled the roost. It can be done and I'll do it. *(Continued on page 29)*

Jimmy Johnston, after six years of reign in the Garden, makes way for Jacobs.

IT'S BASEBALL TIME



Doing a little catching as a tune-up before donning the mitts.

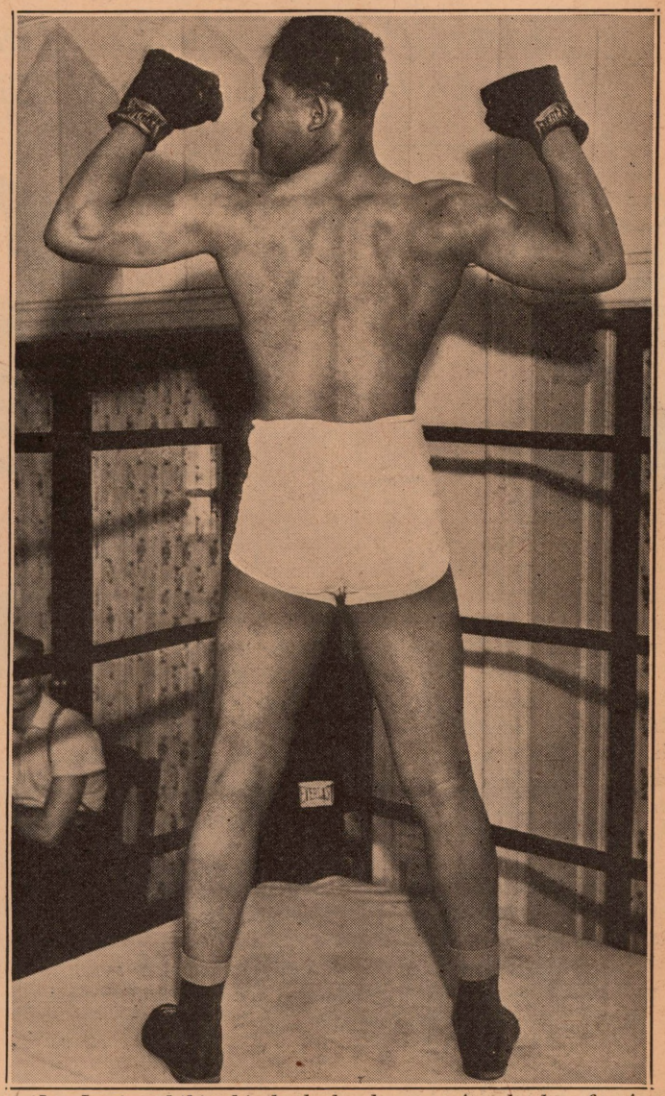
Taking a fling at pitching at Pompton Lakes. The champ can play almost any position and play 'em well.

Joe Louis is one of the most ardent baseball fans in the country. Playing the game is a favorite pastime at camp.

And now, with the baseball game over, Joe goes into the dressing room to have his hands bandaged before entering the ring.

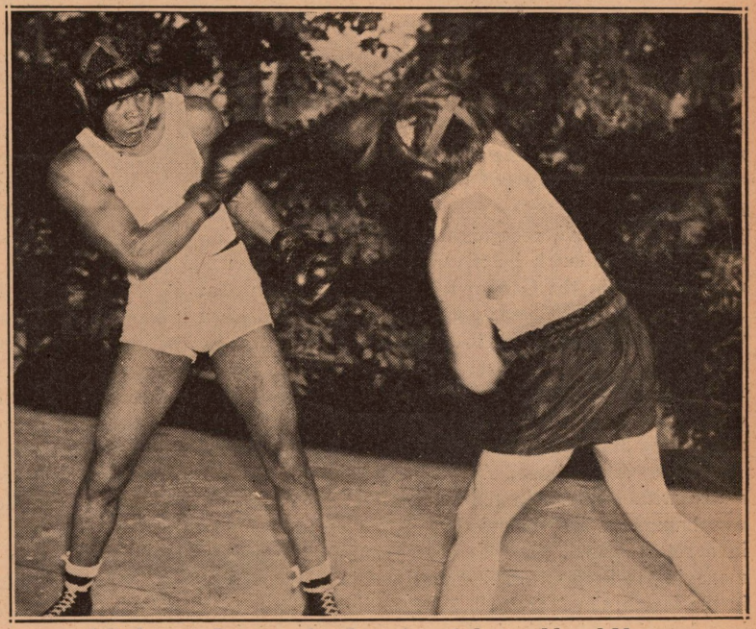
The CHAMP in CAMP

Set for the delivery of a hefty right to the mid-rib of the heavy bag while an admiring throng watches at Pompton Lakes.



Joe Louis exhibits his back development for the benefit of the movies at Dr. Bier's Pompton Lakes Camp in New Jersey.

Providing the power behind the kayo wallop. Note the fine development.



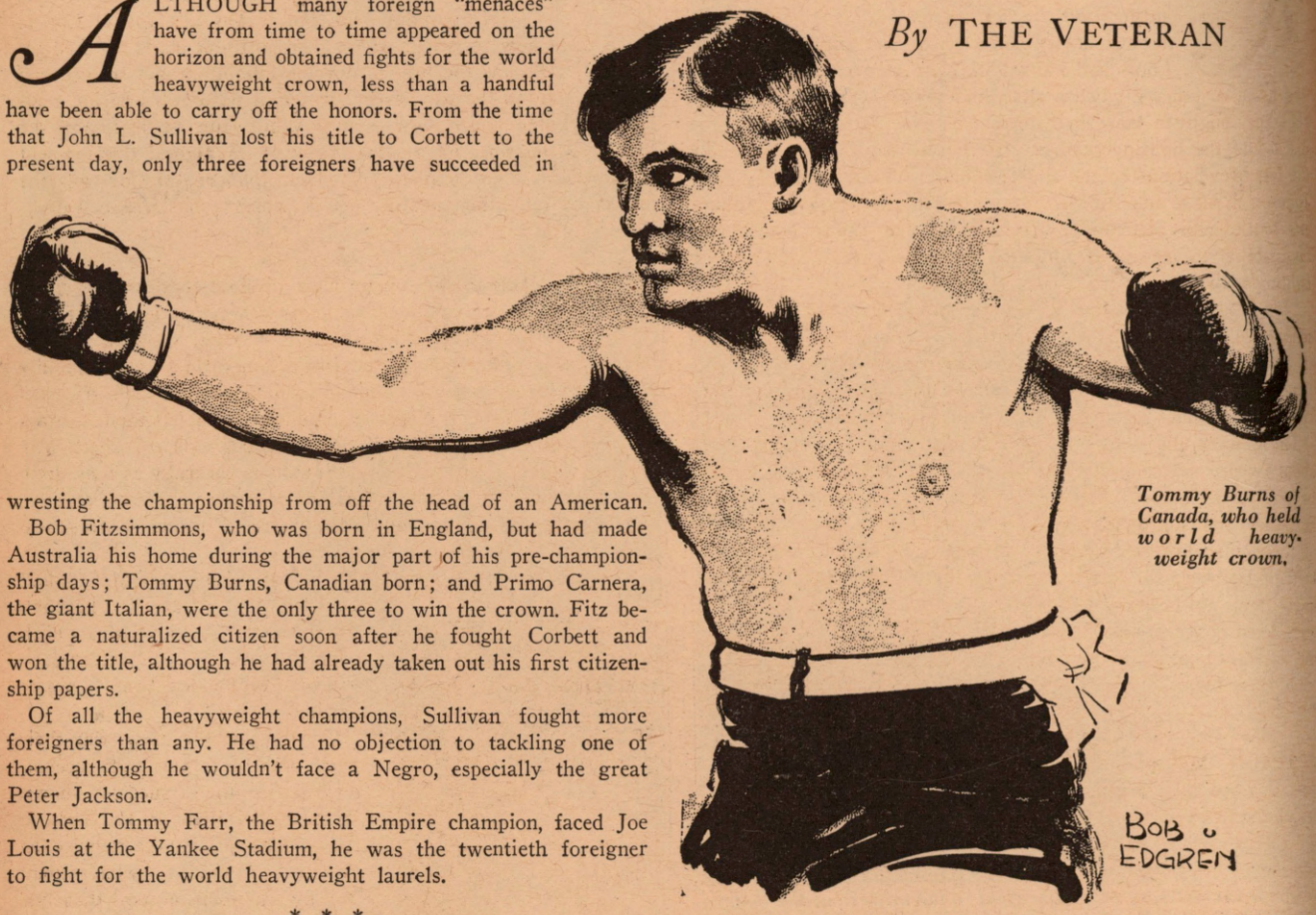
A little setto between the champion of the world and Marty Gallagher of Washington, D. C.

INTERNATIONAL BOUTS

Tommy Farr the Twentieth Heavyweight to Fight in America for World Championship Since Corbett Won the Title

By THE VETERAN

ALTHOUGH many foreign "menaces" have from time to time appeared on the horizon and obtained fights for the world heavyweight crown, less than a handful have been able to carry off the honors. From the time that John L. Sullivan lost his title to Corbett to the present day, only three foreigners have succeeded in wresting the championship from off the head of an American.



Tommy Burns of Canada, who held world heavyweight crown.

Bob Fitzsimmons, who was born in England, but had made Australia his home during the major part of his pre-championship days; Tommy Burns, Canadian born; and Primo Carnera, the giant Italian, were the only three to win the crown. Fitz became a naturalized citizen soon after he fought Corbett and won the title, although he had already taken out his first citizenship papers.

Of all the heavyweight champions, Sullivan fought more foreigners than any. He had no objection to tackling one of them, although he wouldn't face a Negro, especially the great Peter Jackson.

When Tommy Farr, the British Empire champion, faced Joe Louis at the Yankee Stadium, he was the twentieth foreigner to fight for the world heavyweight laurels.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was the first heavyweight champion of America to take on a foreigner. That was in the bare knuckle days, but Sullivan wore four-ounce boxing gloves when he participated in four international scraps in the original Madison Square Garden fifty years ago.

On July 17, 1882, in the Garden, Sullivan encountered Tug Wilson of England, and agreed to knock him out inside of four rounds. Instead, John L. failed to make good because Wilson repeatedly dropped to the floor to avoid his terrific right swings, and in that way managed to stay the limit, for which he was paid $7,000.

Charley Mitchell, recognized as heavyweight boxing champion of England, although he never weighed more than 165 pounds, met Sullivan in the Garden for the first time on May 14, 1883. Police Inspector Williams put a stop to the scrap when it seemed that Sullivan was about to annihilate the Briton in the third round. Then came Herbert Slade, described as a Maori Chief, from Australia, to tackle Sullivan. They clashed in the Garden on August 6, 1883, and Slade proved to be nothing more than a punching bag, John L. winning decisively in the third round.

Another Englishman, Alf Greenfield, came over here for a match with Sullivan in the Garden on November 17, 1884, and was hammered into submission in the second round. They met in a return match the following January in Boston, Greenfield managing to keep on his feet until Sullivan virtually stopped him in the fourth. On March 10, 1888, Sullivan and Mitchell indulged in a bare knuckle fight in France, the decision being a draw at the end of the thirty-ninth round.

CORBETT, who won the championship from Sullivan in September, 1892, whipped Mitchell with a knockout blow in the third round at Jacksonville on January 25, 1894, but lost the title to another foreigner, Bob Fitzsimmons, born in Cornwall, England, in the fourteenth round at Carson City on March 17, 1897.

Fitzsimmons, as world champion, indulged in one fight, that with James J. Jeffries of California, who put him away in the eleventh round. Tom Sharkey, born in Ireland, was an American citizen when he battled Jeffries for twenty-five rounds and was declared loser on points by Referee George Siler, at Coney Island.

When Jeffries retired in 1904 he selected Jack Root to defend the title, and Root was knocked out by Marvin Hart, who, in turn, was defeated on points by Noah Brusso, a French-Canadian, whose ring name was Tommy Burns.

In 1907 Burns knocked out two foreigners, Bill Squires of Australia, in one round, and Gunner Mohr of England, in ten. The following year he stopped three Englishmen on the other side, Jack Palmer, Jem Roach and Jewey Smith, after which he handed two consecutive knockouts to Squires in eight and thirteen rounds, and then stopped Bill Lang, another Antipodean, in the sixth.

After Jack Johnson, American Negro, had dethroned Burns and then added to his prestige by stopping Jeffries in the fifteenth round at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910, he got into trouble with Uncle Sam and became a fugitive from justice.

While living in Paris, France, Johnson took part in several fights in one of which he stacked up against a Russian wrestler named A. Spoul, who quickly subjected the champion to a painful strangle hold and tried to choke *(Continued on page 49)*

INFIGHTING, LOST ART

Like Feinting, Few of Present Day Boxers Efficient in Its Use—McCoy Inventer of Modern Style-Trick That Made the Wily Kid Famous

By MURRAY LEWIN
New York "Mirror's" Boxing Expert

KID McCOY, the craftiest fighter that ever donned the gloves, was sitting with a group of newspapermen in Detroit the night after Joe Louis had gained the verdict over Natie Brown, and as is customary when scribes and a veteran of the ring get together, pugilism was their topic of conversation. McCoy was discussing the fighting qualities of the Brown Bomber, and like the later revelations of the shortcomings of Louis, made by Jack Johnson in an article in THE RING a fortnight before the Bomber's battle with Schmeling, McCoy said that Louis' stance and his inability to engage in infighting were two grave faults in his fighting makeup.

"Joe is never in position to counter properly as we of the old school were able to do," declared McCoy, "and he doesn't seem to be able to get going when at close range. He needs a stationery target in order to get across his knockout clout, and he'll require much schooling before he reaches the top."

Those were the words of McCoy made two years ago while about twenty newspapermen, some of whom knew The Kid when he was a ring marvel, listened in. And what he pointed out then, and Jack Johnson at a later date, were brought to the attention of the public more thoroughly when Max Schmeling stopped the Detroit Bomber. All of which proves that the old timers not only knew how to fight and box but were keen observers and could find the faults of others just as they could their own.

* * *

WHEN McCoy was climbing upward on the pugilistic ladder, he studied styles of opponents and then he perfected a system of fighting to meet the kind employed by his rival. McCoy will tell you that he figured and worked and dreamed over the possibilities of infighting and it was his ability to make more of his chances at close quarters than the other man, that made of The Kid a championship possibility. There never was a fighter who was the peer of McCoy at infighting and it was that trick, that made the Wily Kid famous.

While to most boxers close work means nothing more nor less than shooting the hands in as rapidly as possible and trusting to luck that more is given than received, with McCoy, close fighting meant weakening an opponent by continuous battering of the mid-section and befogging the brain by shooting uppercuts to the chin with jarring effect. One boxer in a half dozen keeps his eyes open when mixing things, while the other five slam away blindly. Few figure on practicing and perfecting close work.

They are content with rehearsing feints, jabs and counters and learning to block well. They will all admit that a short jolt will do more good than many jabs, but it was left for McCoy to teach them how to get in where the short jolt could be used effectively. He was the first to develop infighting as a science and once he showed the way, every fighter of note in his period realized its value and followed suit. While Jim Corbett was the master of feinting, an art that reached its highest development in American fighting history in Jack Johnson, McCoy was the master of infighting, another art in which Johnson excelled.

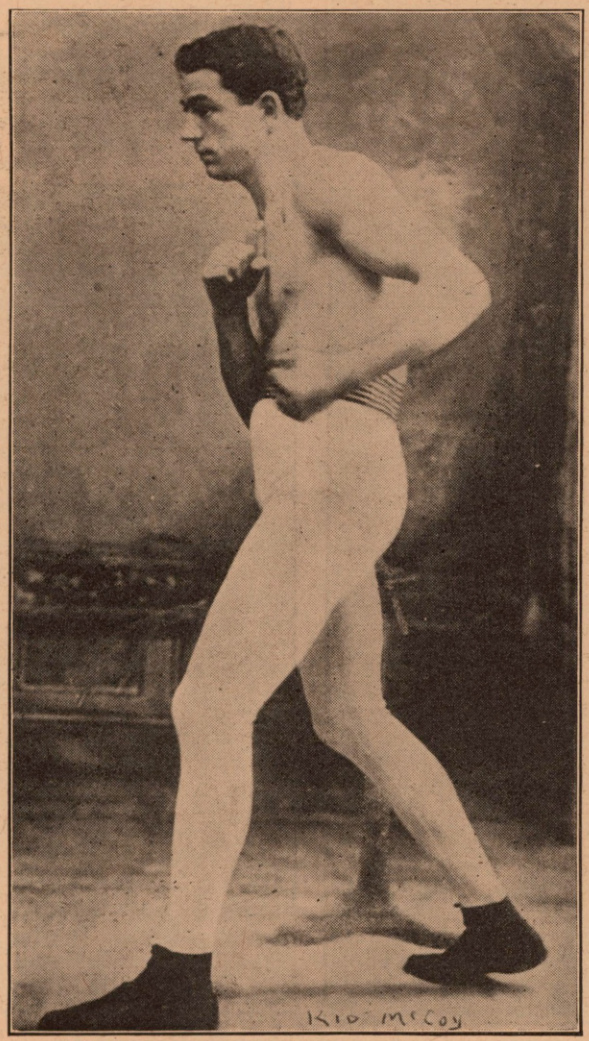
* * *

IT came to McCoy through absolute fearlessness, clear-headed calculation and long, weary months of training. When we consider scientific boxing, Corbett, McCoy and Johnson stand out as the three American Aces. The disregard of blows that are common to boxing which this trio was able to avoid through clever manipulation, enabled them to gain the fistic prominence they did. The punches which Corbett, McCoy and Johnson learned to slip or stop as naturally as they drew their breath, was perhaps the underlying secret of their success. In the case of Johnson and McCoy, their hitting powers also were great assets. Corbett lacked this.

There is no blow known to the art of boxing that McCoy and Johnson didn't learn to discount. To them, the stopping of a punch with the arm, an art perfected by Elbows' McFadden, was a waste of time.

To get past the blow, was their trick and how well each accomplished it, their success shows. Once inside, their is no limit to the damage that can be inflicted on an opponent and to what extent McCoy and Johnson used that system, may be gleaned by a study of their fine record. Jack Johnson proved the value of this style against Jeffries and Burns, and McCoy showed its possibilities against Jim Corbett, Ruhlin, Choynski, Maher and others.

The fighter upon whom the trick is worked, first of all, is in a bad position for attack and defense. One of his arms is over the shoulder of his opponent and in the case of McCoy, the Wily Kid invariably blocked the other as he came in. He stopped and blocked as did other boxers, but far better, but his greatest craftiness lay in being able to get past and in, more often and at more opportune times, than any man of his period.

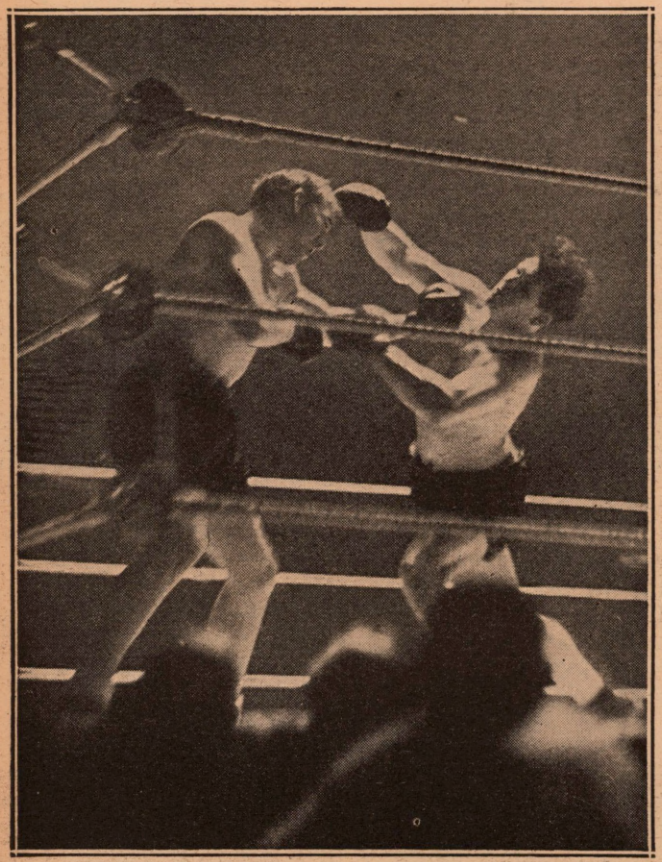


Kid McCoy, the craftiest of modern fighters.

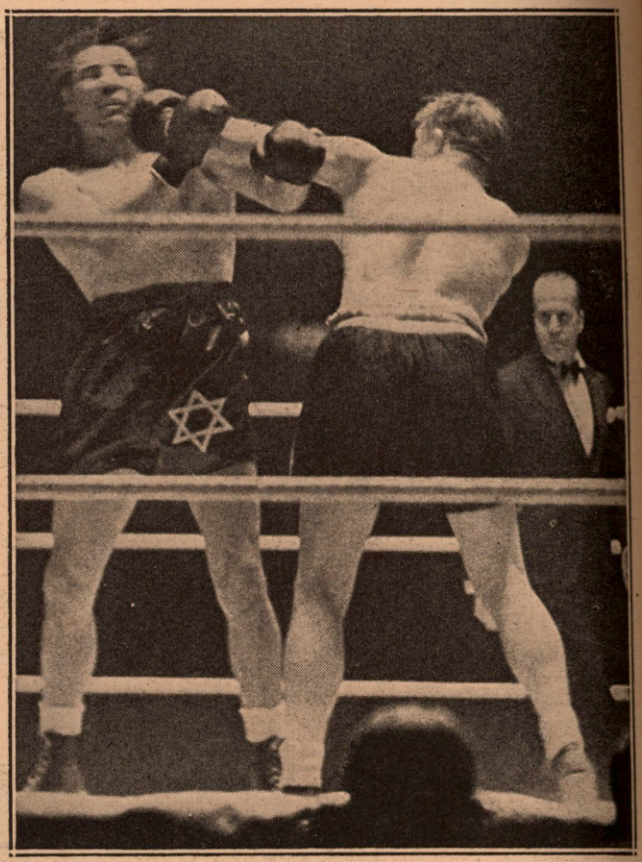
* * *

THERE isn't a fighter in the heavyweight ranks to-day, barring Tommy Loughran, who has mastered feinting and infighting. What Tommy in his prime, would do to the present crop just by employing *(Cont. on page 33)*

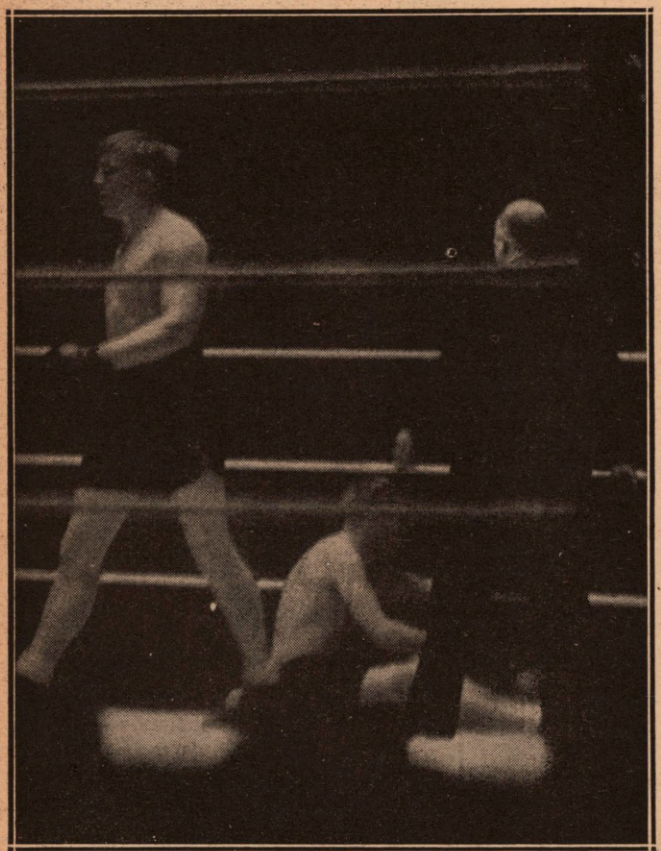
UP *the* LADDER *with* FARR



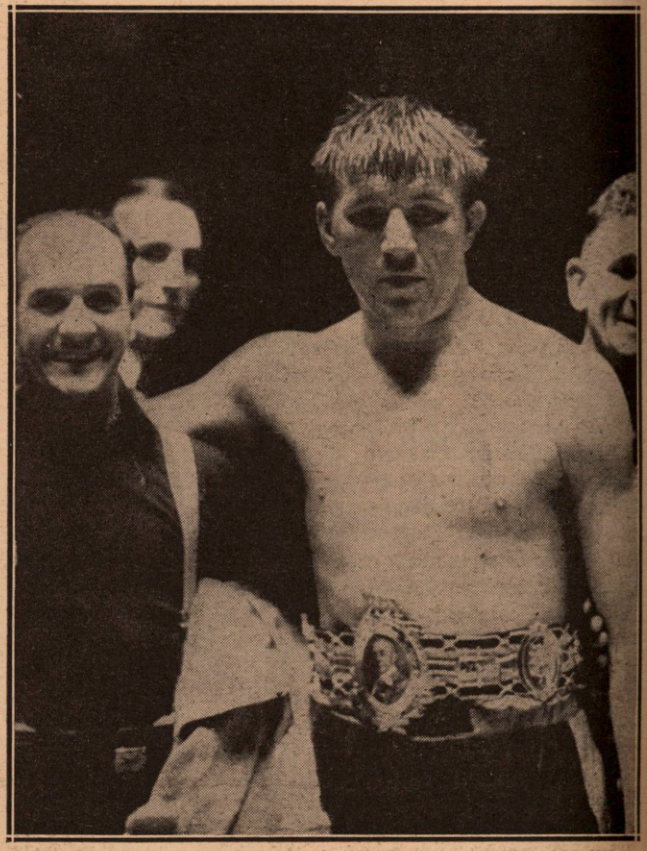
A scene in the fight between Tomy Farr and Ben Foord at the Harringay Stadium in London in which Foord (left) lost his British crown to Tommy.



Tommy Farr adds to his prestige by whipping Max Baer. Here Tommy is seen landing a stinging left to Baer's jaw in the seventh round.



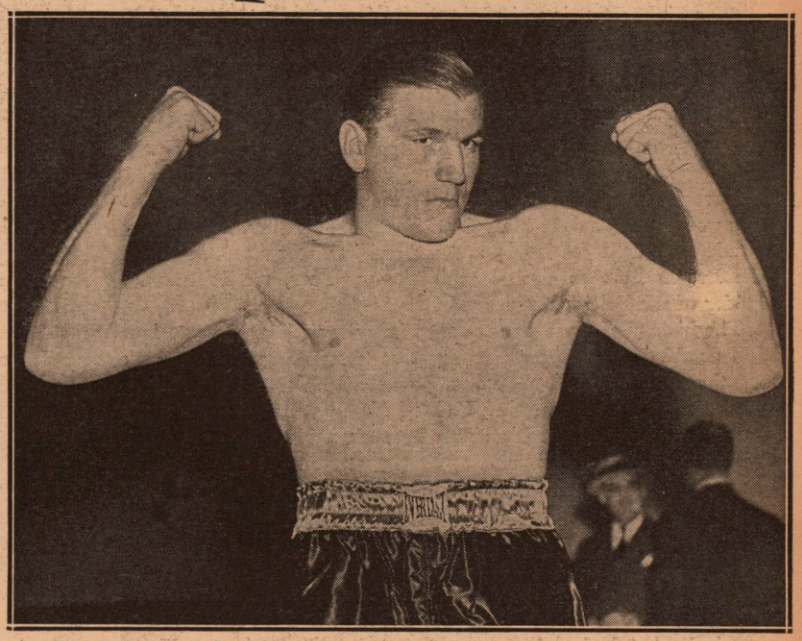
The knockout of Walter Neusel in the third round of his fight with Tommy Farr in England.



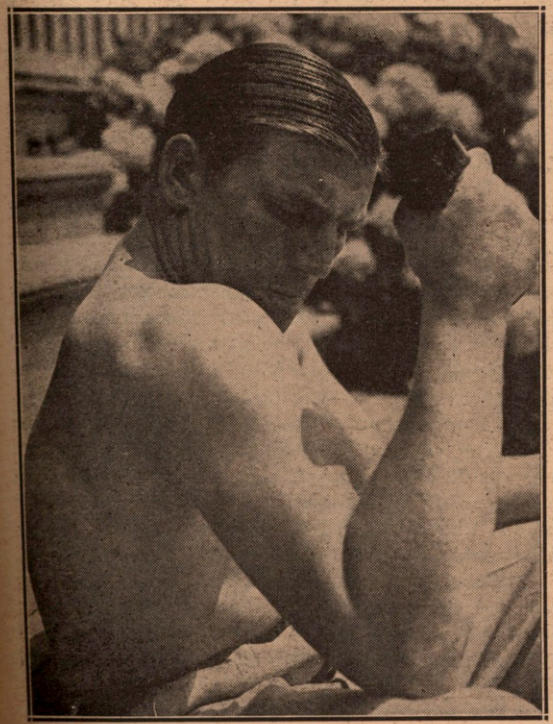
The Champion with Trainer Tom Evans (left), and his manager, Ted Broadribb (right). Farr is wearing the Lord Lonsdale belt.

British Champion Poses

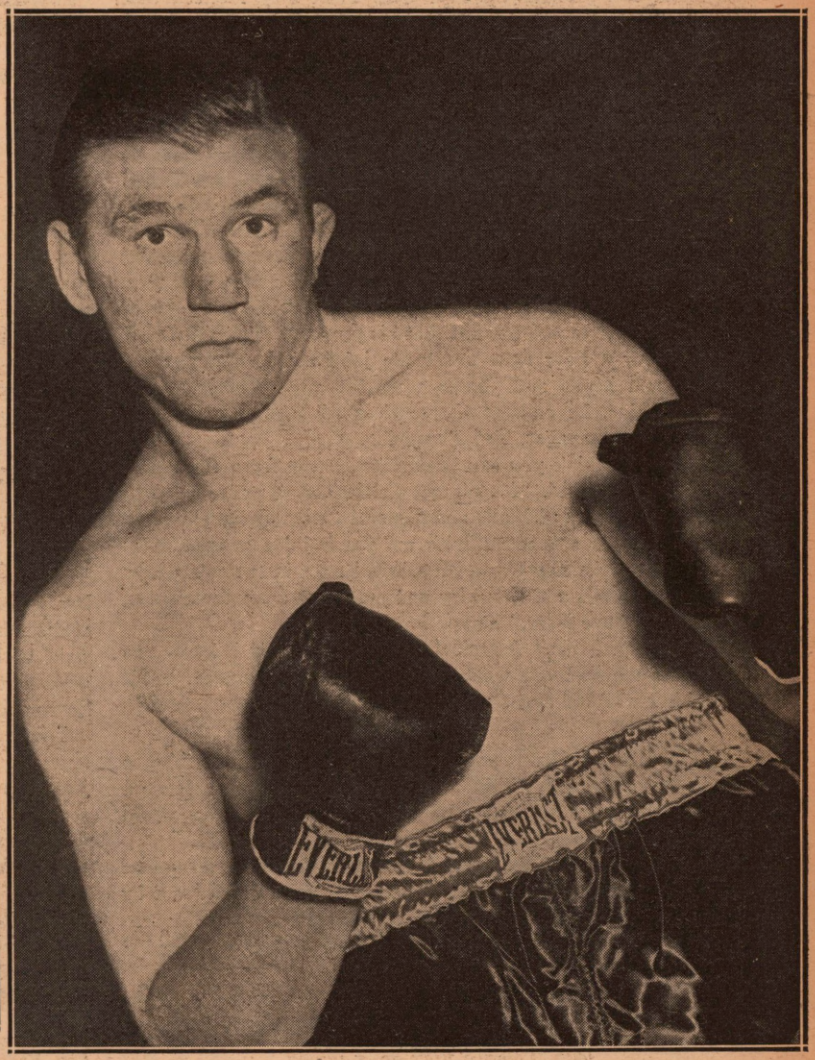
Farr showing his manager, Ted Broadribb, how to handle the wrist exercisers.



Displaying his sturdy shoulders and chest development for the benefit of the movies, at Long Branch, N. J.



Showing his powerful muscles. Note his shoulder development.



The fighting stance of the British heavyweight king.

Arranging the Farr-Louis Match

By THE RING EDITOR

IN order to arrange a world heavyweight championship fight these days of commercialized boxing, it is necessary to have a corps of legal advisers, a bunch of politicians, and to possess, to a great extent, the science of manipulating—a science that enables one to get the jump on his rival promoters and keep a step or two ahead until the deal for the services of champion and challenger is completed.

Never was this exemplified more than in the case of the last two world heavyweight championship fights—that in which Jimmy Braddock fought Joe Louis, and the one just completed, in which the Brown Bomber clashed with Tommy Farr, the Welshman, holder of the British Empire title.

The history of these two matches is too well known to go into full details here. Suffice it to say that shrewd chess board play by the world's leading boxing promoter, Mike Jacobs of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club of New York, enabled him to outguess and outsmart his rivals by such a big margin that he had matters in hand almost from the start. And what he did was within the law. Even the high courts of this country and England agreed that he had not played the game illegally, and as a result, he was entitled to the spoils.

The manner in which he stole the march on General Critchley and Syd Hulls of London was a pip. It was a case of American gambling instinct and quick thinking that turned the trick. Jacobs grabbed what looked like a sure shot for England, right from under the nose of so-called smart promoters who thought it an easy task to toss their American partner, Mike Jacobs, into the background and promote on their own when they realized that the card they had secured looked too good to share with a third party. But they failed to understand the temperament and the gambling element in Mike Jacobs, and that proved extremely costly.

* * *

TO get Farr, Syd Hulls had taken up an option he had on the services of the Welshman. He informed him that he had the signed contract of Max Schmeling and that, with the German boxing government, the French and the Italian favoring Schmeling as world champion, he could get the British to do likewise and then he would promote a Farr-Schmeling fight for the world title.

His plans looked good on paper, but money always talks in boxing and when Jacobs learned that his proposed trip with Louis to London for a Farr fight under the joint auspices of General Critchley and Hulls and Jacobs were hit on the head by the British combine, he enlisted the services of THE RING Editor, a pal of Farr's manager, Ted Broadribb.

"Nat, do you think you can land Farr for me for a fight with Louis?" Jacobs asked. "I can't get Schmeling to agree to fight Louis this fall and Syd Hulls and General Critchley have decided to overlook their agreement with me for a joint promotion in London, so it looks like Uncle Mike will be out in the cold unless we can cross Hulls and Critchley and pull Farr away from them, if they really have Farr," he continued.

"That's easy, Mike," I replied. "Money talks, if I know the Welsh. Let me find out what Farr has been guaranteed. We'll then raise Hulls' bid and see what happens."

* * *

WITH that, a call was put in for London. Ted Broadribb got on the wire and within ten minutes, Uncle Mike learned enough to assure England of its first participation in a world heavyweight championship fight in America since 1894.

First, it was learned that Broadribb had signed only an option for Farr's services, and if other agreements were carried out by Syd Hulls, Farr would agree to battle Schmeling.

Second, Hulls had no contract at the time with Schmeling but expected one.

Third, Hulls had guaranteed not to make known the sums he was to pay each fighter, and he violated that by releasing it to the scribes thus getting Farr quite riled when he learned that he was to get a third of what the German was guaranteed, though Tommy's year's record was an excellent one and he deserved more.

Fourth, Broadribb learned that contrary to the reports abroad, instead of only New York and Illinois recognizing Louis as world champion, thirty-six states officially pronounced him the title-holder and therefore someone was spoofing and bamboozling Ted and Tommy by telling them that the Schmeling-Farr fight would be for the world crown.

Then came the big offer to Farr, an offer made only after Schmeling had definitely turned down a higher sum to fight Louis in New York in September. Exactly double the guarantee that Farr was promised in London for a fight with Schmeling, was offered him for a New York battle with Louis, with the real title at stake, not a synthetic one, and in addition, a share in the movies and the radio. There's where American business ingenuity came in. There's where the famed Tex Rickard gambling instinct, now possessed to even a greater degree by Jacobs than Rickard had, came in handy.

While Rickard gambled with the other fellow's dough, Mike Jacobs gambles with his own and here he was, taking a chance on a foreigner who was practically an unknown quantity in the States, by offering him the chance to make a hundred thousand dollars and get a crack at the world championship. Do you blame Farr for tossing Hulls over just as Hulls had thrown Jacobs, his American partner?

Can you blame Farr and Broadribb for grabbing this offer up and ignoring the Schmeling match for which they were both getting a run-around and pikers' dough by the British promoters, compared to what was offered them in America? Quick American thinking plus plenty of American gold of the realm is what speaks in boxing and no foreign promoter can hope to match those when it comes to tackling the American ace, Mike Jacobs.

As for Schmeling, I reiterate what has already been said by me editorially—he has only himself to blame for being tossed around. He had his chance and refused it. He could have had first call on Louis had he desired it, but he turned thumbs down. He figured that by forcing Louis to wait he could keep the Bomber idle. That is why he tried to sew up Farr to prevent a meeting with Joe.

Louis is the champion at this writing, not Schmeling, and I think that Louis made a great sporting gesture when he asked Mike Jacobs to offer Schmeling the same percentage as Louis was willing to take—30 per cent for a New York title fight, but even this was turned down by Max, who kept pleading that he wanted Farr first and after he had whipped him, as he thought he would, then he would talk terms with Louis.

Wherein does Schmeling come to dictate terms as a challenger? I thought that was always the prerogative of the champion.

* * *

IN this review of the circumstances leading up to the Farr-Louis fight, I'm not detracting one iota from my conviction that Max Schmeling is the world's outstanding fighter. I still regard him the leading contender and fully realize that he alone can bring back the million dollar gate in a fight with Louis, but I can say from first hand knowledge that an honest-to-goodness effort to give him the chance for that which he craved—a shot at the title—was turned down by him.

I happen to know more about the dealings in this affair than any sports writer or even Schmeling's American mentor, Joe Jacobs, as I was the intermediary in all proceedings. It was I who sent Schmeling the cables pleading for his acceptance of the fight with Louis and I know that every answer he gave was a negative one. I mention this to offset the tremendous anti-American and anti-Louis and anti-Mike Jacobs propaganda that has come out of England and Germany to indicate that fear on the part of Louis caused Mike Jacobs to shun Schmeling for Farr. That is not so. Louis wants the Schmeling bout as much as he wanted to win the title.

There is not a word of truth in such statements. Throughout the proceedings to clinch the match with Schmeling, it was Louis who was more anxious than the promoter to get Max back into

Mike Jacobs' gambling Instinct and American Ingenuity, With Quick Thinking, Saves the Day for U. S. — Schmeling Propaganda Unfair in Face of Documentary Evidence—How Famous Battles of the Past Were Clinched

Charley Mitchell, famous British champion, discussing the match with Corbett in which he was knocked out in the third round. In the picture are seen (sitting) left to right, Billy Delaney, William A. Brady, Squire Abingdon, backer of Mitchell, and Charley Mitchell.

the ring with him. Those are the facts and let no one poison your mind with bunk that might make Schmeling out to be the martyr.

I am for him. I want to see him fight Louis again. I'll probably pick him to whip the Bomber another time and regain the world title. But I am for fair play, and propaganda making it appear that Schmeling was purposely ignored in the last championship mill, is contrary to documentary facts.

* * *

THE boxing situation has become so enmeshed in politics and commercialism that anything might be expected when a championship match is being arranged. The advice of expensive lawyers, the talk of million dollar purses, the battle for the movie and radio rights, and most often, an absolute spirit of friendship between the principles and the rival managers, makes the arranging of a title match today a little different from in the "good old days." In those days, there usually was an outburst of temper by the fistic rivals, with often a battle royal among the managers and trainers.

Lawyers? They seldom were needed. In fact, the contracts seldom were seen by legal minds.

Ask dad, he'll tell you how when John L. Sullivan appeared to sign for his fight with James J. Corbett, it was all the onlookers could do to save the fight for New Orleans instead of in the office of the promoter.

"Why, you dirty four flusher," snapped John L., "I've a mind to lick you right here," and with that, the Boston Strong Boy, roaring with anger, made a swing for the Californian but friends intervened and saved the day.

It didn't take long to close that match. Talk of guarantees and rights for this and that didn't enter the discussion. It was simply a question of how soon the boys could get together to settle their differences in the ring.

In a jiffy, Sullivan and Corbett each posted $10,000 as a side bet, the purse of $25,000 hung up by the famous Olympic Club of New Orleans was accepted and the articles of agreement were accepted calling for the winner to take all. Thus the way was paved for the first heavyweight championship fight with the padded mitts.

Imagine Schmeling doing business that way! Imagine any of the present day fighters or their mentors closing a deal for a world title in any class, like that!

* * *

TIMES have changed. Promoters, fighters and managers have altered the old-time method of doing business. But in Mike Jacobs, we have the nearest approach to the old-time gambling-spirited promoter since Tex Rickard became famous along that line.

Mike does things on the spur of the moment. A thought reaches him; he grabs up the telephone; he makes known his desires; he starts the ball rolling with speedy action and within a short time, he has clinched a match that would take the ordinary promoter a month or more of dickering to sign.

Live and let live, are his mottos. He believes in giving the fighter what the fighter is worth at the gate and doesn't haggle over a few thousand dollars. He is not of the cut throat variety.

"What's the difference," he will say to the scribes. "If the fight can draw, he's worth what he asks. If it is a flop, well, a few thousand dollars loss means little more than that much of a loss for Uncle Sam in the income tax."

And there you have the philosophy of the man who is now in full control of the heavyweight championship situation. He has the contract of every heavyweight in the spotlight—every contender, including the man who turned down the return fight with Joe Louis, a sure million dollar match—Max Schmeling.

* * *

IF you go down the line of heavyweight champions and contenders from Sullivan's time to recent years, when Rickard became the master mind, you'll find that the matches for the title were made quite easily, simply because commercialism had little to play in the consummation of the deal. Usually it was personal jealousy, a desire to even matters with challenger or champion for a wrong committed by fist or mouth, that led to the matching of a title holder and challenger.

* * *

CORBETT, extremely sensitive, was goaded into his title bout with Charley Mitchell of England at Jacksonville. Jim couldn't stand Charley's personal abuse. Their enmity began in a barroom brawl next door to a Bowery theater, where Corbett, matched to fight Sullivan, was doing a variety turn.

Mitchell, accompanied by his father-in-law, "Pony" More, and Frank P. Slavin, an Australian heavyweight, refused to shake hands with Corbett when they met in the thirst parlor.

"You're a big American coward and I can beat you to a pulp in this room!" shrieked Mitchell. A rough and tumble fight followed, in which Corbett took no part. Mitchell was slugged by several Bowery toughs and Slavin was knocked down with a blackjack. The arrival of the police stopped the proceedings, but there were no arrests.

"After I get through with Sullivan, I want to settle with Mitchell," said Corbett to his manager, William A. Brady, as they reached a point behind the scenes. *(Continued on page 47)*

Farr's Rise Like

TINY, puny, so much a midget that his safety lamp dragged along the floor of the Tonypandy coal pits, was the frail, ninety-pound, future heavyweight champion of the British Empire!

Tommy Farr, as this is being written, is training for his *magnum opus*—the title bout with Joe Louis, in New York. It is within his power and certainly not beyond reason for him to become one of the most picturesque stalwarts ever to become "King of the Queensberry Realm!"

Tommy Farr, a golden-haired "paperweight," the kicked and cuffed-about "collier's helper," sometimes "helping" his collier fill the coal trams while the icy seep-water clucked around his little knees!

Tommy Farr came up from the black bowels of the earth to be England's greatest ring warrior of all time!

He has supplanted famed and cockey Charlie Mitchell in hearts of the British nation. England's fistic idol, though a Welshman.

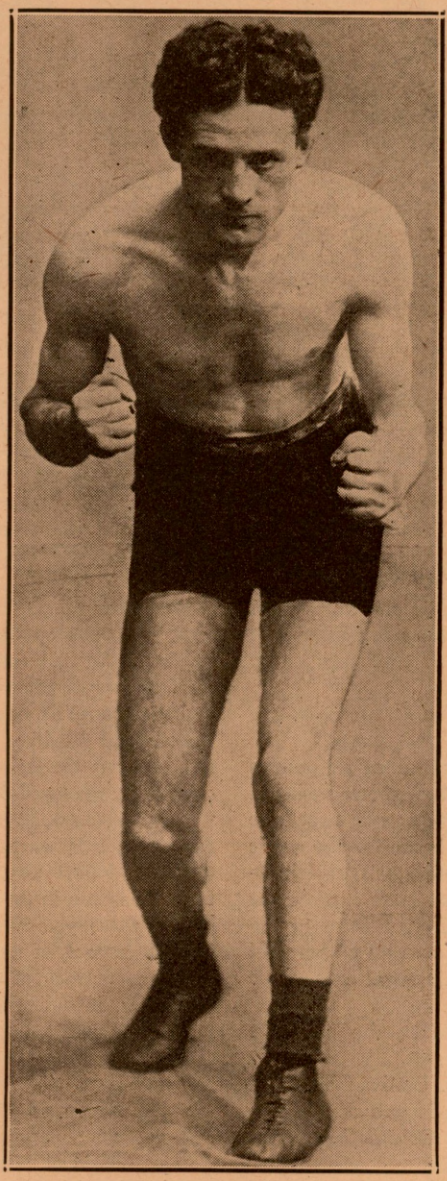
For this reason the chances are that Farr may find a doubting Thomas or a scoffer in the British lineup which he hopes is behind him in his quest for ultimate pinnacle of Fistiana.

* * *

TED BROADRIBB, his manager, the "Young Snowball" of fistic yesteryear, is an out and out Englishman. Georgie Daly, a former office boy with Jeff Dickson, is his buddy and star "speed" sparring partner.

His chef, Kenneth Barker, is an Englishman, who lost a father and three brothers in the World War. English and proud of it!

Farr, as a lad, had heard of the great success of Jem Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde and Freddie Welsh, all born close to where Farr first saw the peep o' day. Folks told him it was the hard way to fame and fortune and he had to grin about it.



Jem Driscoll, Tommy Farr's inspiration.

The hard way! Could it be any more killing than struggling for existence down in the pits where Death always was just around the corner?

The left nostril of Farr's nose is scarred with a blue mark, the life-long reminder that fire lamp had brought the coal walls down about him.

There are scars of the same blue on his arms and legs. The easy way! Indeed! When they told him that boxing was the "hard way" Farr decided for himself. Nothing in a physical way could possibly have been so brutal as this toiling around in the entrails of the earth!

* * *

"I'll join the booths. I'll be a champion like Jem, Jimmy and Freddie." There was nothing of boasting in this sixteen year old boy's declaration of throwing off the collier's fetters to seek fame as a boxer.

He told me recently, with the light of conquest blazing in his eyes:

"I whipped every Welsh champion and former champion from paperweight to heavyweight. I started as a ninety pounder and finally knocked out Jim Wilde, the Welsh heavyweight to complete the chain.

"Besides that, I defeated three former world's champions, Bob Olin and Tommy Loughran, both light-heavyweight champions, and Max Baer, the ex-heavyweight title holder. I enjoyed every blow with Baer, the best sporting go of them all. I wound up my title taking by defeating Ben Foord, for the championship of Great Britain."

* * *

TOMMY FARR wouldn't exchange his place in the sun for the best job the Tonypandy coal holes ever had to offer.

He knows of the sweet breath of success. He has seen his orphan sisters and brothers, save one, come from Tonypandy and her commonplace surroundings to a pretty home in Slough. One brother, married and with several children to care for, refuses to leave the pits and this seems to be the only concern Tommy Farr has in all the wide world.

When Farr first applied for a steady job with the boxing booths the caravan man was horrified. Tommy never would do! He was too skinny and a good punch on the jaw would kill him. No, they'd give him some light work to do around the booths, but as for being a gloved star, that was out of the question.

Tommy, like many of the South Wales boys, had been trying to emulate Jem Driscoll. He had never seen the Jewel of Cardiff. All that he knew of that wizard's boxing he had picked up from older men. Some showed him Driscoll's tricks of the trade. He had concentrated on Jem's manner of using a left hand.

Therefore, when he sought the booth job at the age of fifteen, he knew a lot about boxing, far more than the booth boss would believe. They still didn't believe in him and to pacify him they made him a watchman whose duties consisted of watching the canvas wall to prevent "crashers" getting in for nothing.

An interloper with a canvas-cutting hunting knife drove Farr into the fight business. While watching the canvas fence one night, his attention was attracted to the booth platform because of the unusual uproar.

Farr said that this always was an indication that the boys of the booth had picked up a few tartars.

The crowd was ever ready to egg on a stranger who had the courage to go up on the platform in an effort to earn the $2.50 which was offered as a prize to any outsider who could lick or outpoint one of the booth boxers.

As he peered toward the platform, Farr suddenly heard a tremendous ripping noise in the canvas. He wheeled around and found a big, two-edged knife sticking through the canvas at the end of a two-foot tear made by the knife.

* * *

LITTLE did the intruder realize that the youngster inside guarding that canvas was the future heavyweight champion of Great Britain! As a matter of fact, the interloper didn't know that the canvas was being guarded at all, else he wouldn't

Horatio Alger Story

British Empire Heavyweight King Slaved in Wales Mines in Youth A Product of England's Boxing Booths Took Up Fisticuffs After Whipping "Crasher" Who Had Slashed Booth Canvas

By HYPE IGOE

have stuck his head through the rent in the wall after giving it a final rip with his knife. It narrowly missed cutting Farr in twain!

Farr pounced on the culprit like a terrier. He grasped him by the hair and ears and with a jerk, pulled the uninvited guest into the enclosure. Then they went to it. Farr hadn't selected a "pushover."

"He was as strong as a bull and I was having a go of it," said Tommy, in telling me of the experience which was to be the turning point of his career. Then he added: "The crowd around the boxing platform heard the row and soon we were rolling and punching inside a human ring. The boss of the booth came running up and when he saw the size of my antagonist he was for stopping it. He watched and then decided that we were having a much more even 'bundle in' than he thought possible, a 'bundle in' being a Welsh expression for a rough and tumble.

"Well, I licked the boots off this fellow and when I stood up and brushed myself off, the boss said:

"'I didn't know you could handle yourself as well as that. You can count on being one of the booth boxers from now on.'"

* * *

IN such a fantastic way, Tommy Farr entered upon the life of a booth fighter, a term of intensive fighting which was to head him toward the English boxing throne.

It wasn't all victory and success. Tommy told of the night when the boss was having great difficulty in getting anyone to go on with him. Farr's fame as a clean-up specialist had traveled and only the rankest outsider, a total stranger, would have tackled him.

Call after call brought no response from anyone willing to try for the "half pound."

Tommy looked upon this as a bit of bad luck, because it meant in order to earn his caravan fodder and found, he would have to take on the toughest fellow among his own fellows.

Then came a voice from the crowd. It came from a fellow wearing a high silk hat, a morning cut-away coat, pin-striped pantaloons and a silk cravat. He wore chamois gloves and sported a gold-headed cane.

"I say there, old top. I fawncy a go with your Mister Tommy Farr. Yes, indeed, I shall jolly well take him on."

There was a general laugh when Tommy said aloud: "A poof! Bring the bleeder on up here." A "poof," as Tommy explained it, is a "pansy."

The fellow came up on the platform and with fastidious preliminaries began to disrobe for the go. He removed his hat and set it down, so. He grouped his gloves, his gold-headed cane, his cravat and his shirt on a chair and he and Tommy went to it.

"Knock his English noggin off!" advised the booth boss.

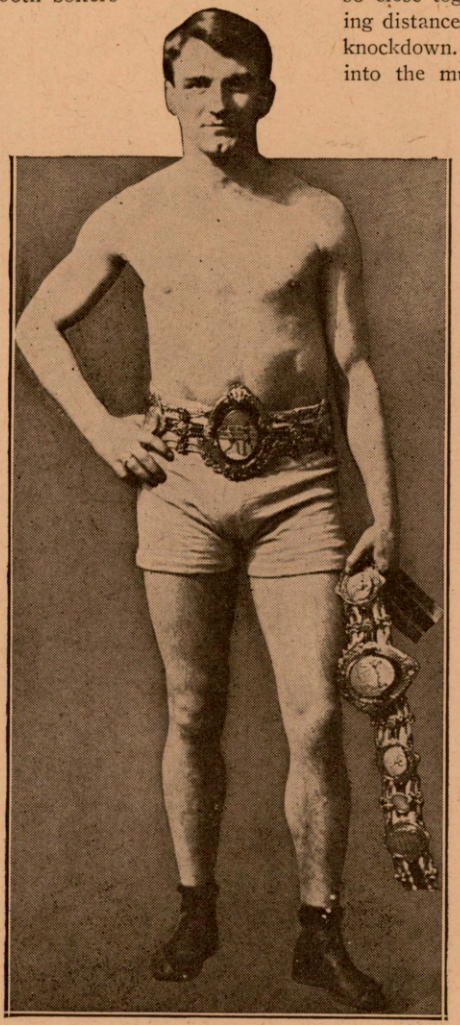
"Righto!" exclaimed Tommy with great glee. The "poof," the "pansy" was a Jim Corbett, a Bob Fitzsimmons, a Kid McCoy all rolled into one. As Tommy described it:

"He gave me the damndest hiding I ever got in all my life. He knocked me down sixteen times and was I glad when the time was up. He declined the half pound and the only thing we learned about him, was that his name was Hopkins Davis.

"I've never seen him since and I don't know that I'm looking for him. All I do know is that somewhere the champion of the world is walking around loose!"

* * *

FARR fought "in the holes." That is a Welsh manner of keeping action sustained. They used to dig narrow pits in the ground into which they would place young fighters. The holes were dug just deep enough so that the ground would be on a level with the fighters' waists. They were dug so close together that boys were always within punching distance of each other. A boy could bow out with a knockdown. The tight fitting pit held him right up into the music and he had to take it until knocked cold or he had knocked the other fellow cold—standing up!



Freddy Welsh, another Welshman, who made good in the ring.

They always dug four sets of these holes so that there would be eight boys fighting at one and the same time.

"Those were fights," said Tommy, "among the hardest I ever had. It taught you to pary, to duck and above all, to take it. It may not have been a proper school, but it did establish your kind of courage. If you were good 'in the holes' you were good anywhere."

There was one English fighter who crossed Tommy's path and yet, didn't! He was Jack Peterson, the man who held and lost the British title to Ben Foord, the man from whom Farr won the English ring crown.

"I always disliked Peterson," says Tommy.

"Ever since I was a middleweight, I wanted to fight that fellow and always he took on somebody else, even when it came to the title fight in which Foord whipped him.

"I was kept out of the big money by Peterson.

"He never would recognize me or my claims and simply because he refused to fight me, I was out of the big purses until I met and defeated Foord. Peterson got out of the game with something like $200,000. I wish I had met him for the title and a side bet of that amount. He was one man I knew I could lick and maybe he thought the same thing."

Farr describes his three-round knock-out

(Continued on page 33)

PITTSBURGH FISTIC STAR

Billy Conn, Conqueror of Teddy Yarosz, Risko, and Dundee, Rates High in the Middleweight Ranks

By PAUL BEELER

HIS last five fights grossed sixty thousand dollars. During the past six months he has decisively licked three former world's middleweight champions. He is only nineteen years old. His name is Billy Conn, and he is eminently worthy to carry on Pittsburgh's tradition as the home of great middleweights.

The most skeptical of critics have been won over. They are unanimous in stating that Conn will be the Smoky City's fifth world's champion in the middleweight division, a fighter who is more than likely to be even greater than the other four men who wore the 160-pound toga—Frank Klaus, George Chip, Harry Greb and Teddy Yarosz.

Just what sort of a lad is this Conn? Who is this new sensation in the fistic world?

He was born and raised in Pittsburgh's East End. His father was born and raised in the same neighborhood. Billy is named for his dad and is the oldest of five children. Billy Conn, Sr., is of Irish descent, and Billy, Jr.'s, mother was born in Ireland, which makes the youngster one of those rare specimens of modern fisticuffs, a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, fighting Irishman.

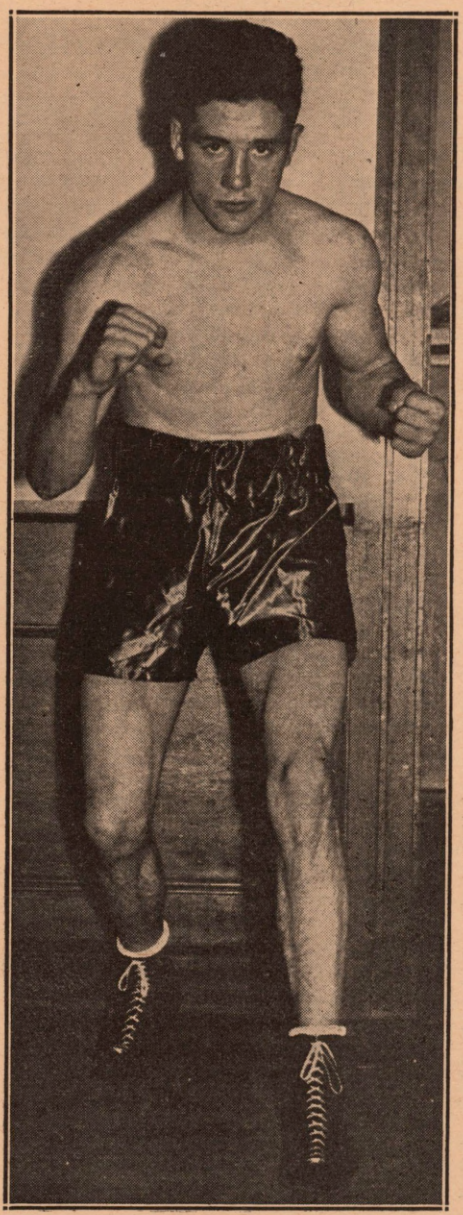
* * *

THE story of Billy Conn's rise in the fight game reads like a piece of fiction. From the time Billy left Sacred Heart School out on Center Avenue in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh, boxing was his first love. He hung around the historic Lyceum Gymnasium day after day, watched the fighters train, and occasionally put on the gloves with some of the boys in training there.

One afternoon, he approached Johnny Ray, the greatest lightweight ever turned out in Pittsburgh, and told him he would like to be a fighter. "O.K., kid, put 'em on and get in there and I'll look you over," was the answer.

Billy obliged and from then on, there came about one of the greatest combinations in the boxing game. Johnny Ray, the astute, cagy, clever master boxer, and the ambitious, husky, brainy kid who absorbed every iota of knowledge passed on to him, did what he was told and literally lived and dreamed boxing twenty-four hours a day.

Johnny Ray developed his pupil systematically. "From the very first time I saw Billy hold up his hands, I knew he was going to be a great fighter," was Ray's comment the other day. "I never allowed him to fight as an amateur. He spent two years in the gymnasium, doing what I told him, and he has been thoroughly grounded in every fundamental of boxing. When I thought he was ready, he was started against the proper kind of opposition and gradually brought along, meeting better opponents each time, until he has faced them all in his class with results that are now a matter of record."



Billy Conn, Pittsburgh middleweight, who is contender for world title.

Billy Conn is the best managed fighter in the game. Johnny Ray handles the fighting end of the business and what Johnny doesn't know about boxing has never been discovered. John McGarvey, for years Pittsburgh's outstanding promoter, the man who operated fifteen years without a single losing show, and who knows all there is to know about the financial end of the fistic game, handles Conn's business.

* * *

LET'S examine the young man's record, for in the last analysis, the book is the answer to any fighter. Who has he fought and who has he beaten?

After being carefully nursed along during 1935, boxing a lot of "Leftover McSweeneys" and others of that caliber, with an occasional adverse decision here and there, but with the win side of the ledger predominating, Conn was turned loose last year. Big game was the policy of the Ray-McGarvey company, and from the first day of January, 1936, up to the writing of this article, Billy Conn has won every fight in which he has engaged.

He was fed stiffer opposition as he went along. The opponents kept getting tougher and tougher, but Billy answered every question with a triumph.

Coming down the stretch in the waning days of 1936, Fritzie Zivic was matched with the East End Irishman. The fight was a local "natural." Duquesne Garden was jammed to the doors and the police had to battle the crowd who tried to storm the doors after the house was sold out. Conn took down the verdict after a gruelling battle.

Starting out in 1937, Conn was matched with the first of three former world's middleweight champions, Eddie (Babe) Risko. Risko had just lost a close one to Freddie Steele and the fans and newspapers in Pittsburgh were loud in their denunciation of what they considered a bad bit of matchmaking on the part of Messrs. McGarvey and Ray. "Billy will be killed! He won't last a round! Risko's too big and strong! You're ruining a great prospect!" were the blasts fired at the Conn directors.

Billy won all the way against Risko, made every post a winning one, and came down through the tenth round under wraps.

* * *

TO give the fans and experts more cause for concern, Conn was then matched with Vince Dundee, ex-champ of the 160-pound class, who was in the midst of an impressive comeback campaign. The result was the same as in the Risko fight. Billy was out in front from gong to gong, made Dundee fight the way he wanted him to, and won going away. The sharpshooters took an awful licking in this one, with Billy on the short end.

Oscar Rankins, the rugged, hard-hitting red-headed Californian, who had won himself a great *(Continued on page 47)*

BRITISH INVADERS

Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell Best of John Bull's Heavyweights Wells, Cowler and Phil Scott Failed

By GEORGE TICKELL

THERE were excellent reasons for the British sports rating Tommy Farr as the best English champion sent in pursuit of the world's heavyweight title since those distant days when Charlie Mitchell challenged the supremacy of the great John L. Sullivan.

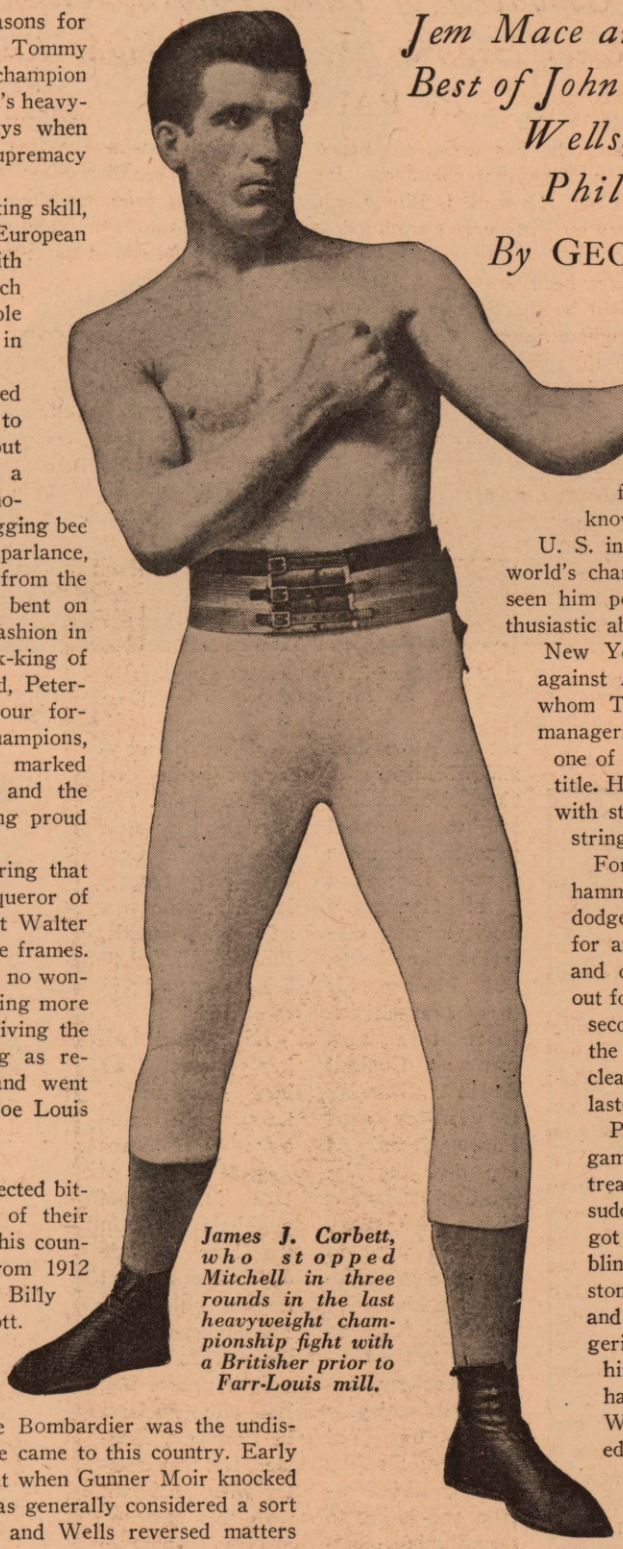
Because, in addition to his fine boxing skill, Farr proved conclusively in all his European battles that he was not stamped with the "horizontal" fighting brand which for a decade gained such unenviable notoriety for English heavyweights in general.

In many battles, he not only flashed a left hand that traveled straight to its target with lightning speed, but showed that he could also unleash a lethal right punch at the proper moment, and he was not averse to a slugging bee when occasion demanded. In slang parlance, he could "take it" and never shrink from the test of endurance under fire when bent on scoring a knockout. The masterly fashion in which he disposed of Max Baer, ex-king of the big fellows, whipped Ben Foord, Peterson, Walter Neusel, and two of our former world's light-heavyweight champions, Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin, marked him as a scientist par excellence and the British had ample reason for feeling proud of him.

Also, it is worth while remembering that while it took Max Schmeling, conqueror of Joe Louis, nine rounds to knock out Walter Neusel, Farr stopped Neusel in three frames. With such a record to his credit it is no wonder that the Britons foresaw something more than a mere possibility of Farr reviving the ancient glories of the English ring as regarded its heavyweight division, and went daffy when he was matched with Joe Louis for the title.

* * *

ESPECIALLY when they recollected bitterly what happened to three of their top-notch heavyweight invaders of this country during the period extending from 1912 to 1930, the same being Bombardier Billy Wells, Tom Cowler and Phil Scott. Of this trio, Wells proved the greatest disappointment to his countrymen, because he appeared to be such a brilliant prospect. The Bombardier was the undisputed champion of England when he came to this country. Early in his career he had suffered a defeat when Gunner Moir knocked him out in three rounds, but that was generally considered a sort of fluke by the English fight fans and Wells reversed matters later by kayoing the Gunner.



James J. Corbett, who stopped Mitchell in three rounds in the last heavyweight championship fight with a Britisher prior to Farr-Louis mill.

He had rolled up a fine list of quick knockout victories, could hit with his right like a sledge hammer, and was such a fast and scientific boxer that in the latter respect, prominent experts rated him on a level with Jem Mace and Jim Corbett. You couldn't blame them either. For Wells was a treat to look at in action in the heyday of his career. Every movement he made was graceful, he stood six feet, three inches in his socks, had a formidable reach, and looked the beau ideal of a splendid athlete.

Unfortunately he was handicapped by a weak stomach, and as it afterwards proved, a too sensitive jaw not constructed by nature to stand the impact of a jarring punch. But when the hunt for a White Hope to dethrone Jack Johnson was in full swing, these facts were not known, and when Wells came to the U. S. in quest of a match with the colored world's champion in 1912, Americans who had seen him perform in London were just as enthusiastic about him as his British admirers.

New York first saw him answer the bell against Al Palzer, a big strong Westerner whom Tom O'Rourke had taken under his managerial wing. Palzer was looked upon as one of the leading contenders for Johnson's title. He couldn't box much, but could punch with stunning effect, and had a respectable string of knockouts on his record.

For nearly three rounds Wells jabbed, hammered and cut up Palzer at will. He dodged him, outboxed him, dropped him for an eight count in the opening frame, and only the bell saved Al from going out for good. It was much the same in the second. The Englishman fairly flayed the ex-Iowa farmer with volleys of clean-driven punches, and Palzer barely lasted out the round.

Palzer, groggy, bleeding, but still game, stormed in desperately, and was treated to another awful trimming. But suddenly, as he tore in head down, he got past the devastating Wells left, blindly swung a terrific right to the stomach. Wells rocked under the impact and fell. He was up at "nine," but staggering, weak and quite unable to defend himself. Palzer bored in with both hands, pounding the body. Over keeled Wells, and this time the referee counted him out.

It was truly a disastrous beginning of the Bombardier's American campaign. But so wonderful had been his display of science and hitting powers that he was still a drawing card.

He was given a chance to redeem himself in a match with Tom Kennedy, a clever, hard-hitting heavyweight, and made good by kayoing his opponent in eight rounds. On this occasion Wells boxed superbly and with splendid judgment, punishing Kennedy badly, until he had him in shape for the coup-de-grace, which he administered with a pile-driving right to the jaw that knocked Tom senseless. That bout gave the Britisher a new lease of life.

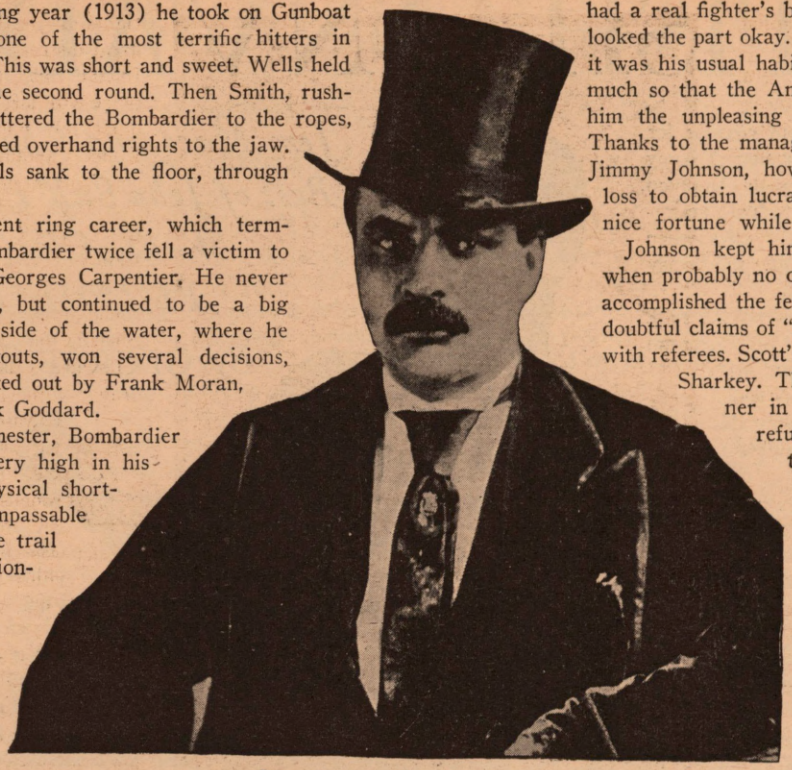
IN the following year (1913) he took on Gunboat Smith, then one of the most terrific hitters in the business. This was short and sweet. Wells held the upper hand into the second round. Then Smith, rushing like a madman, battered the Bombardier to the ropes, and sent one of his famed overhand rights to the jaw. It connected, and Wells sank to the floor, through for the evening.

During his subsequent ring career, which terminated in 1922, the Bombardier twice fell a victim to the kayo punches of Georges Carpentier. He never again visited America, but continued to be a big favorite on the other side of the water, where he scored nineteen knockouts, won several decisions, and was himself knocked out by Frank Moran, Joe Beckett and Frank Goddard.

As a boxer and gamester, Bombardier Billy Wells ranked very high in his profession, but his physical shortcomings proved an impassable barrier for him on the trail to the world's championship honors.

* * *

TOM COWLER, who came here about 1915, was a huge fellow scaling 220 pounds in condition, and over six feet tall. He boxed well, although not with the dazzling brilliancy of the Bombardier, and was a hard puncher. He made a good impression in his first year's work, scoring several neat knockouts, and holding his own in no decision bouts with such men as Gunboat Smith, Battling Levinsky and Porky Flynn. At one time the late Jim Corbett thought highly of Cowler, and was wont to predict a great future for him.



Jem Mace, the most scientific British heavyweight.

But he failed to live up to the Corbett prophesy, being subsequently kayoed by Fred Fulton, Frank Moran, Kid Norfolk, and losing to several minor pugilistic lights.

As regards Phil Scott, the latter's ring performances in this country are still fresh enough in the public memory to render it unnecessary to discuss them in detail. Phil had a real fighter's build, was no mean boxer, and looked the part okay. But when the going got rough it was his usual habit to claim a foul and quit, so much so that the American scribes bestowed upon him the unpleasing moniker of "Fainting Phil." Thanks to the managerial craft of the ever astute Jimmy Johnson, however, Scott was never at a loss to obtain lucrative matches, and he made a nice fortune while fighting in this country.

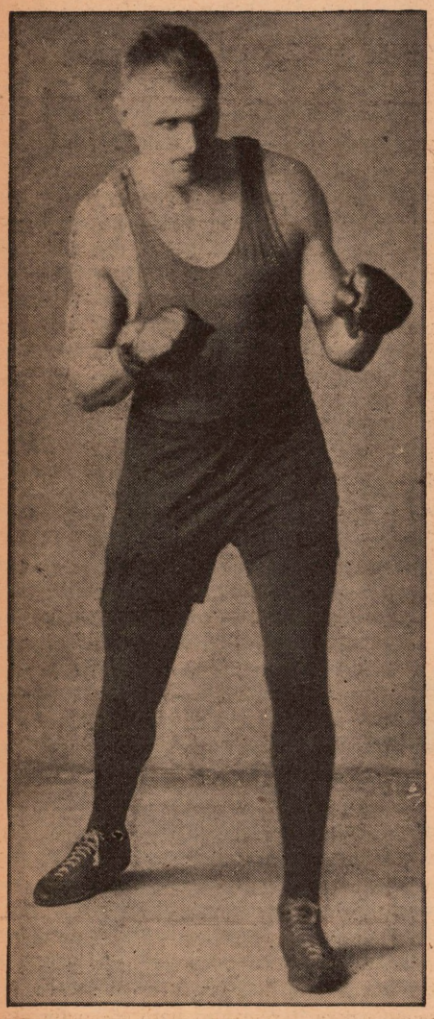
Johnson kept him from quitting on occasions when probably no other man on earth could have accomplished the feat, and frequently made Phil's doubtful claims of "foul" go over as the real thing with referees. Scott's last battle here was with Jack Sharkey. The ex-gob was declared winner in the third round, when Scott refused to continue, on the plea that he had been hit below the belt.

* * *

THE Joe Louis-Tommy Farr battle was the first time since 1908 that an English champion was given a shot at the world's heavyweight crown. In that year, Burns knocked out the then English champ, Jack Palmer, in London.

Furthermore, it was the first occasion since 1894 that an English champion fought for the world's heavyweight title on American soil. The contestants at that time were Jim Corbett and Charlie Mitchell, who met at Jacksonville, Florida, Mitchell being kayoed in three rounds.

No English heavyweight has held the world's heavyweight title since Jem Mace reigned as cock of the international pugilistic roost in the bare knuckle days. We are not forgetting that Bob Fitzsimmons won the world's heavyweight crown. But Bob, although born in Cornwall, England, left that country when an infant with his parents, and was brought up in the antipodes, where he first won fame as a boxer. He was a citizen of New Zealand, who afterwards took out American citizenship papers. It would be stretching things a bit too far



Phil Scott, who couldn't take punishment.

Bombardier Billy Wells, a clever boxer who couldn't take it.

to figure him as an English pugilist, viewed from any angle.

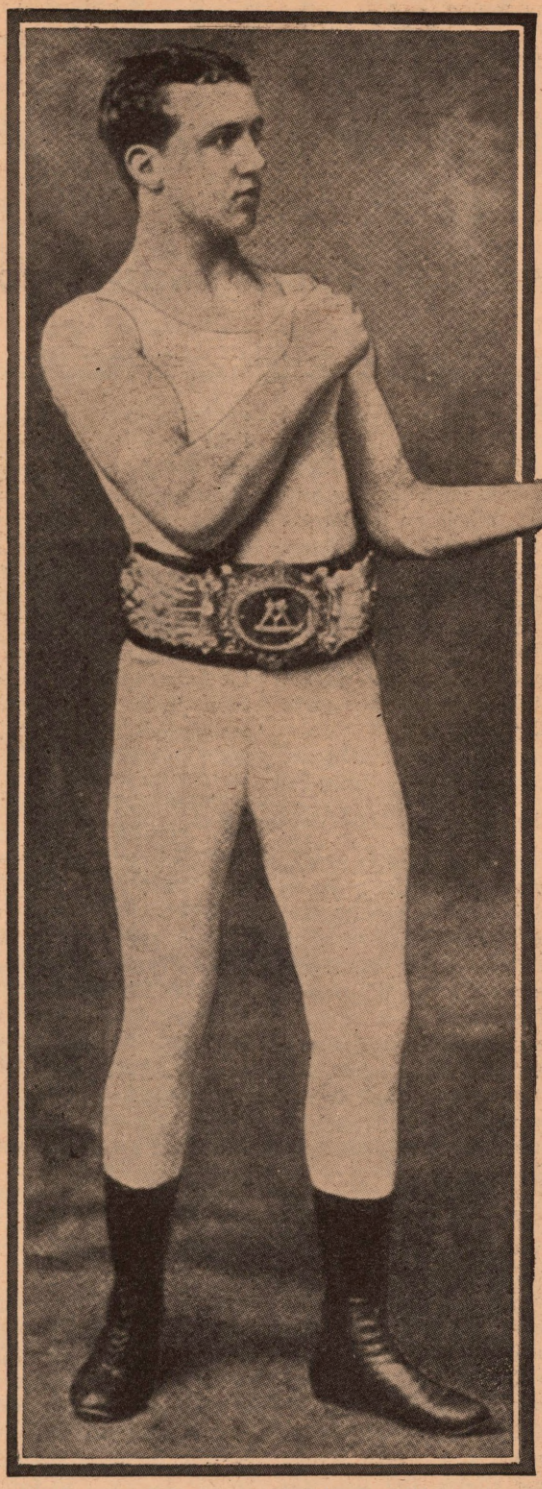
Since the Charlie Mitchell era, the English sportsmen have measured the abilities of their succeeding heavyweight champions by comparison with him, but until the coming of Tommy Farr, none showed the "class" as fighting men that distinguished the great little scrapper who held big John L. Sullivan to a 39-round draw with the bare knuckles when John was in his prime. It is this fact which raised the hopes of the Britons to the zenith when Farr was given a world's heavyweight title match for August 26, at the Yankee Stadium with Joe Louis, the deadly colored puncher who took the world's crown away from James J. Braddock.

* * *

MITCHELL was eighteen and only a 145 pounder when he fought his first battle, a bare knuckle affair with Bob Cunningham, in which Charlie scored a clean kayo after an hour of fierce fighting. He also stopped a middleweight named Smithers in seventeen rounds. He followed up these victories by stopping Bailey Gray in eleven rounds, and holding big Bill Kennedy to a thirty-round draw.

He knocked out heavyweight Caradoff in four frames, and fought a draw with Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," that lasted one hour and seventeen minutes. These were all bare knuckle affairs. But in 1882 he won a tournament for the English middleweight championship with the gloves, and in the same year was victor in another tourney promoted to decide the heavyweight glove championship. His brilliant boxing was a revelation to ring patrons, and his fame spread to the United States.

John L. Sullivan was then at the height of his career and Richard K. Fox sent Billy Madden to London to bring Mitchell over for a bout with the slugging Bostonian. New York critics to a man voted that Mitchell was too small to have a chance with Sullivan, so he took on Mike Cleary to prove that he was all that his admirers claimed for him. Cleary was fast, clever and game, but stood no chance with the speedy Englishman, who gave him an unmerciful beating, until the police interfered and stopped the fray in the third round.



Charley Mitchell, who held John L. Sullivan to a thirty-nine-round draw.

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MITCHELL stood 5 feet, 8½ inches in height and weighed 154 pounds, while Sullivan was forty pounds heavier and two inches taller. In their bout at old Madison Square Garden, John rushed in his usual cyclonic style, but Mitchell, boxing with rare skill, evaded the big fellow craftily, and toward the end of the round met a rush with a perfectly timed right to the jaw, knocking Sully down for the first time in John's ring career.

Sullivan, in a furious temper, rushed Mitchell all over the ring in the second, and roughed him to the ropes, landing several rights to the head. Mitchell was in great distress when the round ended. In the third round he was floored twice with left swings to the jaw. Another left hung him on the ropes. Police Captain Williams entered the ring and stopped the battle.

A few months later Mitchell went to Colorado, where he defeated Denny Hayes in four rounds and Billy Lynn in two, and fought a six-round draw with heavyweight Billy Sheriff, the "Prussian." In the year following, Charlie boxed four-round draws with Jack Burke and Jake Kilrain, and beat Joe Downing over the same distance. He lost a decision in four rounds to Domnick McCaffrey in New York, but the verdict was condemned by the newspaper critics as palpably unjust to the Briton.

* * *

IN 1884, Mitchell whipped John F. Scholes at Toronto. He beat Cleary again in four rounds at San Francisco, scoring decisively, but was given the worst of the decision by the referee, who declared it a draw. In a bout with his old opponent, Jack Burke, at Chicago, Mitchell was again the victim of a bad verdict. He punished Burke in terrific style, but the third man in the ring announced a draw. He drew with Patsy Cardiff in ten and four rounds, respectively, and won from Reddy Gallagher in six at Cleveland.

Jim Corbett was the only man who ever knocked him cold. But in justice to Mitchell, it must be said that he was then past his peak of efficiency. Like most champs, he stayed in the game too long. Corbett had advantages in height, weight, reach.

There was bad blood between the men. Corbett, abandoning the tricky style in which he usually boxed, went right in and slugged with his opponent, putting him down for the full count in the third round. The battle was in 1894 at Jacksonville, Fla.

This was Mitchell's last ring appearance. His most famous battle was when he fought John L. Sullivan with the bare knuckles at Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888. Sullivan weighed two hundred pounds and Mitchell one hundred and sixty. A heavy rain fell during the fight. Mitchell's lightness of foot worried John from the start. He easily dodged Sullivan's heavy punches, and tired the big fellow out chasing him around the ring. At the end of thirty-nine rounds, after three hours, ten minutes and fifty-five seconds of milling, the referee declared the fight a draw.

Shortly after the battle, a group of English sportsmen subscribed $10,000 and had a belt made which was presented to Mitchell as a token of the gallant fight he had made. This belt was brought to this country by Pony Moore, father-in-law of Mitchell, and exhibited in an Eastern stage tour. In 1908, Mitchell presented it to the London Museum, where it remained until the outbreak of the World War. It was then taken *(Continued on page 48)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jimmy Johnson Did Well With Big Obstacles
Garden Is Back in Spotlight Under Jacobs
American Sportsmanship for Visiting Boxers

WITH the acquisition of the Garden by Mike Jacobs, and an agreement to obtain at his call the leading sports arenas in Chicago and Detroit, the New York promoter now rates No. 1 man in the boxing promotion field. No other promoter has such a hold on the largest sports stadiums and indoor arenas and on the world's best fighters in all ranks, as has "Uncle" Mike. That means that the best attractions will be seen under his banner and it also indicates a quick return to the fold of the world's outstanding heavyweight, Max Schmeling. It seems a certainty now that Herr Max will agree to the terms offered by Mike, and that the much-discussed battle between Louis and Schmeling will definitely take place under the auspices of the 20th Century Sporting Club.

Jacobs realizes the drawing power of Schmeling. He knows, as do all who are interested in seeing the return engagement between the Negro and the German, that no other fight can draw within $200,000 of that contest.

All hands realize that, despite the boycott talk, more people, including the Jewish and Catholic sportsmen, will be ready to fork up big dough to see Herr Max and the Bomber mix it again, than since the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago. Schmeling should not be denied that return bout, and the only way it can fall through is if Max, as he did recently, kills off his own chances by refusing to talk turkey to Mike Jacobs.

Mike is an easy fellow to do business with. He knows what a fight can draw and is willing to make proper inducements to gain his objective—a big drawing card. He speaks, sleeps and dreams in big figures and I'm sure that his terms will be found reasonable the next time he and Max get together after the Farr-Louis fight, a fortnight following the writing of this editorial.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of fight promotion, a word about Jimmy Johnston, outgoing matchmaker of Madison Square Garden. There need be no tears shed for Jimmy now that his six years of faithful service to the Garden have come to an end. From the very start he worked under a handicap, and that he did as well as the record shows, is a credit to him. He had to overcome many obstacles, the chief of which was the battle between the press and the Garden's chief executive, Colonel John Kilpatrick, a fine gentleman whose misunderstanding of the fight scribes played havoc with the Garden's boxing affairs. But that was only one of many causes that eventually enabled Mike Jacobs to take all the play away from the Garden and become the world's leading promoter.

Jimmy Johnston's feud with Dan Parker, one of the best liked newspapermen in the East was among the other causes that paved the way for Jacobs' rise.

There were many accusations against Johnston that were uncalled for. There were times when he was the target for all kinds of abuse, yet through thick and thin, he carried on, much to his credit.

* * *

WHO among us doesn't make some mistakes? Who among us is infallible? If Jimmy Johnston had the support of the managers who have allied themselves with Mike Jacobs, he would have had the success of his predecessor, but unfortunately, Jimmy's aggressive ways worked to his downfall. But I repeat—no one need shed tears for Jimmy. He has kept himself in the fistic spotlight for forty years and I dare venture he'll continue to do so now without the Garden.

He and his brothers have two lucrative clubs running in New York, one, the St. Nicholas, being the best for the development of new talent in the greater city. With that to help them, and many fine youngsters either owned outright or partially by the Johnston boys, Jimmy need have no fear of the wolf hanging about the door.

And as their ace, they own the contract of the No. 4 man in the heavyweight ranks—Bob Pastor—and it won't be a surprise to me to find Bob's contract the means for cementing the bitter feeling existing between Jacobs and Johnston. I hope so.

* * *

THEY refer to Jimmy Johnston as a failure because of the flop that boxing took in the Garden after he had taken the helm. They cannot make me believe that Jimmy, the fiery little matchmaker and promoter, was anything but a success despite the record of boxing under his regime.

How could anyone in Jimmy's place have done any better? The odds were against him almost from the start, yet he held on to his job for six years—more than any previous matchmaker. When the Garden, under the regime of Colonel Kilpatrick, decided to quit on the sport and to pay more attention to the development of other branches of athletics, it became inevitable that Johnston was doomed.

Once the boxing department at the Garden represented more than sixty per cent of the entire year's intake, but during the last two years, the financial report showed that boxing contributed scarcely anything towards the payment of dividends. But it was not Johnston's fault. He did the best he could under adverse conditions—the cold shoulder towards boxing by the executive heads of the Garden, and the cold shoulder towards the Garden shown by the New York newspapers, without whose support the sport didn't have a chance to survive.

Whatever else might be said about Jimmy—and, like the rest of us, he has his faults—no one can point a finger at him for disloyalty to those who hired him or to his friends. He studied the situation and decided that so long as Colonel Kilpatrick stuck by him, he would not desert his chief when opportunity knocked at his door to join forces with Mike Jacobs. Now that opportunity is gone and Jimmy is out—but not in the cold. He will promote on his own. He will continue to have a finger in the management of good boys who are controlled by his family. He was a good matchmaker in past years and he will prove to the world that he can carry on on his own again now.

* * *

ON September 23 of this month, the greatest fistic card ever staged in this country or elsewhere for the number of championship contests involved, will take place at the Polo Grounds of New York. On that card, four world champions will be seen in action, if we are to recognize Marcel Thil of France as holder of the middleweight crown. Marcel holds that honor in Europe, where he is called the world title-holder, although on several occasions he has been knocked out, only to receive the official verdict on a foul.

In his most recent battle with Lou Brouillard, the American, if we are to give full credit to the reports at the ringside and the official pictures, Lou was deprived of his justly won honors through the act of the third man in the ring, who awarded the bout to Thil on a low punch although the pictures clearly showed that he was kayoed by a solar plexus wallop. It was after the French papers had attacked that decision that Thil issued an announcement of retirement, only to come out of it six months later through the lure of American gold.

Although Thil will fight Fred Apostoli for what is being billed as the world middleweight championship, before the winner can be universally recognized as such he will have to dispose of Freddy Steele, who is the New York State, N. B. A. and The Ring world champion.

The fight between Thil and Apostoli is welcomed by American fight followers because it will clear the path for a bout that will settle the controversy regarding the ownership of the middleweight crown.

It is the object of Mike Jacobs to pit the winner against Steele if he can obtain Freddy's consent.

* * *

INDICATIONS are that the Polo Grounds card will outdraw the Farr-Louis heavyweight titular contest by $100,000, judging by the wide interest displayed in the orders which I have received from Ring readers from all sections of the country, asking me to purchase reservations for them.

Besides the middleweight championship match, Barney Ross will defend his world welterweight title against Ceferino Garcia; Lou Ambers will place his world lightweight crown at stake against Pedro Montanez, and Sixto Escobar will have as his opponent in the bantamweight championship mill, Harry Jeffra of Baltimore.

As for the possible winners, here are my choices: Apostoli to score a kayo over Thil; Ross to defeat Garcia; Ambers to retain his crown against Montanez, and Escobar to win from his two-time conqueror, Jeffra. And I think that the gate will gross $375,000.

* * *

THE boxing world is beginning to take notice of the South American heavyweight champion, Alberto Lovell, who has been coming along like a house afire during the past three months. His rise from obscurity to fourth place in our world rankings of heavyweights is a feat seldom accomplished during such short time. It won't be long before he will demand sufficient attention to gain a bout for the title. There aren't many heavyweights of note sporting around town and any fighter who can gain the spotlight as has Lovell, has a fortune ahead of him.

Of all the heavyweights who are being discussed as possible opponents for Louis, who at this writing, a fortnight before his bout with Farr, I pick to whip Tommy by the K.O. route in five rounds, I pick Schmeling No. 1 man, with Braddock, Baer, Lovell, Pastor, John Henry Lewis and Galento following. Pairing these men would give to boxing at least four high-class heavyweight bouts.

Jerseyites are rooting hard for Tony Galento to get a chance in the proposed heavyweight elimination. Tony may land a fight with Braddock or Baer in the Garden as a result of his fine victory over Al Ettore, who was recently knocked out by Roly-Poly Tony, and should he win, he'll be in line for a Louis bout. Galento fights like the old-time dock-rats, but he carries a hefty wallop which, if it lands truly, means a sleep potion for the victim. He is always dangerous and has a good following, especially in the Skeeter State.

* * *

PERHAPS by this time the Australian and British fight critics who harp so much on our poor sportsmanship and our superiority complex will now appreciate the error of their ways. The British and Australian scribes who came to our country to see the Farr-Louis bout will probably now agree that America isn't such a bad spot after all in its treatment of foreign fighters.

No foreigner who ever visited these shores received such fine courtesy from press and public as did Tommy Farr and Alf Blatch, even though they failed to make good. Tommy and Alf will testify to that, as will their respective managers and the visiting scribes.

American sportsmanship is as good as, if not better than, that in any other part of the world, but unfortunately those who have attacked it have never had the opportunity to get a taste of our hospitality or they would know better than to write the tommyrot that so often has appeared recently in British and French papers. And as for our fighters, when the American scribes praise them to the skies, there is ample reason for such praise. When we scoff at the reports of foreign menaces, invariably our judgment has been correct, as was the case in Blatch, who came to the States with the reputation of a world beater and went home a sadder but wiser fellow.

Perhaps Carrol, the Australian wel- *(Continued on page 28)*

IN the last six months, The Ring has been flooded with requests from lads in the C.C.C. that this magazine be included in the official budget of periodicals purchased for that group. Athletic directors also sent in requests that old issues of The Ring be sent to the boys gratis.

The editor and publisher of The Ring proceeded to make inquiries of official sources and got considerable encouragement. From all but one officer. Major Donald C. Hawley, Commanding Officer of the Trenton District, astonished the editor with a letter, part of which here is printed:

"I will state that I have looked over your magazine, The Ring, and I do not consider it desirable for use in the C.C.C. camps. I have no particular objection should any company commander desire to subscribe to The Ring, but I certainly would not advise such action on their part."

THIS letter sent the editor off on a hunt for objectionable material in the columns of The Ring. He found no lascivious material in the letter press. He could not discover any pornographic cartoons. He saw nothing that might break down the morale or the morals of the men in the C.C.C. camps. He could not discern a single line of type, a single inch of illustration, a phase of policy which possibly could account for the amazing attitude of the gentleman in command of the Trenton district.

It is quite conceivable that the officer in charge of the Trenton district does not like boxing and wrestling. It is even possible that he finds the very thought of fistic competition and literature abhorrent.

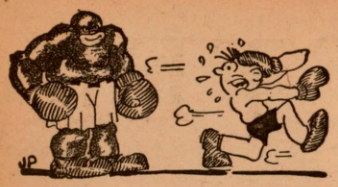
With that in mind, the editor of The Ring is more than curious as to what the gentleman in charge of the Trenton district regards as fitting literature for a C.C.C. camp.

IS the list of approved magazines for the Trenton district's sturdy youths headed by *Good Housekeeping* or the *American Home?* Perhaps the *Butchers and Drovers Manual* is included. Perhaps *The Colophon, Le Petite Parisienne, True Stories, Lurid Confessions, Rabid Ravings* and *"Orchids on Your Budget"* are on the library tables of the Trenton district?

It does not seem possible that the gentleman in charge of the Trenton district really went through The Ring with care and keen scrutiny. There isn't a line of type in The Ring which the editor would not let a boy of twelve read. No home need be ashamed to display this magazine in its living room.

However, there are tastes and tastes, and one of them is displayed amazingly by the gentleman in command of the Trenton district, who simply does not like The Ring. This is to be regretted. Particularly because some of our best friends and oldest subscribers are in the U. S. Army.

Perhaps the good old Major would be interested to know that the libraries of our best educational institutions are subscribers to The Ring; that every company commander in the Hawaiian district is listed as a subscriber for his service boys, and that many of our best mothers annually subscribe for The Ring as a birthday gift for their boys.



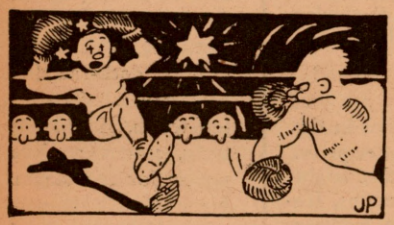
The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

SINCE last we showed our pictures, much has happened in the world of fisticuffs. The Louis-Farr affair, for one thing. The acquisition of the big Garden in New York by Mike Jacobs, for another. And the meeting of the British Board of Boxing Control, for another. That meeting really was what you might call SOMETHING. As you know, the Board, in solemn and august session in London on July 31, announced that Max Schmeling was the world champion. However, let us take you into the inner picture of these doings.

London, England:—British Board Rules That Max Schmeling Is Heavyweight Champion of the World.

THE room which you see in this picture is the meeting sanctum of the British Board of Boxing Control. On the wall you note a striking likeness of Phil Scott. He is lying down. On the other side is a rare photograph of Bombardier Wells in the act of winning a fight. Nearby is a still rarer print, of Gunner Moir winning a fight.



In fact, the place is festooned with likenesses of a variety of fistic characters of English renown—Bombardier Wells, already noted; Bandsman Blake, Sapper O'Neill, Private Basham, Gunner Moir, also already noted; Jem Mace, Charley Mitchell, Fireman Scott and Mr. Micawber.

The meeting is called to order. "Order, order," shouts the Honorable Chairman, and five members holler, "Arf and arf."

FIRST MEMBER:—I say Joe Louis is not the champion. I could say a lot of other things. For example, what do you gentlemen think of the situation in Spain, and all that? A bit tough, what? Gibraltar and all that sort of thing, eh?

SECOND MEMBER:—Well, it's high time we did something about Hitler and Mussolini. I'll tell you what. If we had Gladstone—

THIRD MEMBER:—Right. If we had Disraeli or Gladstone.

FOURTH MEMBER:—I don't remember them fighting anybody, gentlemen. Now, Charley Mitchell—

FIRST MEMBER:—It seems we are gathered for business. Suppose we dispose of it?

FIFTH MEMBER:—Right, ho. Braddock has an engagement to fight Schmeling. He sends his regrets. Illness in the family. Or, perhaps, a sore throat. I don't recollect. While Schmeling is waiting, Braddock goes off and loses the title to Louis, which keeps it in the American family.

SIXTH MEMBER:—Right, ho. While Schmeling is waiting at the church, Louis traipses off with the prize.

SEVENTH MEMBER (Humming):—There was I, waiting at the church, waiting at the church, waiting at the church. Dum, te dum, he left me in the lurch. Oh, tum, de dum, ti dum tum.

CHAIRMAN:—If the gentleman from Southwark will cease his imitation of Vesta Victoria, we will continue with the serious business on hand.

FIFTH MEMBER:—Right, ho. Braddock lets the title go to Louis, when he should let it go to Schmeling. As Schmeling beats Louis before this, and as Louis beats Braddock, it is my belief that Farr—

FOURTH MEMBER:—Farr has nothing to do with this, as yet. Gentlemen, we hope that out of this chaos will come an era when the British lion will roar once again, with the world's heavyweight championship in one paw and defiance to the boxing world in the other, he will crow—

SECOND MEMBER:—Fancy a lion crowing! That would be fun, what?

THIRD MEMBER:—Still, I had an aunt in Surrey who had a cat that barked. Sometimes nature makes errors. Only last week—

CHAIRMAN:—Gentlemen, we are deciding something terribly and horribly important. It seems to be the general impression of this meeting, to wit, as follows, quite definitely and officially and all that sort of thing, that we proclaim Schmeling the heavyweight champion of the world, and sneer completely at Louis, and pass a vote of censure directed politely at Braddock.

FIRST MEMBER:—As I was saying, we can't go on the way we have been going in the Mediterranean. Now, you take Gibraltar.

THIRD MEMBER:—Sir! Nobody shall take Gibraltar!

(They all go out.)

New York, N. Y.:—Mike Jacobs Takes Over the Privilege of Staging Fights in the Garden.

WE have here an event momentous for boxing and important to one Mike Jacobs. This affair deserves rich limning for posterity. Since we have no painters adequate for the job, let us put it into motion pictures. The scene is the office of Major John Reed Kilpatrick in the Garden.

KILPATRICK:—Well, Mike, the Garden is yours for boxing for the next two years. First of all, let me give you this package.

MIKE:—And whatinell might be in this bag?

KILPATRICK:—Mike, this is the very big headache which boxing in the Garden has given me for several years. I give it to you with pleasure, and a large box of aspirin.

JOHNSTON:—The headache isn't yours alone, Major. I also have a little package of similar nature which I would like to give to Mr. Jacobs, with the hope that he finds enough fighters to make the Garden a profitable venture. The small box here contains what is known as a runout powder.

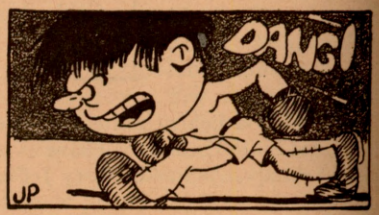
JACOBS:—No Jacobs ever took a runout powder, Mr. Johnston.

KILPATRICK:—Well, let that pass. I also endow you with this little gift. It is another problem. It has to do with the Garden pass list. Now you can wrestle with it, and I can get some sleep.

JACOBS:—They shall not pass. That's my motto. Too much paper in the house means too much silver in the box office, and that means a pain in the neck.

JOHNSTON:—He's telling me about pains in the neck. Listen, Mike, during the years I run fights in the Garden, my neck extends from my heels to the top of my head.

JACOBS:—Let's not get personal and talk about heels. What I am here for is to take over a dream. When Rickard builds this place, I dream. When Tex is gone, I dream. Now, the dream is about to be realized.



JOHNSTON:—Mike, what you think is a dream is just a nightmare. Like eating a big dinner and going to sleep, and then finding you are running down Broadway in your shorts. Running fights in the Garden is no dream.

JACOBS:—Well, I know something about this business, Jimmy. I think the solution about running fights anywhere is first to get a coupla fighters.

KILPATRICK (chuckling):—Now you have hit the nail on the head. It's like making an omelette. First you have to have an egg. Two eggs are better.

JOHNSTON:—Talking about eggs, Major—

JACOBS:—Now, boys, let's not get personal. Like I say, you

GLOBE TROTTER

See the British Board Declare Schmeling Champion—Watch Jacobs Take Over the Garden—Hear Mike Talk Things Over with Rickard and Himself.

first sign two fighters, then you sign two more, and the next thing you know you have a card, and the people begin to inquire at the box office how is it that Jacobs can afford to put on so fine a show with only $5.50 tops.

JOHNSTON:—Five-fifty tops. Listen, Mike, them days went in 1929. We once had a club known as the Six Hundred Millionaires. Now it is known as the Six Birds Who Can Pay Their Bills. The other five hundred and ninety-four turned out to be vice-presidents. They went with the wind, or something.

JACOBS:—Well, Jimmy, that's where I have the edge on you. I don't have to depend on any millionaires. I just cater to the lads which ride in the subway.

KILPATRICK:—Which subway, Mike? There are so many of them, they tell me.

JACOBS:—That's it! They tell you! A guy which runs a fight club in New York has to ride in the subways himself to find out what the folks want. Ride into the Bronx and out to Queens.

KILPATRICK:—Well, all this is beside the point. We give unto you, with great pleasure, the right to run fights in the Garden for a period of two years, which gives me a chance to devote more attention to the Winter Carnival.

JACOBS:—Well, I ain't so sure you have even that left. I am running a Winter Carnival in the Hippodrome and sign Sonja Henie.

KILPATRICK:—Listen, Mike, isn't anything sacred?

JACOBS:—Who's scared?

KILPATRICK:—I didn't say scared. I said sacred.

JACOBS:—Well, what's the difference? I am going to be the big sporting pooh bah around here.

JOHNSTON:—Right. Pooh, and also bah. I know.

JACOBS:—Nothing you can tell me will discourage me. This is the end of a dream.

JOHNSTON:—Well, I hope it's a nice dream, that's all. And don't give them sucker fighters all the jack.

(Kilpatrick and Johnston hand Jacobs the packages and the aspirin and Mike says, "Okeh, Tex," as the scene closes.)

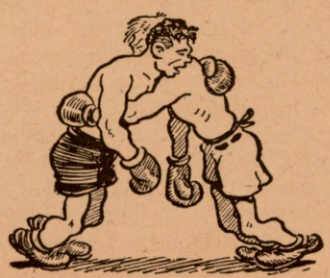
New York, N. Y.:—Mike Jacobs Has a Little Private Talk with the Late Tex Rickard.

THE Globe Trotter here begs the indulgence of the clients and the pardon of Mike Jacobs. This is not a picture. It is a report of something that took place, but could not with convenience be pictured. The scene is in Jacobs' private office in the Hippodrome. Mike is sitting in front of a picture of Tex Rickard.

Mike and Tex were pals. Some folks said Mike was the brain behind the gambling Rickard. Mike assembled the land on which the Garden was built. Mike was the guiding genius of Tex in matters that had to do with the box office. The one time newsboy from the sidewalks of New York gazes up at Tex.

MIKE:—Well, Tex, I got the Garden. It's back in our hands. They can't make a sucker out of the old Garden any more.

RICKARD:—Mike, now I can stop rolling over and over. They sure did some funny things with that Garden after I left. Putting on dime fights in a twenty-dollar setting.



MIKE:—Yeah, and another thing. Your picture goes back in the Garden. You build the place, but who knows it now? Where is there any reminder of your connection with the enterprise?

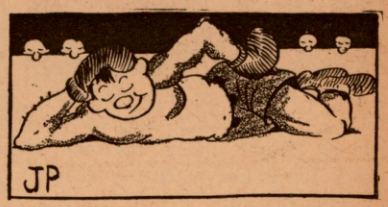
RICKARD:—To hell with pictures, Mike. I never was strong for pictures and I never seed the day they did not get a guy into trouble. They took pictures of a gang standing around in my place in Goldfield when I sign Gans and Nelson, and the picture is printed in a Chicago paper. The guy's wife, which is hunting for him for ten years, gets the clue and comes out and claims him for her very own. He's raising chickens in Iowa now, and he sits around all day and cusses out the man who invents the camera.

MIKE:—That's all very interesting, Tex. But the fact remains the Garden is the house that Tex built. That's what I read in the papers. It is Rickard's Garden, by rights.

RICKARD:—That's what I figure until times go wrong, and then I decide it's anybody's Garden who wants it.

MIKE:—Well, Tex, we are partners now. I told you I'd get the Garden and I got it. I will run it like you did. No pennany fighters and nickel cards. Better a dark arena than a punk show.

RICKARD:—Say, that's a good slogan, Mike. Print that on your show cards. "Better a dark arena than a punk show." There was many a night in the last few years when the Garden was bright, but should have been dark.



MIKE:—Everything on a grand scale. The Rickard idea all over again.

RICKARD:—Well, I will be right at your side, reminding you. So long.

MIKE:—Well, see you again, Tex.

(Mike's secretary comes in. She looks amazed. "Did you say something?" she inquires. "No, I was just taking a snooze. Too much lunch in Dempsey's.")

New York, N. Y.:—Report of a Boxing Promoter Having a Talk with Himself.

ONCE more the Globe Trotter begs the indulgence of the reader. Again we invade a sanctum. This time we go into Mike Jacobs' home with him. He is lying in bed. Lights out.

MIKE:—Well, you have gone and done it. You never dreamed about this when you were selling newspapers, did you?

JACOBS:—Joe Bannon said you'd get there, and Joe makes only occasional mistakes.

MIKE:—You never dreamed you'd be running the biggest place of entertainment in New York when you were running the claque for Dave Warfield.

JACOBS:—Well, did Roosevelt dream he would be President when he was a kid? Well, maybe he did.

MIKE:—Don't let this go to your noggin. Never put on the high hat. Never go society. Never start spending your nights on Park Avenue. Don't go millionaire conscious. Remember the wife. Remember your friends. Remember why the others flopped in the Garden.

JACOBS:—Don't worry about me. I don't even know where Park Avenue is.

MIKE:—That's what a lot of fighters said, but they soon got guides to show them.

JACOBS:—The wife comes first.

MIKE:—Well, don't let it get so that the Garden comes first, second and third, and everything else is scratched.

JACOBS:—Don't worry, Mike!

(The clock strikes four. The conversation is finished.)

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN

WHEN Jim Braddock, deposed ruler of the heavyweight roost, blew the clarion call for sparring partners from his training quarters on the outskirts of Chicago to help get him into condition for his ill-fated defense of his title against the bludgeoning fists of Detroit's Dark Destroyer, Joe Louis, a young giant whose physical structure belies his 6 feet, 3 inch frame, answered the call to arms. It didn't take long for him to steal the thunder from the other "Soldiers of Sock" who had made Jersey Jim's camp their headquarters.

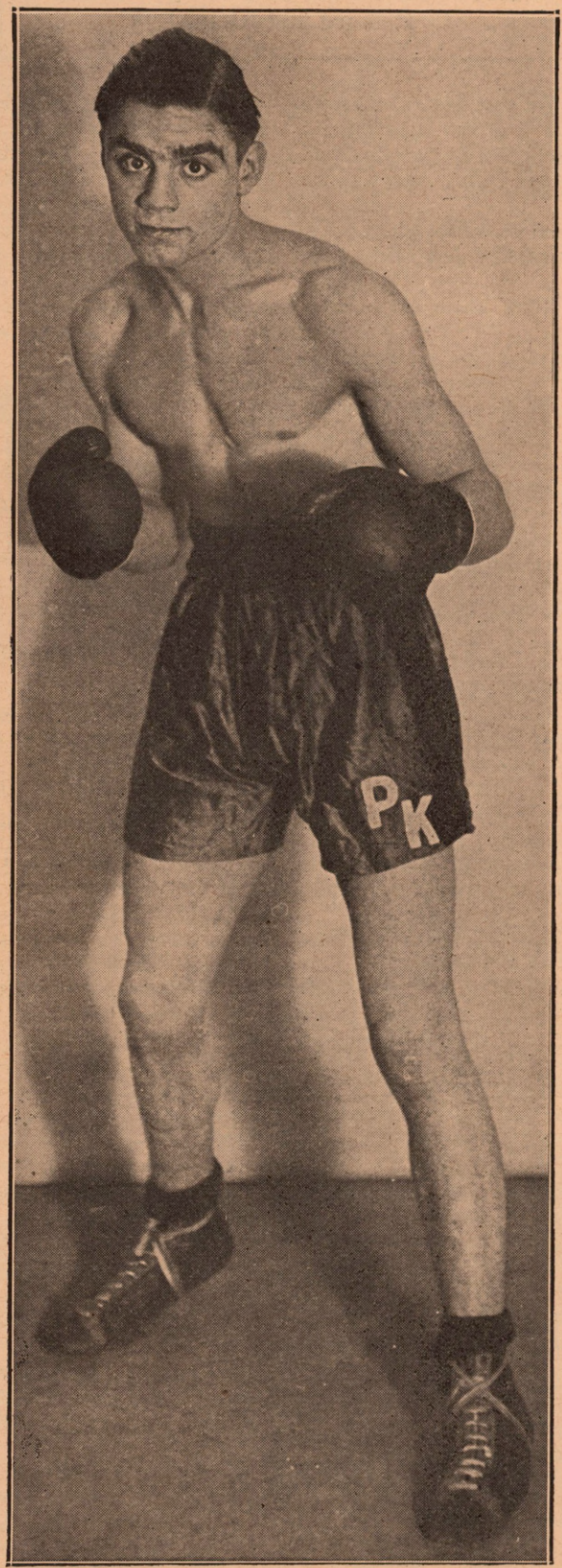
So impressed was Braddock with the fistic capabilities of Max Roesch, the young man in mind, that he immediately singled out Roesch from among his entire shock forces and entrusted in him the responsibilities of No. 1 sparmate, the one man in camp he felt could "box" the champion into perfect physical fitness for his important meeting with Louis.

Although Braddock lost, he credits Max Roesch with doing much for him at his Indiana camp. Jimmy says that his sessions with Roesch were a decided factor in helping to round him into marvelous condition.

* * *

MAX ROESCH comes out of Texas. He is a soft-spoken modest youngster with the drawl of the West in his voice and a love of boxing in his mind. It may be that his thoughts travel the trail back to the Lone Star State on occasions, where the day is longer and the sky is more blue, and there is a settled contentment blanketing the land. Where the bucking bronc holds sway and the shrill "yipee" of the cow-hands knifes the stillness of the day. It may be that Max misses the saddle seat of his white steed, and is a bit confused by the daily hustle and bustle of a city filled with people in a hurry to get nowhere. The writer wouldn't know. Max wasn't asked, so he didn't say. All he spoke of was boxing.

Born in Dallas, Texas, on September 11, 1916, Roesch spent his childhood in the local Y.M.C.A. gymnasium where he was taught the manly art of self-defense by Bill Campbell. Campbell, who is his present manager, entered the boy into the amateur ranks when Max was but a mere stripling, and in less time than it takes to say your name, Roesch won the Southern A.A.U. heavyweight championship, the State Title, and went as far as the semi-finals in the National Championships. He had 13 amateur fights and remained undefeated.



Peter Kane, The Liverpool Larruper

Roesch attended Southern Methodist University where he starred for 2 years on the Mustang football team that is coached by Matty "Ring That" Bell. His younger brother Eddie, a 175 pounder with an altitude of 6'1", is a student at the Northern Texas Agricultural College at Arlington. His parents oddly enough, are small in stature.

Roesch has had in all 16 professional fights and has lost but 2 decisions. He dropped a hair-line verdict in a battle with the more experienced Babe Hunt, and then was the victim of a questionable decision in a fight with the promising Chicago scrapper, Art Oliver.

The Lone Star entry into the heavyweight picture has in his record a startling victory over the very promising Frank Tymosko from Richmond, and on the Braddock-Louis card in Chicago, Roesch stole the show with a sensational victory over Steve Carr.

Harry Raskin his trainer, thinks his charge is ready for some of the better heavyweights of the day, and if his record is any criterion, it is safe to predict that he would fare very well with them in ring combat.

* * *

FRANKIE MARTIN has something over which to brood following the loss of his Canadian championship rating to Baby Yack, first name Norman, in a slashing 10-round battle in Toronto on June 14 of this year. Less than a month ago, Yack gave Martin a return crack at the title and repeated his victory to show there was no accident in the last tussle. Up until the defeat, Martin rated in the 3rd slot of the leading bantamweights around the country, and it seems as though he must now relinquish that position to Toronto's new Baby.

Mottle Goldstein, who guides the fistic destinies of the latest rage in Canadian fight circles sends clip-

pings along to prove his contention that Baby Yack is the best prospect to come along in the past 20 years, and according to Tommy Munns of the Toronto *Globe and Mail,* it will take a lot of beating to score over the fast-rising youngster.

At this writing, Yack has had 10 professional fights of which he has won 9, two decisions being scored against Martin, and to whip a fellow as ring-wise as Frankie with but a few engagements as a fighter for the coin of the realm, Yack must possess something in the way of slinging fists.

Sammy Julian, a sturdy lightweight under Lou Burston's Management

The Baby did quite a considerable amount of amateur fighting, however. He was a Simon-pure for 5 years or so. He started boxing while a 70 pounder, and today, soaking wet, he doesn't weigh more than 116 pounds. He engaged in about 100 amateur tussels and although he dropped 6 decisions, practically 40% of his victories came by way of the knockout route.

He is being trained by a great flyweight of years past, one who at some time or other was recognized as the Canadian flyweight champion, Steve Rocco.

If Yack could defeat Martin in his ninth start as a professional, what will he be able to accomplish inside the hempen square in a year from this date? That remains to be seen.

* * *

IT'S been years now since the skill and finesse of Jimmy Wilde graced the boxing rings, but England today boasts of another "Mighty Atom."

Peter Kane, the Liverpool Larruper is the name, and his record to date is 28 knockouts in 35 fights. A mighty record indeed that warrants more than passing recognition. It warrants immediate respect.

The Liverpool flyweight was born at Golborne on February 28, 1918. He started boxing when he was 14 years of age and has been a licensed boxer since 1934. In over seventy fights he has been beaten but once. He lost a decidedly close decision to Billy Milligan at Earlstown when he was 15 years of age, and to this day, Peter has yet to see the hand of his opponent raised in victory.

Boxers whose names stand high in world rankings have fallen victim to the thudding fists of the Liverpool Lulu. Only last November, Kane scored a great knockout victory over Eugene Huat, the French bantamweight who at one time was generally recognized as the European title-holder. The knockout occurred in the 7th round. Huat is the little Frenchman who went 10 slashing rounds with the former world's champion Panama Al Brown, and also travelled a 15 round route with the present titleholder, Sixto Escobar.

Kane recently startled European boxing circles by scoring a knockout over Poppi Decico of France, long regarded as one of the foremost European fighters, and then followed through with two great victories over Valentin Angelmann, another Frenchman.

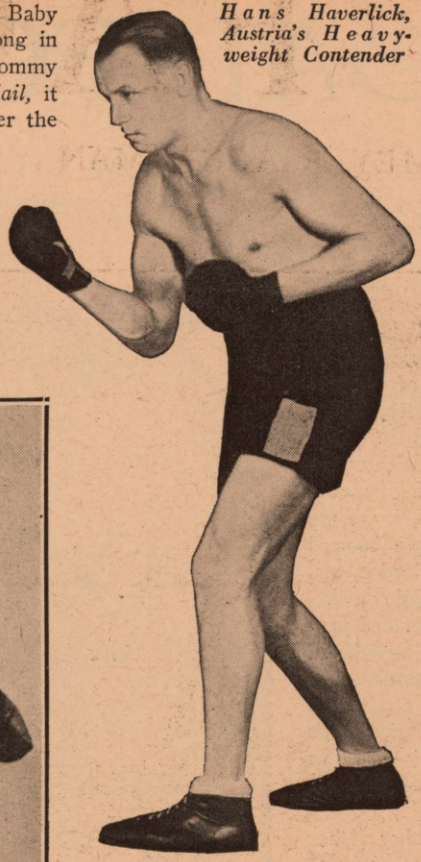
The Liverpool blacksmith has a record he can well be proud of. He has knockout victories to his credit over Nipper Carroll, Billy Charnock, Willie Smith, Jim Laird, Enrico Urbinati, Tommy Stewart, Pat Warburton, Pierre Louis, and Phil Milligan, and has defeated among others Fortunato Ortega, Ernst Weiss, Tiny Bostock, and Joe Curran.

It's an imposing record indeed, and England has every reason to be proud of its latest entry into the flyweight picture, a real contender for world supremacy. Have they discovered another "mighty Atom?"

* * *

THE fistic firm of Joe Woodman and George Lawrence who almost maneuvered the Boston Tar Baby, Sam Langford to a world's title many, many years ago, have waited a long time for a heavyweight to come along with whom they could do something, pugilistically speaking of course.

Hans Haverlick, Austria's Heavyweight Contender



Max Roesch, Star Heavyweight from Texas

In Hans Haverlick they may have the answer to their prayers of a big fellow who may eventually scale the heights.

Born in Vienna, Austria some 25 years ago, the blond giant had a natural aptitude for sports that brought him immediate prominence in the prized ring. He participated in some 90 odd fights and won every tussle to gain recognition as the amateur champion of all Europe.

(Continued on page 29)

OFF *to* CALIFORNIA

Lure of San Francisco to Australians, Recalled by Visit of Alf Blatch of America

By BILL DOHERTY

(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa)
(Author of "In the Days of the Giants")

A FEW weeks ago, a young Australian lightweight, Alf Blatch, landed in America in the hopes of gaining fame and fortune in the land of "sportsman and sportsmanship." Alf, unfortunately, found neither, for in his American debut in Madison Square Garden, a bout which we people in this part of the world watched with eagerness, he met a tartar in Henry Armstrong, powerfully built speedy Negro from California, a fighter of perpetual motion, if we are to accept the word of the American scribes who have boomed him to the skies. They clashed in Madison Square Garden, and poor Alf, floored nine times, was counted out in the third round.

Perhaps Charley Lucas, the Australian fight manager and promoter who brought Alf to America, made the grave mistake of overmatching him in his first bout, but the fact remains that our Australian boy was outclassed and we doff our cap to the victor. Whether Alf will eventually make good in America as he did in Australia remains to be seen. His defeat may cause us to reflect on the caliber of our best lads as compared to those of the States.

Following on the heels of Blatch's visit, came another visitor from the Empire, a Welshman, Tommy Farr, in quest of world glory in a fight with Joe Louis for the world title, and although he is far from being from our part of the world, the fact that he is a British subject brings back to my mind the memories of days long past, days when Australian and New Zealand fighters flocked to the shores of Uncle Sam to try their luck.

* * *

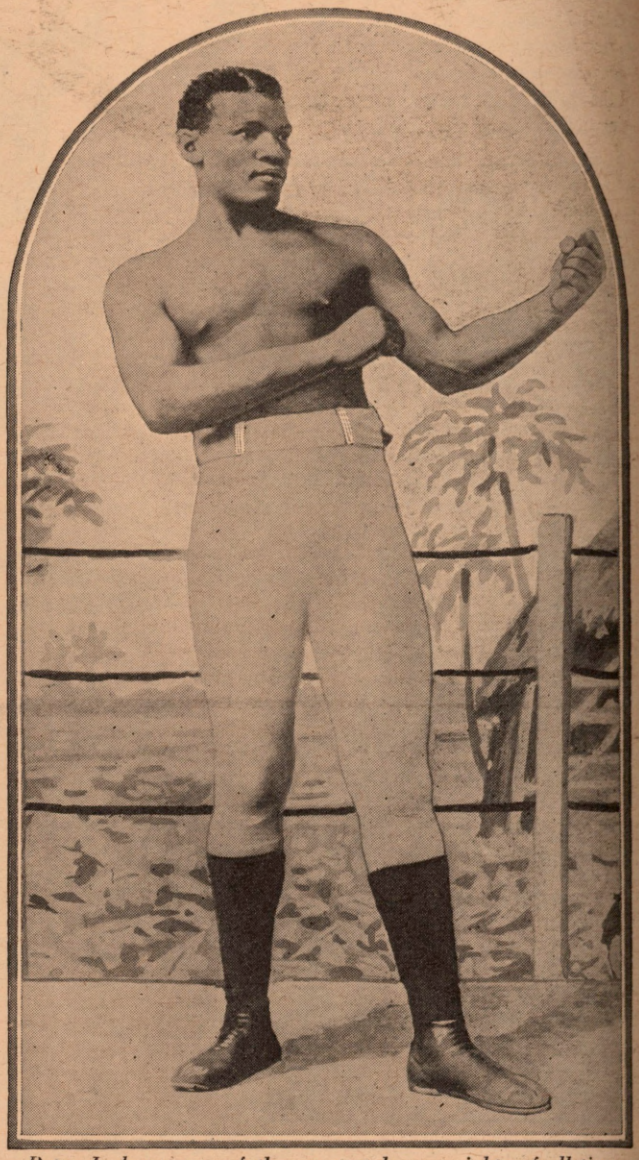
TOWARDS the end of the last century, a regular procession of Australian and New Zealand boxers crossed the Pacific from Sydney or Melbourne to San Francisco. Men of great renown were numbered among this band, the chief of whom were Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, and Griffo. Others of note were Herbert Slade, the Maori (under the patronage of Jem Mace); Steve O'Donnell, Jim Hall, Joe Goddard, Jim Ryan, Frank Slavin (who came via England), Dan Creedon, Australian Billy McCarthy, Billy Edwards, Tim Murphy, Jim Barron, Tommy Williams, Mick Dunn, Tom Tracey, Shadow Maber, George Dawson, Cocker Tweedie, Abe Willis, Billy Murphy and Joe Pluto.

So outstanding were the achievements of those old-time battlers, that their fame lives to this day and whenever a discussion starts as to who was the greatest fighter who ever lived, at least three of the above named are sure of getting mentioned.

Yet we find when studying boxing history that only three ever succeeded in winning or meriting world's championship titles—Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Murphy and Griffo. I include Griffo because it is generally recognized that he beat Jack McAuliffe in 1894 and was deprived of the lightweight championship of the world by a referee's wrong decision. The fact that only three out of that brilliant band, succeeded in reaching the top, is a commentary on the greatness of those times. Good as the invaders were they met their match in America almost to a man.

* * *

I WONDER how that crowd of heroes would fare today if they came sailing along out of the blue, all at the top of their form, with say, matchless Tex Richard at the helm of their vessel playing the part of a modern Jason with his crew of Argonauts. Would only three of them succeed nowadays in capturing the Golden Fleece of pugilism?



Peter Jackson, one of the greatest heavyweights of all time.

Is there for instance a heavyweight in the field capable of doing what Jim Corbett did in 1891—and holding a fighter of the caliber of Peter Jackson to a 61-round draw?

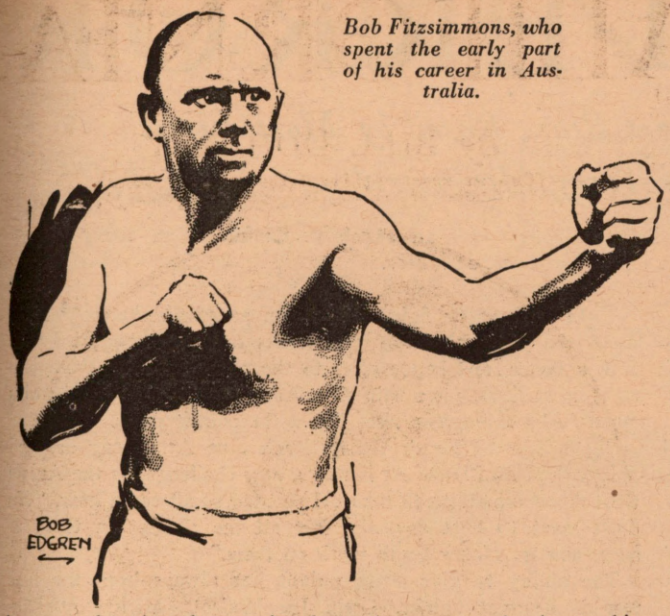
Have we got another Little Chocolate, capable of meeting a modern Griffo and fighting a draw that would be ranked as a classic of skill and speed for more than forty years?

I yield to none in my admiration and appreciation of Griffo and say that he beat Jack McAuliffe and should have got the decision but in measuring him up with George Dixon, I make no such claim. I class him as the equal, but not the master of Little Chocolate.

They had Little Chocolate then and Old Chocolate as well, that brave, honest old heavyweight who went nineteen rounds with Peter Jackson and who held fast and clever Steve O'Donnell to a draw.

* * *

JIM BARRON and George Dawson were unbeatable in America, and were Australians both. Dawson looked a certain winner of the lightweight or welter title in 1893 when,



Bob Fitzsimmons, who spent the early part of his career in Australia.

however, he elected to retire from the game and take up his appointed task of physical culture teacher. Jim Barron left America after fighting draws with Danny Needham and Kid McCoy.

I think it was the draw with Needham that dashed Jim's hopes. Needham was a good 'un but had been beaten by Mysterious Billy Smith, and Jim would have had to put Billy away before taking the welterweight title.

What a snag that same Mysterious Billy Smith was! It was he who thoroughly thrashed Australian Tommy Williams in two rounds in 1893—the same Tommy Williams who had beaten both Barron and Dawson in their native land.

And those two Australians, Billy Edwards and Tom Tracey, were halted in their careers by Smith. Edwards was K. O.'d and Tracey was held to a draw. Poor Tracey died only a few weeks ago in America.

Walcott was another whom Tracey failed to beat, and the luckless Billy Edwards also feil at the Walcott hurdle. There was no luck in being a welterweight or middleweight in those days with Mysterious Billy Smith, Joe Walcott and Tommy Ryan all right at their best.

* * *

IT was after losing to Walcott that Mick Dunn left America, and a defeat at the hands of Tommy Ryan caused another Australian fighter of merit, Tim Murphy, to leave for Africa and afterwards his native land. On his way, Murphy cleaned up three titles—the championship of Hawaii, of South Africa and of Australia.

Jim Hall, Dan Creedon and Australian Billy McCarthy were three middleweights who would keep the best men in the game busy nowadays, but all failed to reach the top in the 'nineties. After twenty-eight rounds of bitter battling, McCarthy was beaten by the first Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil), while Dan Creedon in fifteen rounds failed to beat Kid McCoy. Hall was beaten by Fitzsimmons and Choynski.

* * *

FRANK SLAVIN presents a problem. In many quarters, it is held that he was unfairly deprived of a world's championship fight with Sullivan at a time when he would have been a certain winner. This is a debatable point. Sullivan's challenge was an open one and it was only lack of money that caused Slavin to miss his chance of a fight with John L., while Corbett was able to seize the chance and score his famous victory in 1892.

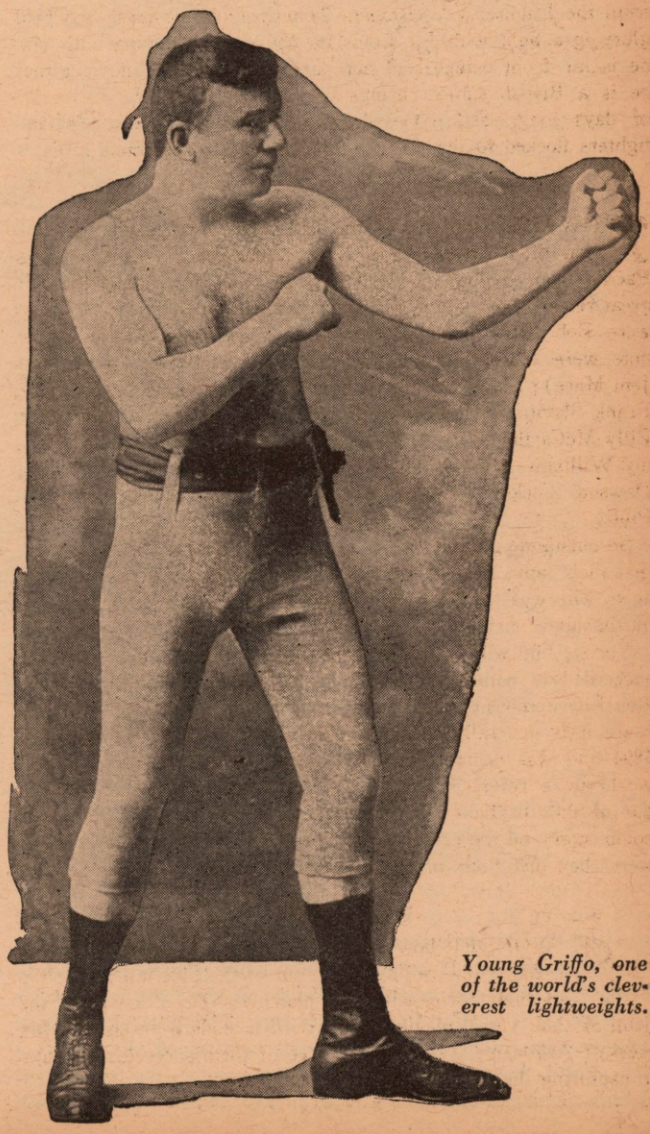
Could Slavin have beaten either or both Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan? That also is debatable, but it must be remembered that Jackson fairly and thoroughly beat Slavin in London in ten rounds about a year after he had failed to beat Corbett in sixty-one rounds. Gentleman Jim certainly earned that fight with Sullivan, and great as is my admiration for Slavin, I do not think that he could have beaten Corbett, although he might have been able to win over Sulilvan in '92 when the mighty man from Boston was 34 years of age and past his best.

Both Slavin and Sullivan stand high in my estimation. Slavin I class as the greatest *AUSTRALIAN BORN* fighter who ever lived, and Sullivan as the greatest ever when in his prime. I remember that Jem Mace when he was in Australia, was inclined to belittle John L. and he openly vowed that he would find a heavyweight either there or in New Zealand who would completely eclipse the American champion.

He found the heavyweight all right—Herbert Slade, the Maori, but for once the peerless Jem Mace was at fault. He took the Maori to America and matched him with John L. only to see him crushingly defeated in a few rounds—a fate that befell the great majority of fighters who met John L. when he was going great guns.

Billy Murphy was a little marvel and his defeat of Ike Weir (the Belfast Spider) in 1890, was a surprise to everyone except perhaps Billy himself. Weir was the most astonished of all, for during the fourteen-round battle, he pasted the New Zealander unmercifully and with the greatest of ease, being faster and cleverer in every point of the game. But Billy was a human torpedo, incapable of going in any direction but forward. If he was knocked back, it was only to bounce forward again.

It was in this way that he won over Weir in fact. With an awful swipe to the jaw, Spider hurled Murphy to the ropes from which he rebounded at express speed and in a split second, had biffed Weir in the stomach with sickening force. That incident, which took place in the eighth when Murphy was apparently absolutely thrashed, turned the tide and although the next six rounds were full of savage hitting, *(Continued on page 49)*



Young Griffo, one of the world's cleverest lightweights.

NEW TERROR

Henry Armstrong, Pacific Coast Star, Rated by Most Fistic Experts a "Second Terry McGovern"

THE crowd that hurried through the gates of Brooklyn's Dexter Park Arena paid little attention to the tan skinned young man in the form fitting suit and straw hat sitting quietly to the side of the entrance in the semi-pro ball park. This was to be expected for there was little about the young gentleman in question to suggest the most savage little fighting man in the business.

Few of the Brooklyn audience had seen, but all had heard of the prowess of the new ring marvel, Henry Armstrong, they were there to be shown, and shown they were, as the berserk little St. Louis born Californian took the 139 pound Lew Massey apart in action packed rounds. The veteran Philadelphian is not what he was but he had an eight pound pull in the weights and still assimilated a terrible trouncing. His labor for the evening over, the victorious Henry donned his civilian raiment, thereby completing the transformation from a ferocious fighting man to the previously unrecognized harmless appearing young colored boy and went on his way.

* * *

THIS routine has been repeated just fourteen times out of fifteen occasions by Armstrong since the first of the year. He has climbed out of the ring a knockout victor in every start but one this year of 1937, at this writing. He started the year right on its first day, Jan. 1st, in Mexico City when hard hitting Baby Casanova went down before his rapid fire attack in three rounds.

Since that blistering New Year's Day in the Mexican metropolis, only one man has heard the final bell in a contest with Hustlin' Henry. The capable Aldo Spoldi had to resort to plenty of legwork in so doing, but at the conclusion of the affair with the Californian in Madison Square Garden on March 19 he was still upright.

In rapid succession, Baby Casanova, Tony Chavez, Moon Mullins, Varias Milling, Joe Rivers, Mike Belloise, Pete De Grasse, Frankie Klick, Wally Hally, Mark Diaz, Jackie Carter, Alf Blatch, Lew Massey, Benny Bass have been mowed down by Armstrong's machine-gun like flurries.

Most of these are known nationally. Casanova has long been one of the most dangerous hitters in his division, Chavez had gained a win on a foul over Armstrong in a previous bout, spidery Mike Belloise made things very tough for Henry in their first scrap and many thought he won, the veteran De Grasse had been going great guns on the coast, and nearly lasted the distance; Klick is still a tough, smart, trial horse; young Hally had been winning steadily; Massey had a nine pound pull in the weights, and Bass had won 11 straight bouts in his comeback. All of these succumbed to Henry's lightning-like shots to head and body, and this knockout streak is by far the most impressive run up by any boxer this year.

* * *

IN many ways Armstrong is one of the most unique fighters in the ring's long history. He apparently has no sensation of fear, a phenomenon that has long caused Manager Eddie Mead no end of bewilderment. "I can't figure this fellow," opines the rotund Edward, "if I told this guy he was fighting Joe Louis next week, he wouldn't say a word. He can still do 126 but wants to box in the lightweight division.

"I'm afraid that if he gains a few more pounds, I'll have to bring back Carnera for him." Weight is the least of Henry's troubles as it applies to his opponents. The good lightweight Spoldi came in at 135 while Armstrong tipped the beam at just 126½, but this made little difference to the pugnacious Henry. He is not extremely rugged in build but offsets any weight disadvantages with an attack remindful of an angry swarm of bees at work on a bear.

* * *

AFTER every fight, Al Jolson, seemingly hypnotized by the punch throwing proclivities of his protege, bobs up with a bigger and better offer to the champion, any champion, right up to Ross, for a title shot. As Henry's knockout victories mount, Al's enthusiasm rises like a thermometer left in the sun in the middle of Death Valley. Each time Armstrong dropped Australian Alf Blatch, Al hurled a new challenge, as the Aussie went down for the tenth time, Al shouted so all could hear, "We don't want to hurt anybody. Put all the champs in there at once, and let Henry go to work on them."

The ability to give away weight has always been the true test of a great fighter. Greb, Joe Walcott, Mickey Walker, Carpentier, Johnny Dundee and Tony Canzoneri made their positions among the ring greats forever secure by their disregard for poundage, and in this important respect Armstrong certainly qualifies.

* * *

ARMSTRONG'S hurricane style of milling has amazed veteran ring observers for many reasons. Although he is forever pressing forward, he sheds punches with a peculiar movement of head and shoulders like the proverbial duck sheds water. His energy and endurance seem limitless as he continually fires sharp swift blows to head and body. Head down, endlessly shuffling forward, he forces his opponent to break ground with a ceaseless barrage of punches tossed with power and precision from all angles. Most windmill fighters lack hitting ability, but Armstrong's blows pack plenty of authority as that kayo list shows.

Old-timers frequently compare his methods with those of the great Terry McGovern, and he's been called a diminutive Dempsey in sepia. He is probably the only Negro fighter of ability to ever effect the walk-in aggressive style of mauling which he follows. Most of the good colored boxers have patterned their styles after those of such dark master of the art of boxing as Peter Jackson and Joe Gans. All of the old-time Negroes were canny, skillful fencers, who waged warfare in a wily manner, and against whom the first mistake was usually fatal. Most of the modern colored stars have been counter fighters who cleverly evaded leads and drilled lightning-like returns through the tiniest of openings with consummate skill.

* * *

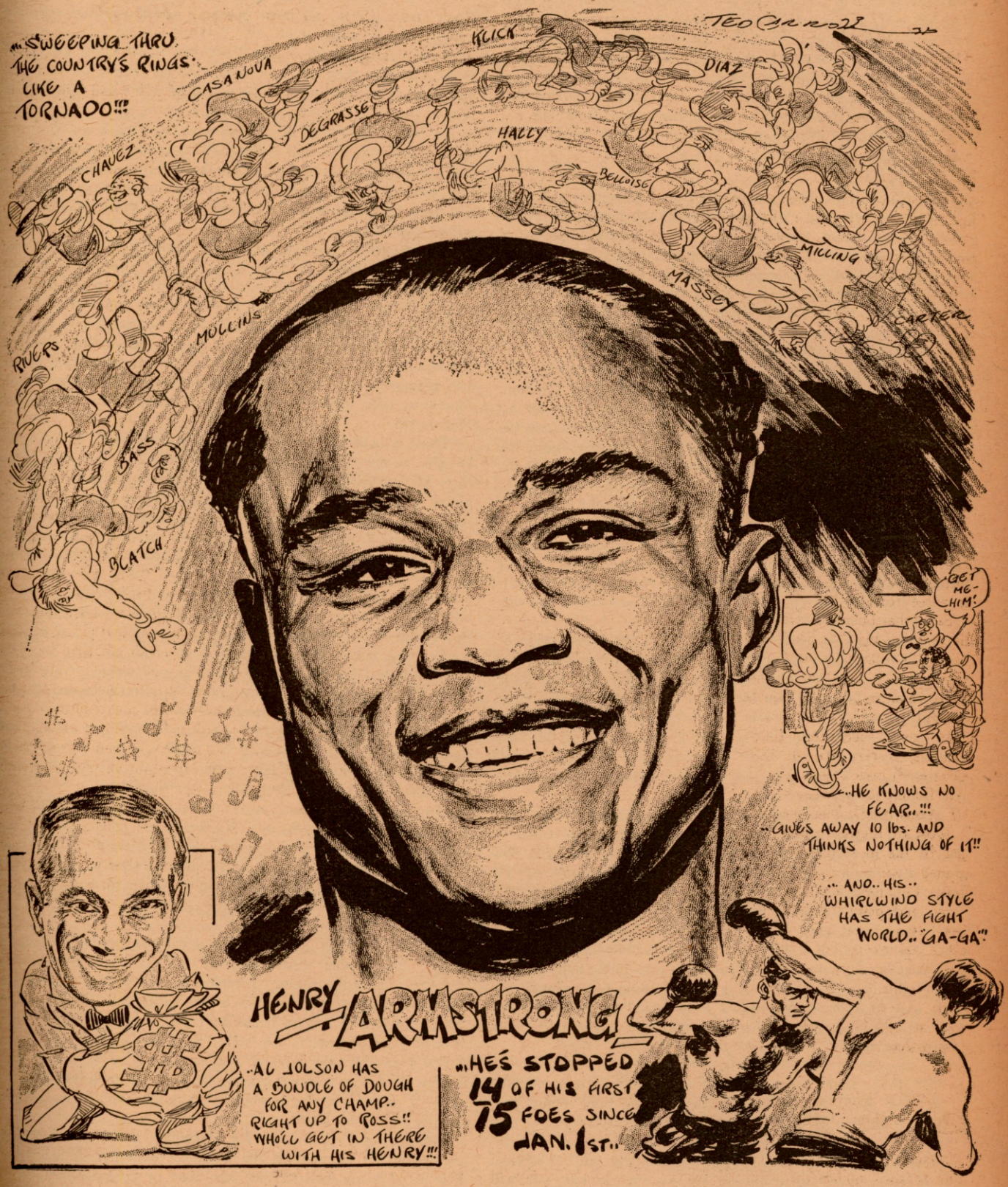
KID CHOCOLATE, Young Jack Thompson, Gorilla Jones, Baby Joe Gans, Al Brown, John Henry Lewis, Jack McVey, Panama Joe Gans and Kid Norfolk among the moderns were all clever fellows who relied upon finesse rather than fierceness. This was even more marked among the old school since Molyneaux himself, as Jack Blackburn, Bobby Dobbs, Gans, Dixon, Johnson, Jeannette, Langford and Jackson have long been rated among the foremost exponents of scientific boxing that ever lived.

Whether Henry with his tigerish Dempsey-like mode of milling will ever reach the heights attained by the more scientific members of his race, time alone must tell, but the young man is certainly off to a grand start. Furthermore, he is fortunate in that the aggressive style of attack has enjoyed tremendous popularity since the days of Dempsey and the diminutive prototype of the Mighty Mauler is already beginning to make those turnstyles click all over the nation.

Down in Mexico he's already acclaimed as the greatest of modern fighters by the senors and senoritas who've watched him demolish the ranks of the fighting Latins. He's starting to give

of the RING

By TED CARROLL



Joe Louis a run for favorite son honors in the Harlems of the country, and around New York he's rapidly developing into a raging sensation among the blase big towners.

Although Henry Armstrong has been scaling in the junior lightweight division, and it was expected that he would announce his retirement from the featherweight ranks to enter the higher section, he has accepted a fight with Pete Sarron for October 29 in Madison Square Garden for the world feather crown. He can make the weight and still remain strong. After that bout, he hopes to tackle the winner of the Ambers-Montanez bout for the lightweight championship.

He is 23 years old, is married to a preacher's daughter, is well spoken and intelligent and Al Jolson's trade mark these days is no longer, "Mammy" but "Henry."

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

terweight, is all that Charley Lucas and other Australians claim for him, but until he proves his ability against our recognized best, we'll have to believe that our welter champion is his superior.

In Europe they place Marcel Thil in the invincible class, but I venture to say that when he tackles Apostoli, Marcel will hang up his gloves for all time. With very few exceptions, American fighters who are rated by THE RING among the first five, are better than the best in foreign lands. That has been proved time and again, although exceptions do pop up.

* * *

CHARLEY LUCAS, famous Australian promoter and fight manager, who came to America with Alf Blatch and at the same time to obtain American boys for a winter invasion of the Antipodes, visited THE RING offices a few days before he left to extol our system of boxing, our fighters and our sportsmanship. I asked Charley to give RING readers an idea of how American rules differed from those of his native land, and what changes, if any, he would suggest might be made to bolster the sport there. Here is his answer:

"For some unknown reason there are people in Australia and England who condemn American boxing rules. The 'No-foul' rule in particular has been singled out for attack, mostly by persons who don't know any better, by others simply because the rule sprang from America. A few years ago, I introduced the low punch rule in Australia and, while it was welcomed by the public, I discovered several of our critics were up in arms about it—but only because it happened to be me who brought it in.

"I am going back to Australia with some more new rules for our boxing game. I am going to promote all my contests under American rules, including the 'no-foul' rule. I am doing this simply because I am big enough to admit that American rules are the best and that our own boxing game will be all the richer through their use.

"I am well aware, before I start off with the introduction of American rules, that I am going to bump plenty of opposition out home. But who cares? After all, I can please myself about these things. I don't have to cater for fools, any more than do I have to please them. The critics who have condemned me in Australia have never lifted a finger in protest about the evil of the two-minute round contest, a cancer that has eaten the core out of our fight game. Could you imagine a two-minute round contest at Madison Square Garden?

"Americans have been amazed when I told them that ninety per cent of Australian boxing was over two-minute round contests. This is the sort of fight promoter Australia is cursed with, and this is the reason why Australia has become the home of the cream puff fighter.

"Australia has no boxing commission, nor is she likely to have one, if these promoters can prevent it. I have been told a thousand times that Australian boxing was being better handled today than ever before . . . . the greatest untruth ever told, and told by people who fear the coming of a boxing commission simply because they are aware that such a body would make them mend their ways, make them realize that the fight game was much bigger than they.

* * *

"THE present government in N. S. W. has little or no time for sport. It spends too much of its time seeing that people go bathing in cast iron swimming costumes; yes, a very respectable government, too respectable for the masses and not respectable enough for the wowser. By this, you will understand why it is not interested in boxing. By my remarks here you will come to the conclusion that I am really a stormy petrel. Possibly you are right. However, it must be obvious to you that I have very good reason for being such and that I am at least fighting for something worthwhile.

"When I introduce American rules into my promotions, I shall be one up on New York in that I insist on my referees naming a winner in each contest. I maintain that it is impossible for a contest to end in a draw.

"There are many other evils attached to the draw decision. Some smart people call them 'business' decisions. They can fight a return contest, etc.

"That idea died with Adam. Where a lot of people fall down, is the fact that they do not realize that the man who sits in the bleacher is the best judge in the world of fights and fighting. He is also the best publicity agent in the world, providing you are giving him a fair break for his money. How many people in the fight game recognize this fellow? The average member of the sport looks upon the fellow in the bleacher as a sucker. That's the American name for a fool, but then the average member of the fight game is what Americans term a WISE GUY . . . . what's the difference?

"Of late years American managers have become shy and suspicious of Australian promoters, and for this reason refuse to do business with any promoter in that country. I have got to admit right here that these managers have had very good grounds for complaint; that some nasty things have happened out there to American fighters, but I also want to say that the days of that crooked dealing have passed, that I can give my word that American managers need have no fear whatever to do business with Stadiums, Ltd., who now control the stadiums in Sydney and Melbourne.

"These people are honest in all their dealings. I tell you this in spite of the fact that they are my opposition, for such is the case. My statement is the proof that I have no ax to grind by giving them a pat on the back. It's a poor thing that will not say something good about someone else. Speaking for my own activities in fight promotion, I can only say that every fighter who has fought for me has been paid and given a fair break. What more can I give?

"Having said so much against 'ourselves,' allow me, please, to tell you that we have had many wasters come to Australia from this country. They were booked up as real fighters, had records a mile long, but in truth, many of them could not beat an egg—they were just has-beens—sold to us as real fighters by a smart guy manager, or agent. These so-called glovemen flopped, flopped badly, and, for that reason made no money.

"What did they do when they returned? They just knocked the pants off Australia. They told you what a rotten place it was, etc., etc. But behind it all lay a vengeance—to get even for their own failure by panning Australian sportsmanship.

"And now, just a word about American sportsmanship. This I can say, no foreign fighter, Australian or other, need at any time have any fear of getting a raw deal in America. A foreigner has an equal chance with his American brother as anyone else, at least in New York City, the home of American boxing."

* * *

RECENTLY, in a RING article, I called attention to the need for proper supervision of boxers in gymnasiums to prevent the spread of brain ailments among fighters who permit themselves to be punished into insensibility to show how "they can take it." I am happy to report that in Johnny Glynn, former Staten Island fighter who rolled up a pretty good record a few years ago, the boys of that part of New York City have a supervisor who is doing exactly the type of work that I recommended. Johnny is also boxing instructor of the Police Athletic League of Staten Island.

Johnny, a pal of the late Joe Humphreys, not only is boxing instructor for more than 300 boys, all members of the Public Schools Athletic League, but has been of considerable help to novices who have been training in Staten Island for a professional career. Johnny knows the game from A to Z and would be a big asset to the New York State Boxing Commission were he placed in the role of a supervisor of gymnasiums.

Johnny has filed an application for a referee's license and in view of his knowledge of boxing, I hope the solons see fit to grant it to him. Men of the type of Glynn are needed in boxing.

Mike Jacobs

(Continued from page 3)

To enable me to carry through my ambition, it will be necessary for me to promote not only in New York, but anywhere I think a big fight will attract the fans. That's why I accepted the agreement of Mr. Norris, owner of the Chicago Stadium and the Olympia of Detroit, to stage one or more shows there annually.

If a fight looks best for Philadelphia, I have the assurance of the Philadelphia Mayor and his legislators that I can get the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium. Thus, were Schmeling to accept my terms to fight Louis for the title if Joe should beat Farr, I'll give due consideration to Philadelphia where the German population is big and the boycott would be practically nil compared to what it would be in New York.

* * *

BUT heavyweights won't be my lone hand. I have a contract with practically every fighter of note in every division from flyweight to bantam, with agents in all parts of the world, and when I think that the time is ripe for a championship bout in the smaller divisions or a bout in which the leading contenders should fight it out for the right to meet the title holder, I'll have no trouble getting my talent. That's why I know I took no gamble.

The Garden couldn't get the champs to fight for Johnston. Most of the fight managers and fighters refused to play ball with the powers that were at the helm in the House that Tex Built and that's what made it so much easier for me to make the progress I did.

Take for example the case of Pete Sarron, the world featherweight king, who will shortly be seen in the Garden in a defense of his crown against Henry Armstrong. All I had to do was to have his New York representative, Nat Fleischer, cable him and twenty-four hours later he was signed for the title bout although for two years he had been unable to get into New York.

* * *

I HAVE decided to eliminate as far as possible every error that was made by the regime that has been ousted from the Garden. Before Rickard took the helm, the Garden was the mecca towards which every fighter of note throughout the world dreamed of making a pilgrimage. For the first time in history, under the regime that is now going out, the fighters actually refused to fight and the managers refused to sign their men for fights in the Garden.

This will all be changed under my regime. The Blacklist will be a thing of the past. The kickback will never thrive under my nose. The house fighter will be gone. Everyone will get an even break. I'll have no dummies to represent me. I'll be the chief and I'll know if anything goes wrong, why it is so.

* * *

AT this writing I am contemplating the staging of at least seven championship fights in the Garden this winter. I propose to have the winner of the Escobar-Jaffra bout fight the best contender. I have an assurance from Barney Ross that if he beats Garcia, he'll defend his crown again for me. Likewise Garcia if he beats Ross.

Then I have the promise of Montanez and Ambers that each will appear in the Garden for me again this winter, one as champion, the other as top-flight contender. If Apostoli beats Thil, he stands ready to fight Steel to settle the matter of supremacy and if Farr beats Louis, I'll have him appear in defense of his crown as per contract.

Then I have clinched the featherweight championship fight between Armstrong and Sarron and I contemplate importing the world flyweight champion Benny Lynch to meet one best man. I'm figuring on staging two world championship fights on one night in the Garden if I can get the boys together, a flyweight and bantamweight card. Nothing short of the best will be staged and I hope by means of that system, to have the Garden clientele that made that arena so famous in the days of Rickard, back in line as patrons of my shows.

* * *

I HAVE heard it said that I am an enemy of Jimmy Johnston because of his actions during the Pastor-Louis fight and because of what he did to interfere with the Braddock-Louis mill. But that is not so. I may not be as friendly as I used to towards Jimmy, but I'll follow the policy with him what I ask all other matchmakers and managers to do —bury the hatchet and play for the good of the game. If Jimmy has any one worth while, he'll find that my place is open to him the same as it is to any other manager.

We want the talent and any one who thinks he meets the grade is invited to communicate with my matchmaker, Tom McArdle or with me direct and I'll turn over the date to my match-making staff for such action as they see fit. It will not be my policy to interfere with the various departments of my organization just so long as they function properly. When they fail, I'll know why.

* * *

SO there is my story—one that I want the public to believe in. Trust me to give you what I've here promised. If you have any complaints file them. I'll see that they are properly investigated. If you like what I'm giving you, let us hear that also. We'll appreciate it. If you have any special suggestions that will better the sport, I'll be happy to consider them.

I seek your whole-hearted support no matter where I stage my shows. I want your patronage and in turn, I promise you'll be satisfied with what I give to you.

Your patronage means my success and the return of boxing to its own. My catering to your wishes will get for me the support I seek. Between us we hold the future of boxing. Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and work for the common cause—success.

My hand will reach out to every corner of the world where boxing is followed if there is any talent worth while, and with the international contacts that I have formed, I'll be in a position to give to the Garden fans fights that will pack 'em in. It will be the old times revived or I'll miss my guess. The Editor of THE RING will act as my foreign contact agent.

I KNOW of the enmity that exists between the manager of Freddy Steele, American middleweight king and Fred Apostoli, yet I feel confident that for the good of the sport, I'll be able to induce Steele's mentor to bury the hatchet and fight the winner of the Thil-Apostoli battle. Through my new associations, I hope to bring about peace into the boxing game. I hope to have those who are enemies smoke the pipe of peace and let's all fight for the one big cause—the revival of the old time gates and the old time fighting spirit.

No manager will need have any fear of having his fighter stolen from him if he deals with me. I'll protect every manager to the very limit and I'll equally see that every fighter gets a square deal. They won't have to worry about any kick-backs. If ever I learn that any one associated with me in my fight promotion demands a kickback, it will be the last of that fellow in my organization.

No manager will have to beg for a chance to fight in the Garden if he can prove to me that he has a drawing card—the type of fighter the public wants to see. He'll get a place in the Garden shows if worthy of it, but on the other hand, no manager need try to pull any political strings or newspaper strings to force an unwanted fighter on any Garden card. I simply won't have it because I propose to give the Garden fans nothing but the best and I'll plead for their patronage on that basis alone.

New Faces

(Continued from page 23)

He was placed in charge of instructing classes for the Austrian authorities for potential police and army men and was also an instructor at skiing. But he was fond of the boxing pastime and after his amateur career, he decided he would like to try his hand at the art of self-defense in an endeavor to earn some money.

He entered the professional ranks and was immediately tabbed as a youngster who merited considerable attention. He won with frequent regularity and in some 42 professional encounters he found himself on the short end in only 2 engagements. He defeated one of his conquerors in a subsequent battle while the other fighter to defeat him never gave Hans the opportunity of reversing the decision.

* * *

IT was then that the urge of coming to America struck him. He was told that America was the land of opportunity and that if he could become successful in the ring there, he would make a lot of money and might eventually retire a rich man.

He got in touch with Woodman and Lawrence and after several communications he found himself on a boat headed for the Land of Opportunity. He arrived unheralded and unsung, but intent upon proving to his countrymen and himself that he was a good enough fighter to bring to his country and himself, fame and fortune.

In his very first American start, he was given probably one of the toughest trial horses he could possibly face when he was matched with Abe Feldman, conqueror of

(Continued on page 58)

The JACK CURLEY

Jack Curley and Francois Descamps, manager of Georges Carpentier.

IT IS going to be a long while before I will be able to pass the door of an office building on Broadway just north of Forty-second Street without feeling that I ought to turn in and say hello to my friend, Jack Curley. Jack had left that building and made his pitch in the more elaborate surroundings of Rockefeller Center a little while before he died but I never got up there to see him and I will always think of him sitting in his office high above Broadway and Forty-second Street, leaning back in his desk chair and telling me stories out of the glamorous and almost unbelievable experiences he had had all over this country and in many other parts of the world.

"I could tell you a story a day for a thousand days on end," he said to me once.

He was being conservative. He could have told me a story a day for many more days than that. And each would have been a good story. For Jack had been places and seen things and known people—more places and more things and more people than it is given to most of us to be or see or know. And he had the gift of putting words together. He was a promoter by profession but a newspaperman by instinct. Most successful promoters know a good story when it bobs up. Jack not only knew it but could tell it—or, if the opportunity arose, could sit down and write it.

* * *

I THINK that of all the things he ever did in a crowded lifetime, that of which he was proudest was an exclusive interview with Eugene V. Debs, at that time the head of the Socialist party in this country. That was in the long ago and Socialists were supposed to be very radical and dangerous persons and every once in a while the Government would put the heat on Debs and he would have to take himself out of circulation for a time. Now, somewhere and in some fashion, Jack had met him and Debs had liked Jack—as who didn't. And once when Debs was in hiding and newspapermen all over Chicago were combing the town for him, Jack got a tip that Debs was at an obscure North Side hotel and would be glad to talk to him. The interview that resulted from that meeting was slapped across the front page of the *Inter-Ocean,* on the staff of which Jack was but a humble toiler at the time, and Jack's rewards for the scoop were a bonus from his paper and the envy of every other newspaperman in the town.

When I first met Jack he was reviving wrestling in New York. It was a difficult job, for it had been dormant for a long time and nobody had any faith in it. But Jack moved in, got things started and, the first thing anybody knew, the mat game was thriving. A series of tournaments just about the time the World War was drawing to a close set the stage for the greatest wrestling show that New York ever has known: The Joe Stecher-Earl Caddock match in the old Garden. That one had the genuine Curley touch—bands, massed flags, uniforms, floodlights—and the best people in town in the ringside seats.

Curley as he looked when he came East as a promoter.

That match, cleanly and honestly waged and splendidly promoted, established Jack in New York. It brought recognition of the fact that wrestling, so long in ill repute, was in decent and capable hands. The few years that followed were among the brightest in Jack's career as a promoter. They were marked by big crowds, big money and good sport. So long as Jack had a virtual monopoly on wrestling hereabouts, the game flourished. It was when small time rivals began to chisel in that the troubled years came.

* * *

ONE reason why Jack always held the esteem of the newspapermen was that he dealt fairly and truthfully with them. When they went to him with a question, he gave them the answer, fully and frankly. When he gave them a story, they never had to check up on it to make sure it was true. Many of the stories were dramatic, astonishing. But they were no fabrications. He had roamed so widely, lived so excitingly, that even the dullest recital of his experiences would have made rich and colorful reading.

For instance, I defy anybody to mar or make uninteresting his recital of the events leading up to the meeting of Jack Johnson and Jess Willard in the ring at Havana. I have written the story several times (I wrote it for THE RING some seven or eight years ago) and have told it many times. It is a story of foresight and ingenuity and tenacity in which the fight itself, important as it was, was a mere anti-climax. In passing, I might say that Jack always argued, and plausibly, that the fight was on the level, no matter what Johnson has said to the contrary. The match was made on the premise that Johnson, having lived the life of Riley for so long, would fold up as a result of his own exertion if he were pitted against a strong young fellow capable of keeping him moving for more than twenty rounds.

"Johnson still is good enough to beat any man in the world over a span of twenty rounds," Jack told Lawrence Weber, his financial backer for the fight, "but if he is compelled to go beyond the twentieth, every round will bring him closer to defeat, even if the other fellow can't hurt him. Willard is big, strong and can take the best punch Johnson can throw at him. If I can make this match, I'll have Willard in shape to fight all day if necessary."

* * *

THAT's why the fight was set for forty-five rounds, or practically to a finish. Willard was in superb condition and Curley always maintained that while Johnson could have got up in the twenty-sixth round, he was so exhausted that it would have

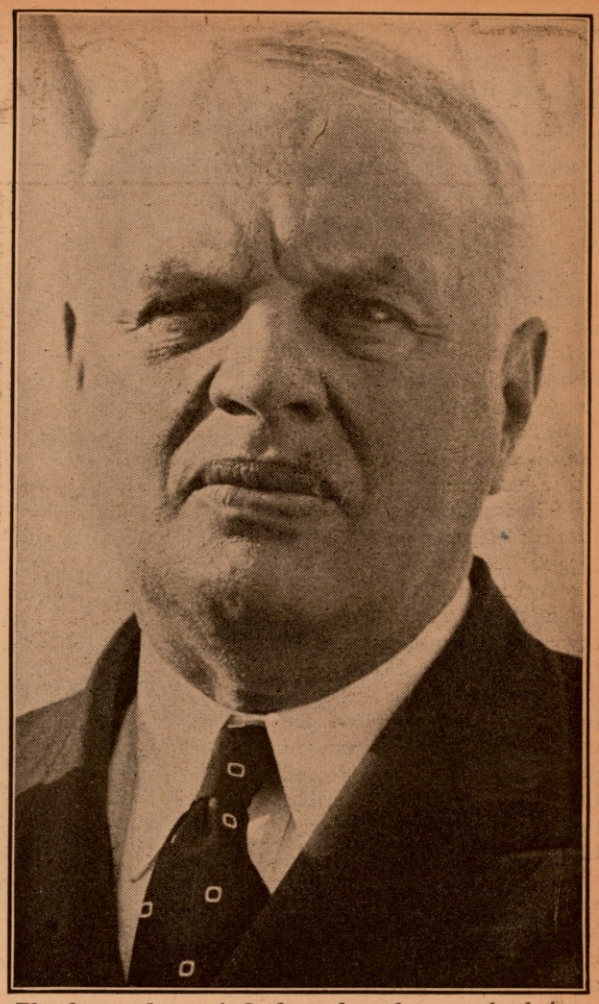
that I Knew

By FRANK GRAHAM

been folly for him to have done so, since he must have fallen down again within another round or so.

I defy anybody, too, to make dull reading of Jack's story of the Dr. Roller-Stanislaus Zbyszko wrestling match in Vienna, part of which concerned a midnight dash by Curley from Vienna to Cracow in a third-class railway carriage (and in evening clothes) to almost kidnap Zbyszko and take him back to Vienna for the match.

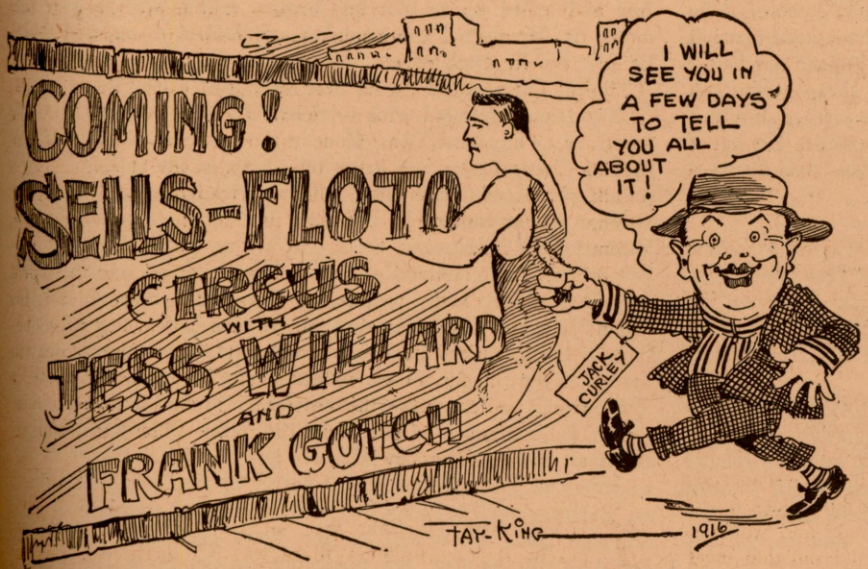
The "Big Three" in the Willard-Johnson negotiations—Tom Jones, manager of Willard (left), Jess Willard and Jack Curley.



The latest photo of Curley taken three weeks before he died.

Or the story of the time Curley himself, then young and full of vigor, agreed to fight an aging pugilist who wanted to get money to pay for his daughter's first communion dress—and was soundly beaten because the old pugilist couldn't pull a punch—not even against a fellow who was doing him a favor.

These and countless other stories, told to me in that little office high above Broadway delighted me and, I am sure, delighted countless thousands to whom I passed them on in print—not because I wrote them but because Jack told them so well. All I did was to put down on paper the words that he linked together in the telling of the tales.



A cartoon by Fay King, given to Jack Curley when he had Willard and Gotch on tour.

To many newspapermen, not only in New York but all over the country, Jack was more than a source of interesting stories. He was a friend and a good companion and we miss him terribly . . . . I look the other way when I pass the doorway of that office building on Broadway, just above Forty-second Street.

* * *

JACK CURLEY was one of the great men of sports. And the chances are he would have been a greater man if he had not been so big of heart. So that, almost always when he launched an enterprise, he would take somebody in with him and share the profits with him. And too many times the other fellow proved unworthy of him and either checked the progress of the enterprise or brought about its failure.

Those things that Jack promoted alone, or with the aid of a bankroll man who was content to remain in the background and leave the details of the promotion to Cur-

ley, were masterpieces . . . . The Johnson-Willard fight in Havana . . . . the tour of the Vatican Choir . . . . the tour by Rudolph Valentino . . . . the renaissance of wrestling in this town twenty years or so ago, after the sport had been dormant here for many years and others who had tried to revive it had been looked upon with suspicion as to either their motives or their sanity.

He had many friends . . . . and deserved them. Real friends who asked nothing of him but his friendship. Friends who rejoiced at his successes, felt badly over his failures and grieve because of his death.

Jack's life was a story of boyhood adventure come true. He ran away from his home in San Francisco at the age of 16 to go to Chicago when the world's fair of 1892 was in progress. There he had a good time, prospered reasonably, thought that life would always be like that.

Then the fair closed. In its wake it left a horde of drifters. Work was scarce. Jack's savings soon vanished. He reached a point where he actually was starving.

Two famed promoters, Jimmy Coffroth (left) and Jack Curley, posing before Flynn's headquarters when the Fireman was preparing for his fight with Johnson.

"But I couldn't stop people on the street and ask them for money," he said once when he was talking of this phase of his life. "I slept in hallways and went without food for a couple of days. One night I walked into a grocery. I thought maybe if I told the grocer I was hungry he would give me something to eat, but when he asked me what I wanted, I lost my nerve. I asked him if he knew of a family by the name of—oh, I don't remember, now, what name I used, but it was an entirely fictitious family—living in that neighborhood, and he said no, he didn't, and I thanked him and walked out.

"I am sure that if I had told him I was hungry he would have fed me. But I just couldn't ask him . . . . I never have refused a beggar on the streets, because I always think of that night. Maybe many of them are fakers . . . . but maybe some of them are even more desperate than I was . . . . and have gone through the same struggle I did before they could ask anyone for help." Jack finally found a job washing dishes in a cheap restaurant. It meant three meals a day and a room over the kitchen in which he could sleep. Things became better after a while. He got a job as an office boy on the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. And began a long climb to fame.

* * *

FROM Chicago he drifted to St. Louis, where he became manager of Frankie Noel, Ed Lally and Gus Fredericks. Then he hopscotched around the Middle West as the impresario of "Dutch" Neal and Billy Layton. He got acquainted with Billy Stift, Tommy Ryan, "Australian Tim" Murphy and became their trainer and manager.

He drifted back to Chicago and ran the Illinois Athletic Club with Paddy Carroll as matchmaker and gymnasium manager, handling all the late Manager Bang's fighters, such as Johnny Reagan, Tommy Sullivan and Kid Carter. Then he fell in with Al Herford, who in a most friendly manner paid him well for helping the great Joe Gans in his training and in various other ways.

By this time he had quite a stable of fighters in Chicago, such fine boys as Tommy Cody, Harry Forbes, the "Twin" Sullivans, Jimmy and George Gardiner and many others. When boxing was shut down in Chicago he took up wrestling, promoting some big matches. Among those he managed and staged were the John Rooney-"Farmer" Burns, Dan McLeod-Burns, George Hackenschmidt-Frank Gotch and numerous others.

Curley promoted the Jim Flynn-Jack Johnson match, which took place at Las Vegas, N. M., and arranged the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson fight at Havana.

As one of the promoters of the Johnson-Willard fight, he got nothing much more out of it than trips to London and Havana, a collection of new friends and additional photographs in his office. But his name went down in the history of Fistiana as the promoter of the event—Jack Curley, the man who brought back the heavyweight championship to the white race.

* * *

HE knew — well, just about everybody, everywhere he went. He told one story in this connection of an incident that gave him a terrific bang.

"I was sailing for Europe with some friends of mine," he said, "and I met a number of people, down to see others who were sailing, and who greeted me before the ship sailed. My friends remarked about the number of people who came up to speak to me and, after the ship sailed, there were many among the other passengers who knew me. We went to London first and then to Paris and then to Berlin. In each of these cities I had many acquaintances, and constantly was running into them, and my friends remarked that I must know everybody.

"One day we were motoring out of Berlin and were in a farming district when we lost our way. There was a fellow picking cherries in a tree by the roadside, and I pulled up under the tree and called up to him in German, asking him if he could direct us. He parted the branches and looked down, and when he saw me he exclaimed:

"'Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun, if it ain't Jack Curley!'

"My friends howled with surprise. Of course I was as much surprised as any one. The fellow in the tree was a fighter from around Chicago who was home on a visit to his folks."

Curley's friends were always bobbing up in strange places, or strange circumstances. In the days leading up to the Johnson-Willard fight in Havana there was strong opposition to it expressed in this country by the reform element, especially as Jack unwittingly had scheduled it for Easter Sunday. Sunday was a big sports day in Havana and was the logical day on which to hold the fight, but Jack didn't realize until the uproar started here that the Sunday he had selected was Easter Sunday.

Among those few who were unfriendly toward him in Havana was a representative of the American State Department and as this man had considerable influence in Havana, he was a source of worry to Jack. Moreover, the outcry against holding the fight on Easter supplied Jack's foe with additional ammunition, and although Jack hurriedly set the fight back as soon as he heard of the protest, the gentleman in the State Department refused to be appeased and seemed bent on driving the fight out of Cuba, despite the friendly

(Continued on page 45)

Farr's Rise Like Alger Story

(Continued from page 13)

of Walter Neusel as being the greatest joy he ever experienced in the ring.

"He was the big shot in England and it was certain that we would meet sooner or later," tells Tommy.

"I was in the Greyhound Restaurant in London with a couple of very nice ladies when in walked Neusel. Evidently he wanted to humiliate me by making light of me. He passed my table and at once began to engage the ladies in conversation. He talked this and that nonsense in his gutteral way and then suddenly he pretended to accidentally discover me sitting at the table.

"'Why hello Tommy Farr! You of all people, and the man I want to meet. When are you going to fight me?'"

"I was boiling. I didn't want to compromise the ladies and I guess I was pale with anger as I said:

"Neusel, this is hardly the place to talk shop. There is ample room outside in the car park. We'll go quietly out there. I know the ladies will excuse us. It won't take me more than five minutes."

* * *

NEUSEL knew that my temper had been aroused, and with a silly grin he walked away. I deliberately sought a match with Neusel. I wanted revenge. The match was made.

"I proposed to give him a good thrashing and as I had him tottering, I said:

"'Too bad you didn't accept my invitation to go out and fight in the Greyhound car park that night. It would have spared you the humiliation of being knocked out in public as I am now going to knock you.' Down he went! He stayed there, out.

"I usually feel sorry for a beaten opponent, but not for that guy. He kidded the wrong fighter!"

The big boy from the Clydach Vale is perhaps the greatest heavyweight England has produced. Not since Charley Mitchell's day has any big fellow come along to command the renown and the respect that Tommy Farr has. Strangely enough, the Welsh people are not a race of large men. Her champions, Wilde, Driscoll and Welsh, were tiny warriors. Farr, as a thirteen year old "collier's boy," actually doing a man's work deep down in the Glamorgan Colliery, was a 92-pound flyweight. Hard work in the pits and with the gloves in the Rhondda Valley booths developed him until he looms up with massive chest and broad-beamed shoulders.

Should he meet defeat at the hands of Joe Louis in his struggle for the world's championship which takes place a fortnight after this is written, he will go on. He is the same age as Louis and youth will carry him over unbelievable barriers. When Joe Louis sank before Max Schmeling in twelve rounds, a Schmeling supposed to be "washed up" and only fighting for a huge loser's end, Louis, at that moment, seemed anything but the next world's champion. He shook off that crushing defeat and became the champion.

Perhaps the luck of the game was his. Schmeling, had he got his chance, might have finished Braddock in quicker time than Joe did. Who knows? It is all in the pitch and toss of a game which, because of its surprises, is ever attractive, always enticing.

* * *

TOMMY FARR'S rise from the Tonypandy pits where the black sweat ran from his babyish brow like ink, is a glamorous figure. He is the storybook warrior. His people idolize him. Indeed, they'll go beyond that and did.

Trevor Wignall, the English sports writer, and oddly enough, a Welshman himself, predicted that Max Baer would thrash the devil out of Tommy. His forceful articles probably had a lot to do in making Baer a 10-to-1 shot over the coal miner.

Farr gave Baer a terrific clouting, cutting him up badly and when a glorious and unexpected victory came to Farr, the Tonypandy miners burned Wignall in effigy.

This was an extraordinary circumstance, one of the strangest evidences of native loyalty boxing has ever known. South Wales adores the golden-haired miner who came up from the depths to become champion of Great Britain. He says that his father and the father before him were Irishmen from Cork. That being the case, the green little isle will stand behind. His mother was 100 per cent Welsh. In that he must become so great an idol with his people as was Driscoll, Wilde and Welsh.

When he won the English title from Ben Foord, the Welshmen in the galleries chanted the Welsh song of victory. It was the inspiration behind his victory. He fought with tears in his eyes, not tears of pain or hurts, but those of joy. His people were singing him home!

Freddie Welsh once told me how these same Welsh miners chanted him to victory when he won the lightweight championship from Willie Ritchie. "Their powerful, united voices made the rafters ring, and what man could fail?" Freddie asked. A Welsh heavyweight champion! Something new under the far-reaching British sun!

Infighting, Lost Art

(Continued from page 7)

those two! He'd make 'em all look like a bunch of suckers. He'd tie 'em into knots just as did McCoy and Johnson to opponents in their heydey.

The greatest fighters in all divisions in modern times have mastered the trick of getting in where damage was impossible, but McCoy was a genius in this respect, in that he also did things to his man when he got there. His footwork, though not as showy as that of Corbett, was absolutely perfect. In speaking of his fighting ability, the Kid told the scribes that he didn't think there were half a dozen fighters since Sullivan's time who were his peers in that line, or in the judgment of distance and timing a punch. The accuracy of his short arm work was nothing short of marvelous and his timing was next to uncanny. If Joe Louis with his wallop, possesssed half the skill of McCoy, what a wonder he would be!

"In boxing position, I looked solid on my feet and a slow hitter," said McCoy when pressed by the scribes, "but in action, I was very confusing and deceptive."

Those who saw McCoy in the ring, will tell you that his movements were slow, deliberate and strangely original. His two arms with the elbows out and the gloves nearly together swung slowly to and fro across the body. He stood lightly on his feet and would move from side to side with an odd, quiet shuffle. His chin was always well drawn in and he smiled cynically as he looked at his opponent.

His feints were short, jerky and savage. His whole body moved with the hand, as if about to rush. His feet made moves that added to that impression and the man in front of him, thinking he had a mark facing him, would usually lead to nip matters in the bud.

Little did that fellow realize that "The Kid" was feinting for a purpose. He waited for his opponent to lead and then, quick as a flash, he would slip past and into close quarters and then the damage would be done. With his arms drawn back at the sides, one suddenly would block, and the other would rip into his opponent's body and face. Those arms would work like a rock drill, first one then the other carrying the attack and when away from his man, again he would move easily about with half-bent arms swinging before him.

His opponent, confused and angry at this peculiar behavior, would lose his temper, rush at McCoy like a mad bull, but all his efforts would go for naught as the Kid, away like a shadow, became an elusive target. When his opponent quieted down a bit, McCoy would resume his feinting tactics followed by fine infighting.

The art which McCoy, Corbett and Johnson made famous, is a lost art in this era of boxing. Of the present day crop, Henry Armstrong, Pedro Montanez, Artudo Godoy, Al Ettore, Bobby Garcia, Petey Sarron, Baltasar Sangchili, and Lou Brouillard lead the field in efficient infighting.

GANG WARS and POLITICS

The Career of "The" Allen—His Fight With Darrah—His Bold Explorations in the Underworld—Shooting of Paudeen by Dad Cunningham—Allen's Fight With Ulick Roach

Dad Cunningham, who was one of the toughest of the old-time fight and gambling mob.

Types of hangers-on in the days when the fight game was ruled by gangsters.

A SLIM, handsome, debonair youth was Theodore Allen in 1846, soft-spoken and invariably dressed with good taste in the height of fashion. Yet for all his smooth exterior, he was destined in later years to shine resplendent as one of the most notorious characters in Manhattan as a keeper of gambling resorts, a political power and fighter who feared no man in deadly combat, whether waged with fists, knife or gun. Early in life, young Allen leaned toward the fast side of society and plunged recklessly into the dissipations of the age, always, however, keeping a level head and centering his eye on the main chance.

At that time Bill Poole, New York's foremost rough-and-tumble fighter, had a prosperous butcher business in what was later known as the Ninth Ward. This part of the ever-growing big city was called the "village," being different in many respects from any other Gotham district. Allen struck up an acquaintance with Poole and the latter, a keen judge of human nature, recognized in the youngster a congenial spirit. The liking was mutual and led to Allen's engagement as a helper around big Bill's market.

Poole's love of sport was such that he was ever ready to act as promoter of any sort of athletics. He took extreme delight in arranging matches to test the capabilities of the young bloods of the day who were proud of their strength and agility in contests requiring uncommon nerve and gameness. Shortly after Allen entered his employ, Poole got up a rowing contest, wagering $250 with Mike Rodney and Jim Brown, two well-known sporting patrons, that he could produce a crew able to beat any oarsmen they cared to back.

* * *

THE bet was accepted and Allen, Jim O'Neil, Jack Barnett and Peter Culkins were pitted against Poole's selections, the latter being Garry Katen, George Shurager, Jim Agate, Bob Parker and Sholes Eden. The course was from the foot of Christopher Street to Brimstone Point and return. Poole was named stake-holder and referee. It was a hard struggle and excitement ran high among the spectators, among whom were included the principal sporting men of the town. On the return trip Allen's crew pulled ahead and came in victors by a few boat-lengths.

Much to everybody's surprise, Poole decided that the stakes were not fairly won and refused to award them until another race had taken place. There was a bitter wrangle but as big Bill's verdicts were never disputed beyond the danger-point, the boats sped away again over the course. Though a staunch admirer of his huge boss, the latter's action rankled in Allen's breast to such an extent that he privately resolved upon getting even.

So it befell that as the Allen crew once more led into the home stretch their swift-moving craft pointed directly for the stake-boat in which Bill Poole and some of his friends were standing. Before the latter realized their peril, Allen's boat struck them amidships, shattering and overturning both craft and sending their occupants headlong into the water. No harm was done, as all were good swimmers and reached the landing-stage safely. Rough jokes of this kind were exactly to Bill Poole's liking and after a Homeric burst of laughter, he paid over the stakes cheerfully. Slight as it seemed to be this little incident was to prove a turning-point in young Allen's career.

Among the spectators was a youth named Hugh Darrah, who had quite a reputation as a fighter. He was devotedly attached to Poole and never overlooked an opportunity to demonstrate his loyalty. After the race-settlement a dispute arose among the friends of the athletes as to the respective merits of the two crews. Darrah was inclined to regard the involuntary ducking of his great patron as an insult to Poole, and expressed himself in no uncertain terms as to young Allen's gall in precipitating such a catastrophe.

* * *

POOLE, who thought nothing of the incident, was nevertheless always ready to encourage any move likely to cause excitement and secretly egged on Darrah. As Allen was never a trouble-dodger, he met Darrah more than half-way in the battle of words that ensued. Thereupon big Bill, striking while the iron was hot, badgered Mike Rodney into betting that Allen could whip Darrah for a $500 stake.

Up to then, Allen had not greatly distinguished himself at fisticuffs, and probably had no desire to take chances with so formidable an opponent as the far more experienced Darrah. Yet had his life been forfeit, he would not have backed down under the eyes of Bill Poole. Nor could he have done so without sacrificing forever his reputation as a game scrapper. Accordingly he accepted and the match was scheduled to take place a week later in a large field on the corner of Charles and Hudson Streets.

The coming pugilistic event created as much interest locally as present-day sports feel in a match between top-notchers at Madison Square Garden, and several thousand ring patrons

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

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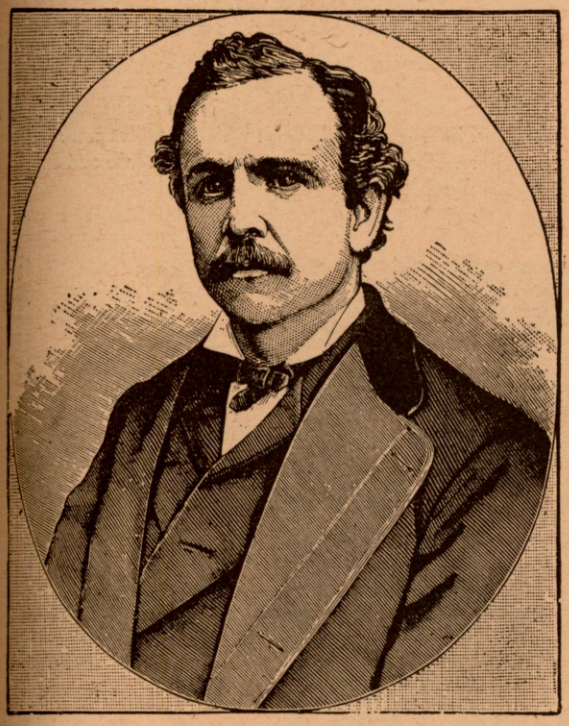
CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

The Ring herewith presents the fifth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in The Ring.



"The" Allen, the most notorious gambler in the early history of American boxing. He was the Boss Tweed of his day.

flocked to the scene. The ring was pitched near a pool used by adjoining stable-workers for washing down stages and carriages. Police interference was undreamed of. For Gotham's law-officers then consisted only of a few inadequate watchmen, dubbed "leather-heads," who cared little about what happened to disturb the public peace so long as they personally were let alone.

Big Bill Eldridge, a sea captain, seconded Allen. Smith Ackerman, later killed on the morning of the Poole-Morrissey fight in an impromptu wrestling fray with Jack Quinlan, officiated in a similar capacity for Darrah.

It was a hurricane mill of the old-fashioned slugging style with Darrah exhibiting the most science, an advantage offset by Allen's grim determination and ability to stand punishment. In wrestling, permissible under London rules, the lithe, sinewy Allen had the better of matters, contriving to throw Darrah frequently. Also, Allen was the cooler and wiser general of the two. Still he was badly cut up by Darrah's straight left and it is difficult to guess who would have won eventually had it not been for a ludicrous accident in the forty-first round.

They were clinched and struggling desperately for the fall, when Allen pushed Darrah to the ropes. As they swayed there, the ropes suddenly gave way and both combatants plunged into the dirty waters of the pond. Allen's presence of mind, for which he became celebrated later in many a crisis of his stormy life, stood him in good stead. For instead of loosening his grip he clung grimly to Darrah forcing the latter's head under the surface.

By the time spectators pulled the pair to land, Darrah was well-nigh choked with the slimy draughts he had involuntarily swallowed. His wind was gone and he lay gasping and breathless on the ground, unable to respond to the call of time. Amid frantic cheers and laughter the referee declared Allen the winner.

This victory over such a tough exponent of the art pugilistic as Darrah made Allen's feathers plume like a peacock and earned him tremendous popularity among the "villagers," who were ever proud of their fistic celebrities. For Allen was now numbered in the category of the elect and felt he had won the right to a place on par with the star fighting gallants.

Although Poole lost money on the mill, he was immensely pleased with his youthful assistant's valor, and thenceforth dated a friendship which lasted without break until big Bill succumbed to an assassin's bullets. The business portion of New York did not then extend above Canal Street. The neighborhood where Poole and Allen lived was sparsely settled and conveniently quiet. Leonard, Walker, and Church Streets, down-town, were the haunts of the sportively inclined. There gambling hells, saloons and bagnios were plentiful, and Poole, accompanied by Allen, was a familiar figure in these resorts.

The latter's victory over Darrah inspired him with ambition to shine in further fields of glory and Poole encouraged his protege. Big Bill was always ready to back Allen against any man of his weight and the youth did not fail to justify his patron's good opinion. Sportsmen began to take interest in Poole's cocky young gladiator, and the associations thus formed molded Allen's character and fitted him for the stormy strife of his after-career.

* * *

ALLEN was a bold explorer in the underworld. Nothing daunted him or checked his determination to go through with whatever he started. New York was a decidedly lawless burg in many respects and the boys out for a good time saw life under rougher aspects than their descendants of today.

There was no lack of gathering places for the night hawks of both sexes. Among the famous sporting resorts were the Cooper House, kept by Chris Shafer, at the corner of Worth and Broadway; the Senate, kept by Cy Shay, in Church Street, and a few minutes walk away, was Sandy Lawrence's hostelry, noted for its lavish meals. Opposite to Lawrence, at Leonard Street and Broadway, was the pugilistic rendezvous presided over by Mike Murphy, a "milling cove" from the Emerald Isle. On Franklin Street stood the Ivy Green, headquarters of the Empire Club, the State's strongest Democratic organization.

John Clancy, operating genius of the last-named establishment, was later editor of THE NEW YORK LEADER, entered the State Legislature, and became a member of Congress. Among the habitues of the Ivy Green were Captain Isaiah Rynders, the old political war-horse; Mike Walsh, journalist, County Clerk, and Congressman, who was found dead in a cellar at the finish of his extraordinary career; Matt Brennan, ex-police head; General Dan Sickles, ex-minister to Spain, and many others prominent in New York City's history.

It was in the Senate, on Church Street, that Allen collided with Paudeen, the notorious thug who was afterwards shot to death by Dan Cunningham. Allen was drinking at the bar when

Paudeen entered and saluted him with an insulting epithet. Allen's apt reply was the contents of a beer mug thrown in Paudeen's face. An attempt by Paudeen to draw a pistol was foiled by the bartender, who gripped him from behind and secured the weapon. Allen then challenged his enemy, daring him to come to the New York Hospital grounds and settle matters in a finish fight.

* * *

THE hospital gates were padlocked. But the lock was not hard to pick and this was frequently done when some of the boys spoiling for a scrap wanted to stage a battle amidst the shrubbery. Paudeen accepted the challenge and the party set out. But the ever-treacherous Paudeen sneaked up behind Allen as they emerged into the street, and struck him on the head with a sand-bag.

The blow was a glancing one and merely staggered Allen, who immediately clinched with his assailant and they wrestled into the gutter. Allen got a cross-buttock on Paudeen and threw him heavily, falling with all his weight on the prostrate man. Paudeen's pal, Harry O'Donnell, seized Allen by the coat-collar and shoved the muzzle of a revolver between his teeth. Allen smartly jerked his head aside just as O'Donnell fired, and the ball grazed his cheek, incidentally carrying off a small section of Allen's lip.

Arrival of the police checked further hostilities. Allen and his opponent were escorted to the station house. Neither would prefer charges, they were consequently released and returned to the Senate. Paudeen was dazed by his fall and remained sullenly silent. But Allen, regardless of his bruises and mutilated lip, demanded instant satisfaction from O'Donnell.

The latter refused to fight then, but consented to a meeting on Harrison Street wharf the following night. He appeared according to schedule, attended by a score of gangsters. Allen and his friends came down from the Village to Harrison Street in boats, a common method of transportation then.

An ordinary occurrence between the rival political factions in the days of "The" Allen. A free-for-all in front of one of the gambling houses.

O'Donnell was known as a scientific pugilist, and, as he outweighed his opponent by thirty pounds, expected a comparatively easy victory. But the Allen, although quite well able to take care of himself in the ring, excelled at the rough-and-tumble game with no holds barred. He went for the bigger man as furiously as a bull terrier turned loose in the pit. In fifteen minutes O'Donnell was a battered, bloody wreck. Yet, after a particularly damaging fall, he rose and again rushed desperately at his antagonist.

On this occasion Allen employed one of Bill Poole's favorite tricks. He ducked under O'Donnell's clutching hands, grabbed him by the ankles, and tossed him head-over-heels into the river. Howls of mingled fury and triumph arose from the rival factions, and as two of O'Donnell's backers fished their beaten hero out of the water, a terrific free-for-all started on the wharf.

Guns, knives, slungshots and brass knuckles were brought into vigorous play. As the O'Donnell crowd greatly outnumbered the Allenites, the latter were compelled to retreat. They did so, fighting a hard rear-guard action, and succeeded in boarding their boats and pushing off for the Village.

* * *

AS an aftermath of this affair Allen was lured by a decoy note from a woman to Bill Brady's dance hall at Howard Street and Broadway. There several of O'Donnell's friends, headed by Bob Linn, a notorious bruiser, "ganged" "The" Allen, who was given a terrific beating. His eyes were so badly gouged that he lay almost blind for weeks in the hospital.

It was characteristic of him that as soon as he recovered, his first move was to look for Bob Linn. He found him in Jackson's restaurant on Spring Street. Linn was sitting at a table near one door, with his back to the other entrance, enjoying his supper. Allen saw at a glance that the room was full of enemies and realized that he must act quickly. Swiftly he stepped in by the door behind the bruiser.

Seizing a heavy castor filled with bottles, Allen gripped his enemy by the collar. Yanking Linn back until his face was upturned he rained a shower of blows upon his countenance with the castor. The cruet splintered, gashing the victim's face to mincemeat, and the pepper, mustard and vinegar from the broken bottles plastered the wounds with a blistering paste. Linn fell to the floor and rolled there, uttering shrieks of agony. Allen turned to flee, but the front doors were locked.

His only path to safety lay through the rear. The kitchen door was closed, but there was a long, narrow opening in the wall with a shelf in front of it through which eatables were passed out to the waiters. The invader sized up this aperture and decided he could get through it.

Like a swimmer, he made a headlong dive, slid by, and landed in a wreck of crockery on the kitchen table. His foes had by this time recovered from their momentary stupefaction and rushed in a body, breaking the door open and emerging into the kitchen. But Allen had already gained the back yard. They pursued him through an adjoining house and over West Street to the wharf.

There he expected to find his friend, Hadden, in the boat which brought them to the scene of action. But Hadden was not in sight, having rowed around an adjacent wharf. Allen promptly dived into the water, while the pursuing mob opened a fusillade of stones on the fugitive. By cagily swimming under water Allen escaped with a few minor bruises, until Hadden pulled swiftly to the rescue and picked him up.

It was such exploits as the foregoing that earned for Allen the reputation of a genuine daredevil who feared neither God nor man, and would go to any lengths in an attempt to obtain what he considered justice for real or fancied injuries. Of the many battles he engaged in, either go-as-you-please affairs, or under London Prize Ring rules, he never met a square defeat, although on several occasions he narrowly escaped with his life when overpowered by superior numbers.

* * *

AS a tribute to his prowess and unique personality in a day when the mingling of pugilism and politics developed an underworld army of hard-bitten men ready to fight to the death on the slightest pretence, he was seldom referred to by friend and foe otherwise than "The" Allen. The name was not uncommon. Yet, as in time to come everyone knew the particular Sullivan a speaker had in mind when John L. was mentioned, there was no difficulty in identifying "THE!"

Like the notorious Bill Tweed of Tammany fame, Allen in his younger days was "one of the boys who ran with the masheen!" or in other words, a fire-company member. These fire laddies, a potent force en masse *(Continued on page 44)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

Ray Fabiani, who with Mondt and Dusek, has taken over the New York Hippodrome.

WHEN the Grim Reaper took Jack Curley from our midst, it was generally understood that the combine which he had organized with Jack Pfeffer and Paul Bowser would take over the arenas with which Curley and Pfeffer were identified and with the aid of Jack Curley, Jr., they would stage wrestling contests at the New York Hippodrome, the biggest of their holdings.

But a few days after young Curley made the announcement of his partnership with Pfeffer and Bowser, the Boston promoter, Mike Jacobs made known a new alliance, a combine that ousted the Pfeffer organization and put Ray Fabiani in charge of the Hippodrome. Under the new arrangements, Pfeffer, Bowser and Curley, Jr., find themselves out in the cold so far as the Hippodrome is concerned, and Fabiani, Toots Mondt and Rudy Dusek take their place. Thus a new deal starts with Mondt back at the helm representing the western wrestling contingent and Fabiani and Dusek handling the eastern.

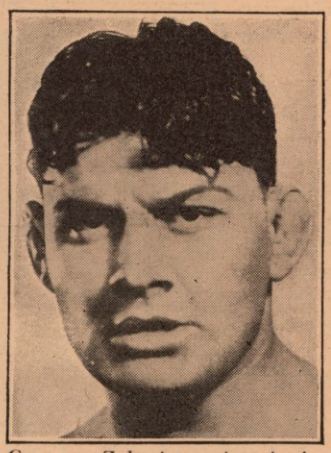
Fabiani, one of the most prominent of wrestling promoters in the United States, has world's heavyweight wrestling champion, Bronko Nagurski, as his ace. Fabiani comes to the Hippodrome as wrestling promoter after consummating nation-wide talent deals whereby he will be able to utilize the grappling services of Champion Bronk Nagurski, Ernie Dusek, Earle McCready, Ray Steele, who recently defeated Everett Marshall; George Clarke, Steve "Crusher" Casey, Gino Garibaldi, the four Dusek brothers, George Zaharias, Joe Savoldi, Orville Brown, Cliff Olson, Yvon Robert, Everett Marshall, Chief Little Wolf and Hans Steinke.

Among the former champions who will appear upon Promoter Fabiani's Hippodrome mat cards are Jim Londos, Danno O'Mahoney, Ed Don George, Vincent Lopez, Dean Detton, Henri De Glane, and Gus Sonnenberg.

* * *

IMPORTATIONS from various parts of the world will also show on Promoter Fabiani's Hippodrome wrestling cards. He has already closed for appearances here this season of Hans Schwartz of Germany, John Ritchoff of Sweden, Neal "Finn" McCool of Ireland, Andrea Perrera of Italy, Paul Blanchard from Transval, South Africa, Jack Sherry of England and George Walker from Sydney, Australia. Fabiani will show all these champions of their respective countries and all the former champions and present leading contenders against the present world's titleholder, Bronk Nagurski.

To Fabiani goes the credit for the discovery and promotion of former champions Richard Shikat and Jim Londos. When Gus Sonnenberg, conqueror of "Strangler" Lewis, refused to defend his crown against Londos in 1930, Fabiani, with the sponsorship of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission promoted a Londos-Shikat match, with the winner, Jim Londos, designated by the Keystone State and New York State Athletic Commission as World's Heavyweight Wrestling Champion. The bout was held before a sellout house in the Phillies' ball park on June 6th, 1930.



George Zaharias, signed by Fabiani for New York appearances.

* * *

WITH Londos as champion the wrestling business thrived, and Fabiani, with Jack Curley as his New York partner, became one of the most powerful figures in the promotion and elevation of this sport. He has been one of the outstanding figures in wrestling's rise from far separated matches with small clusters of mat enthusiasts to huge stadium contests before sellout houses.

* * *

WHIPPER BILLY WATSON is known to the Canadian and American sports fans as Bill Potts. Bill, who was born in Toronto, Canada, has always been a very fine sportsman. During his amateur wrestling days he was coached by Phil Lawson, the Dominion champion. He was good also in other sports, such as baseball, Rugby, basketball and swimming.

Potts turned to professional wrestling about two years ago, and was taken to England by his manager, Harry Joyce. In England he went under the professional name of Whipper Watson, as his whip has brought many of his opponents to the mat. Whipper has met some of the finest wrestlers in the English ring, including Jack Zanus of America, Henry Stoeff, Count Carol Norwina, Carl Reginsky, Jack Pye, Tony Mancelli and Tony Baer, the light-heavyweight champion of Scotland. These are just a few. Whipper has won 95 per cent of his matches in England and is considered one of the finest box office attractions in the light-heavyweight class today.

* * *

THE reigning sensation of the Pacific Coast. That's what they call the twenty-eight years old Westerner, Billy Hansen. A little more than a year ago he invaded the shores of the Pacific and his popularity has grown by leaps and bounds.

Billy Hansen was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, of Swedish and Danish descent. In his youth, Hansen worked in a coal mine

and in brick yards. At the age of nineteen, however, this young fellow decided to take up wrestling as a pastime and under the expert coaching of John Anderson, Billy turned out to be quite an amateur grappler. Hansen has won three titles. His most effective holds in the ring are the flying drop-kicks and tackles.

Talking about effective holds, Hansen has a very clever method of breaking a wristlock when his opponent has him on the mat. The Utah grappler simply bridges himself on his head and heels. Then, setting himself, he begins to skid along the mat until he reaches the ropes. He generally takes his foe by surprise and by the time he reaches the ropes, he finds himself a free man. It was during a bout in Los Angeles that Billy discovered this "slide." While he was lying on the canvas, suffering severe pains from a wristlock, he bridged, and to the accompaniment of cheers, he literally skidded right out of the hold. Today Hansen has perfected his skid to such a high degree, that he seldom fails in breaking holds every time he uses it.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Billy Hansen owes most of his wrestling knowledge to Coach John Anderson, he also took instructions from the great "Farmer" Burns, and also that other Utah exponent of the squirm game, Ira Dern. From Dern, Hansen learned to use the running headlock, which is a combination of the Strangler Lewis cruncher and Tom Jenkins' chin spin. He learned also to run across the ring at top speed while applying this cruciating hold, thus adding to its effectiveness.

In a tournament held in San Francisco, under the banner of Joe Malceweicz, Hansen was declared the winner when he beat Nick Lutze in the finals. This match made the winner not only the Northern California champion, but the champion of the Pacific Coast, according to Promoter Malceweicz.

Meeting all comers and barring none, this young grappler risked his laurels one night in Oakland against Sandor (the Great) Szabo, the Hungarian champion. While attempting to break loose from Szabo's famed Death Swing, Hansen was hurled out of the ring, where he hit his head on a vacant chair. Before the young Swede could regain his senses and climb back into the ring, the referee had counted twenty and declared Szabo the new title holder. Hansen has chased the Hungarian up and down the Coast, but at this writing has been unable to force Szabo into a return match.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW THAT:—Frank Judson, former wrestling coach of Harvard College, is now in New Zealand where he is winning his bouts regularly?

* * *

Another Frank, last handle Bronowicz, Polish mat star, is another of the recent mat arrivals in the Down Under Territory.

* * *

The four Duseks, composed of Rudy, Ernie, Joe and Cousin Wallie, are grappling before turn away audiences along the Atlantic Coast?

* * *

Emil, the injured member of the Battering Bohemians, better known as the Riot Squad of Grappledom, is ready to reenter the ring again. As soon as he starts wrestling again, the Big Four will be known as the Big Five as Wallie will continue as a member of the Durable Dusek Group?

* * *

Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, has been wrestling successfully on the Pacific Coast and is yet to be defeated? He will return to Eastern battle ground for active competition the early part of October?

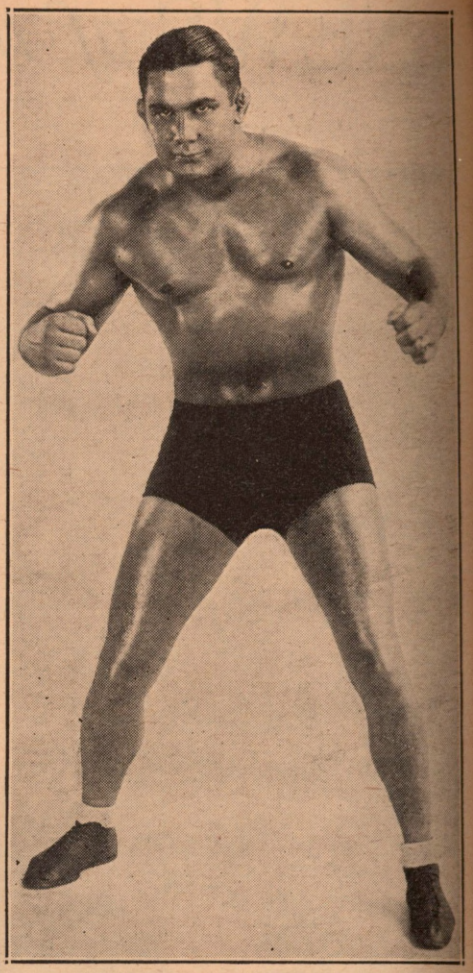
* * *

In the meantime, Gino's brothers, Ralph and Tony, are doing quite well in keeping up the wrestling traditions of the family by more than holding their own in more than 90 per cent of their ring engagements?

* * *

Yvon Robert, the handsome French-Canadian, is back in harness, following the complete healing of his broken leg? The Canuck has displayed far more class since his ring return than prior to his unfortunate injury, which put him on the sidelines for almost a year?

Ray Steele, who will again be seen in the East.



Billy Hansen, Pacific Coast star.

* * *

Three famous figures had ringside seats at Meyer Saul's Garden Pier, of Atlantic City, recently? They were the Honorable Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell, of Pennsylvania and head of the veteran athletes of America; J. Edgar Hoover, the head G-man, and the one and only Dave Rubinoff, without his violin? This trio posed in the ring with Danno O'Mahony, former champion of the world, and Hank Barber, one-time grid hero at Dartmouth, prior to the start of their match?

* * *

The recent death of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, took away from this world a rabid wrestling fan? The late Senator always had a ringside seat at mat events whenever he could spare the time?

* * *

When Jack Curley, leading mat impresario of New York City, passed away, people in all walks of life felt a deep personal loss? Curley was known as everybody's friend and a particular pal to the down and outer?

* * *

Cliff Olson, former championship claimant, recently returned to the Eastern mat wars, after a much needed rest in his native Minnesota? Oddly enough, both Nagurski and Olson were teammates on the Gopher football eleven, and both men turned matmen and became champs?

* * *

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF, the Navajo Redskin, is on his way back to U. S. A. from the Down Under Territory? The grappling Brave is the toast of all Australian and New

Chief Little Wolf, who will compete for Fabiani in the Hippodrome.

Zealand wrestling fans? "Chiefie" will put his favorite "Indian Death-Lock" on display in the East mat rings during the fall and winter months?

* * *

Paul Boesch is a prime favorite around the far Northwest? The former New York life guard is drawing goodly crowds in Seattle, Spokane, Portland and Vancouver, B. C.?

* * *

With Gino Garibaldi, Larruping Latin, coming Eastward after a successful invasion of the Pacific Coast, the mat promoters are looking forward to capacity audiences? Followers of the bone-bending sport are unanimous in their thoughts that Gino is one of the foremost contenders for the world grappling championship?

* * *

Cliff Olson, the burly Swede who broke Yvon Robert's leg to dethrone the French-Canadian from his title claims, has suddenly blossomed into a "tough egg?" Previously Olson was a "baby face" but since that victory over the Canuck he found that following the rough methods he will make the fans and critics sit up and take notice? This has worked like a charm.

* * *

Jake Paterson, the former Marine, is using Uncle Sam's teachings of self-defense on his mat opponents? The former University of Syracuse footballer tips the scales at 235 pounds and stands 6 feet, 1 inch?

* * *

Matros Kirilenko, the "Mad Russian," is due back in the States from New Zealand some time this month? This sturdy master of all known holds will be of material aid to the promoters for "Matty" Kirilenko can step into the same ring with the best of them.

* * *

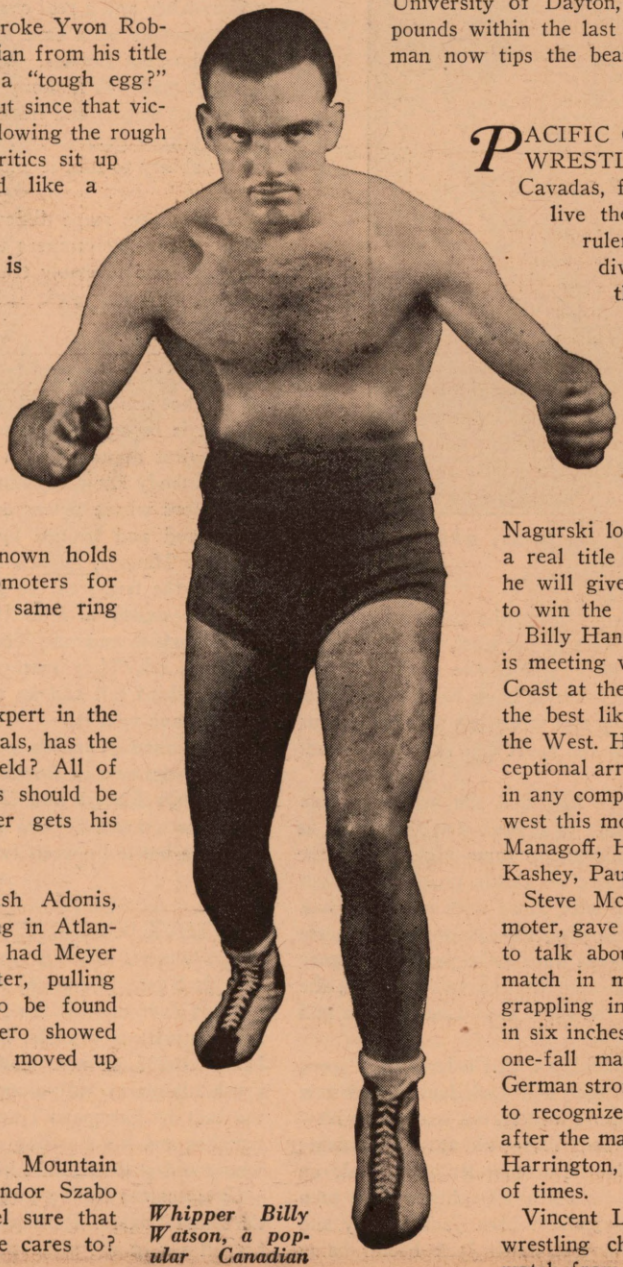
Joe Cox, the Dynamite Kid, and expert in the unorthodox manner of spilling his rivals, has the thickest pair of fingers in the mat field? All of which means that the poor opponents should be pitied once the Kansas City Crasher gets his hooks on them?

* * *

"Smiling" Sammy Menacker, Jewish Adonis, saved a pair of maidens from drowning in Atlantic City recently? And in so doing he had Meyer Saul, Garden Pier wrestling promoter, pulling his hair for Sammy was nowhere to be found when his match was called? The hero showed up one hour late and his bout was moved up into the third position?

* * *

The bewhiskered behemoth, Man Mountain Dean, who had his leg broken by Sandor Szabo recently, reports that the medicos feel sure that he will be able to wrestle again if he cares to? But not before a year rolls by?



Whipper Billy Watson, a popular Canadian wrestler.

Another "Crutch Bearer" is Tommy Draak, the Hollander, who suffered a crack-up at Ralph Mondt's Columbia Park, North Bergen Club, as a result of being hit with a flying tackle by Frank Bruce, Jamaica, L. I., life-guard? Draak already has informed his listeners that he will never wrestle again?

* * *

Wallie Dusek, the cousin member of the Riot Squad, was slugged by the Baltimore police and no sooner did the wounds heal properly when he was crowned with a chair by irate spectators in Allentown, Pa.?

* * *

Vincent Lopez, the Mexican bone manipulator, who at one time held claim to the world mat laurels, is going great guns again and is a serious menace for the championship he once held?

* * *

Weekly Monday wrestling cards, of the all-star, all-action variety, are being staged at the Hippodrome, of New York? The Twentieth Century Sporting Club, with Rudy Dusek and Toots Mondt at the helm, is promoting these grappling duels?

* * *

Bobby Roberts, the one-time football hero of the University of Dayton, has put on more than twenty pounds within the last six months? This stellar showman now tips the beam at 226?

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW, by David Cavadas, follows: The King is dead, long live the King! Dean Detton, popular ruler of the heavyweight wrestling division, lost his championship to the young former football player, Bronko Nagurski, of International Falls, Minnesota. Pacific Coast fans had hoped that either Vincent Lopez, the Mexican Idol, or Sandor Szabo, the handsome Hungarian, would succeed Detton as champion. However, Nagurski looks like he has the makings of a real title holder, and it is expected that he will give both these grapplers a chance to win the coveted crown.

Billy Hansen, popular California mat star, is meeting with considerable success on the Coast at the present time. Hansen is one of the best liked wrestlers now appearing in the West. He is a quick thinker, has an exceptional array of holds and can step the pace in any company. Campaigning in the Northwest this month, the young Swede beat Ivan Managoff, Harnam Singh, Abe (Kingkong) Kashey, Paul Boesch and Olaf Olsen.

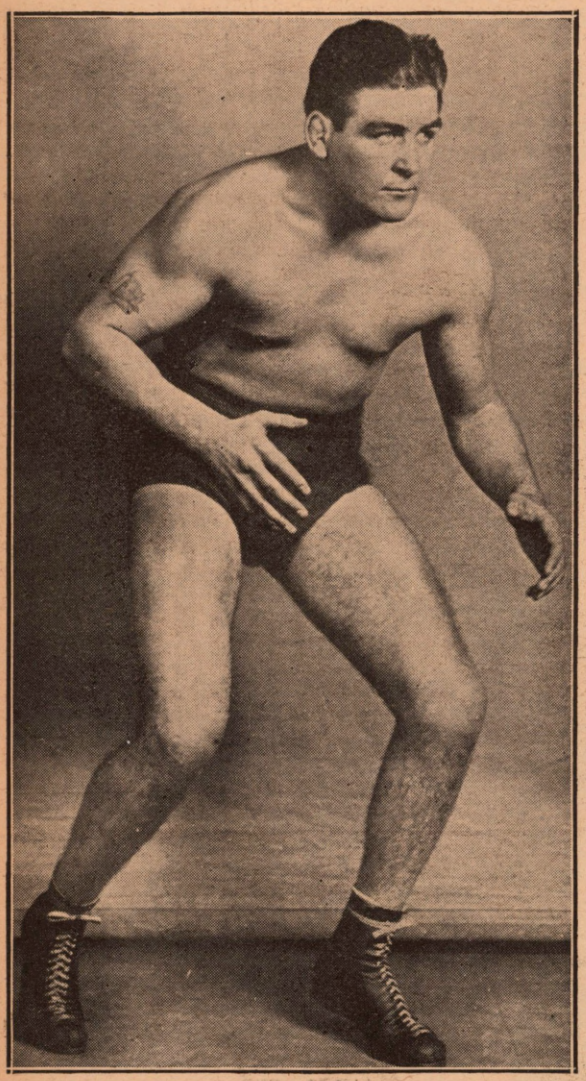
Steve McPherson, genial Portland promoter, gave the fans of this town something to talk about when he staged a wrestling match in mud, similar to the method of grappling in India. Grunting and groaning in six inches of mud, Harnam Singh took a one-fall match from Milo Steinborn, the German strong man. It was almost impossible to recognize the features of either matman after the match, and even the referee, Vern Harrington, was flopped in the mire a couple of times.

Vincent Lopez, Mexico's claimant to the wrestling championship, was awarded the match from *(Continued on page 45)*

Prepare for Indoor Season

New and Old Wrestling Favorites Will Compete in Eastern Arenas During Fall and Winter

By THE MATMAN



Yvon Robert, French Canadian six footer, who scales 218 pounds.

THE recent death of Jack Curley, the master mind and dean of wrestling promoters in the East, has caused the fans to wonder what will become of the sport now that he has passed on. So accustomed have New York wrestling fans become to regard Curley and wrestling as synonymous that it is difficult to conceive how the sport can survive without Curley's presence.

However, regardless of the keen loss that the mat sport has suffered by Jack's passing, it is safe to predict that wrestling, as in the past, will be carried on along the same big lines of the Curley days. The master, just before his death, possibly through a premonition, formed an alliance with those with whom he had worked during the sport's greatest progress—prior to the wrestling war that had disturbed the sport during the past three years and brought it to its lowest level—and through this combine, the mat game will be carried on just the same as if Curley were still alive.

Jack Pfefer, who formed a partnership with Curley only a week before he died, has announced that he and Jack had signed new stars and old stars for the fall, winter and spring seasons in New York and that, as a result, wrestling will see old favorites mingle with new talent on a scale that will be a reminder of the halcyon days of 1930. Heavyweights and light-heavyweights will be seen in action under the Curley-Pfefer banner. Mrs. Jack Curley and her son will carry on where he left off with Jack Pfefer being the managerial head. Here is a close-up of a few of the wrestling idols who will appear in the indoor season for the combine:

* * *

DANNO O'MAHONY. Former champion of the world, only twenty-three years, the six feet two inches Irishman, weighing 218 pounds, is regarded as a leading contender for the title he once held. It is not so long ago that he rocked the wrestling world by dethroning Jim Londos. Danno right now is classed as a topnotcher and a real championship threat. He has been toppling his opponents with ease and is vastly improved over the young man who beat Londos.

What makes O'Mahony a standout among grapplers is not that he is just strong and healthy, nor is it because he has developed a specialized hold known as the Irish Whip, but rather because of his ability to mix it with all sorts of matmen. He can give and take it.

He finds no more difficulty with roughnecks, ex-champions or highly-touted newcomers than he does wrestling mediocre opponents. Danno probably trains harder than any other wrestler. A glutton for hard work, it has kept him in splendid physical condition.

* * *

YVON ROBERT. French-Canadian—a six-footer who tips the scales at 218 pounds. He is twenty-two years old. Robert is recognized champion of Canada.

His first appearance in wrestling came like a bolt from the blue. Nobody knew anything about him, a surprising thing in itself in a sport where promoters are usually so well posted. He was discovered and trained by Emile Maupas in the backwoods of Canada. Maupas, himself a great wrestler in his day, taught his protege the tricks of the game.

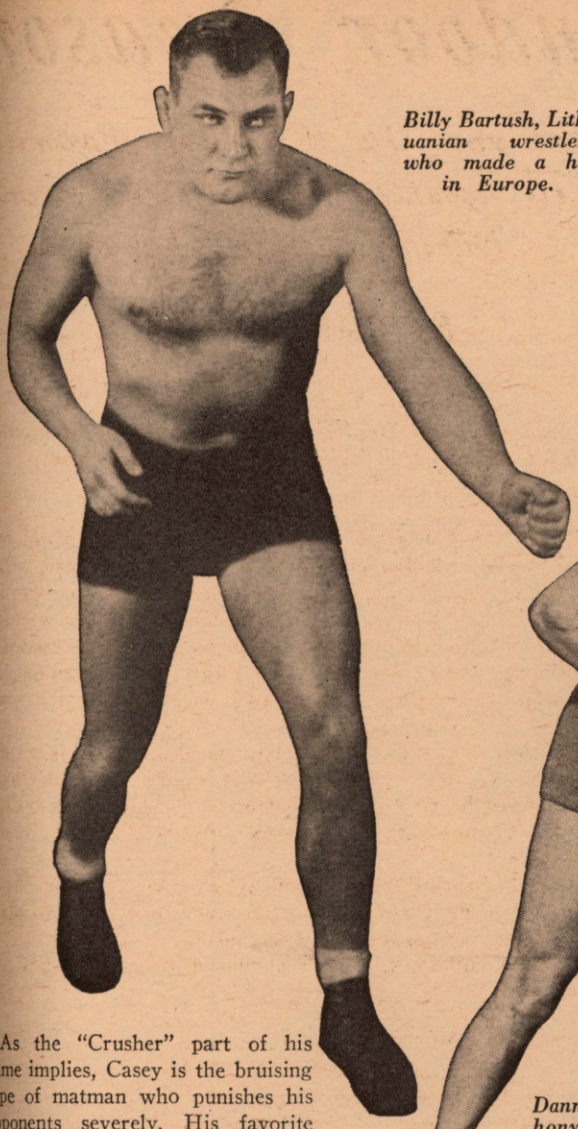
There exists a feud between Danno O'Mahony and Yvon Robert which can only be settled on the mat, a great bout when it comes off. They met once in Canada, each man won a fall, but the third fall had an unsatisfactory ending—both men claiming to have won it.

The Canadian match was held as a result of a disputed bout between the two in Boston, which also failed to prove the better man. Both Robert and O'Mahony have greatly improved since these two meetings and no match is more eagerly looked for than the battle between two great athletes.

* * *

STEVE "CRUSHER" CASEY. Speaking of Irish wrestlers, Danno O'Mahony is not the only Irishman in the field. There is Steve (Crusher) Casey from County Kerry, as tough a gent as ever crossed the Atlantic in search of mat laurels. Steve is twenty-six years old, is six feet two inches tall and tips the beam at 235 pounds. Long before he came here and began to crush his merry way along, he was a seasoned grappler, meeting the best in European rings. Abroad, Steve won 201 consecutive matches and his standing offer of a thousand dollars to any man who could stand against him for one hour was never won.

Casey comes from a large family. He has six brothers, all wrestlers and boxers. Perhaps later they will come to America but not all six at the same time, Casey promises.



Billy Bartush, Lithuanian wrestler, who made a hit in Europe.

Danno O'Mahony, who is seeking a match for the world title.

As the "Crusher" part of his name implies, Casey is the bruising type of matman who punishes his opponents severely. His favorite hold is what he calls the Killarney Flip, which already has won him many a mat battle and boosted him among leading heavyweights in this country. There has been quite some discussion about O'Mahony's Irish Whip and Casey's Killarney Flip. Some favor O'Mahony's hold while others like Casey's. The moot question will surely be answered this coming season when they meet, possibly in a Garden match.

* * *

GEORGE "DAZZLER" CLARK. Now it's Scotland which is taking a hand in the grunt and groan game, and in our midst we have George "Dazzler" Clark, wrestling champion of Scotland and all-around athlete. It's a mighty clan of which Clark is a member, for he has four brothers—all wrestlers—and like the Dazzler himself, all over six feet tall.

Clark has not been here very long, but already his name is known from coast to coast and much more of him is going to be heard this winter. He is Scotland's greatest track star. In recent Strathpeffer games, he finished second in putting the 16-pound ball, tossing it 44 feet, 3 inches. He won the 22-pound ball putting with 38 feet, 6½ inches and the 16-pound hammer throw with 116 feet, 2 inches. All of which makes Clark a mighty athlete and one to be taken very seriously when competition for the title is in full swing.

* * *

BILLY BARTUSH. A young Lithuanian, twenty-five years old, standing six feet and weighing 218 pounds, his fame is as great in Europe as it is in this country. Billy made a big hit in England, where his style is highly appreciated because of the science of the holds and the cleanness of sportsmanship of his mat work.

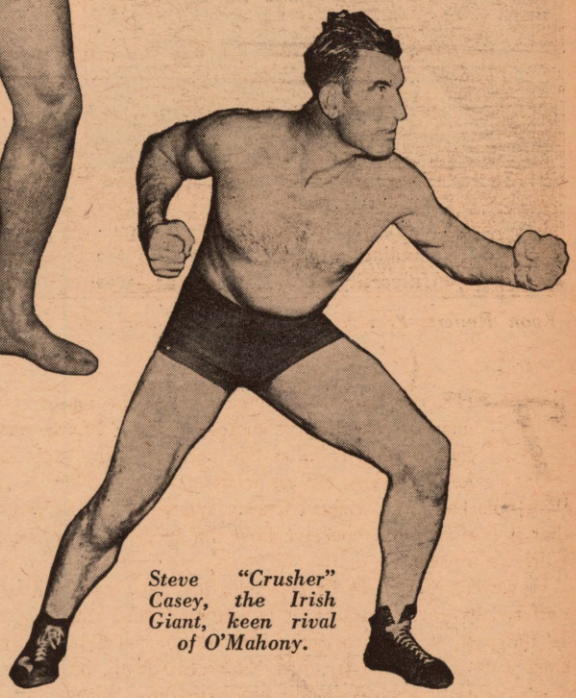
He is a self-taught wrestler, having made a deep study of the ancient art. He learned much in the amateur ranks in the three years he competed before turning pro. Bartush came to America on his "own" after turning down several lucrative engagements in Europe because of his anxiety to make a name for himself over here. He has a number of fine victories to his credit and should do well here in the indoor season.

* * *

TOR JOHNSON. A Swedish Goliath and one of the biggest headliners the game has ever had. Born in Stockholm, he stands six feet four inches and weighs 350 pounds. He began wrestling when fifteen years old with the amateurs and turned professional at the early age of eighteen.

Tor has always been an athlete. At school in Stockholm, he won letters in shot put, discus, javelin, soccer, swimming, hockey and ice hockey. Later, at Stockholm University, where he studied electrical engineering, he won varsity letters in soccer, Rugby and football.

He is an incurable globe trotter. He has wrestled in America and Sweden, in Germany, Norway, Switzerland, Canada, Japan and China. His tremendous size has made him a star all over the world, where his services are constantly in demand.



Steve "Crusher" Casey, the Irish Giant, keen rival of O'Mahony.

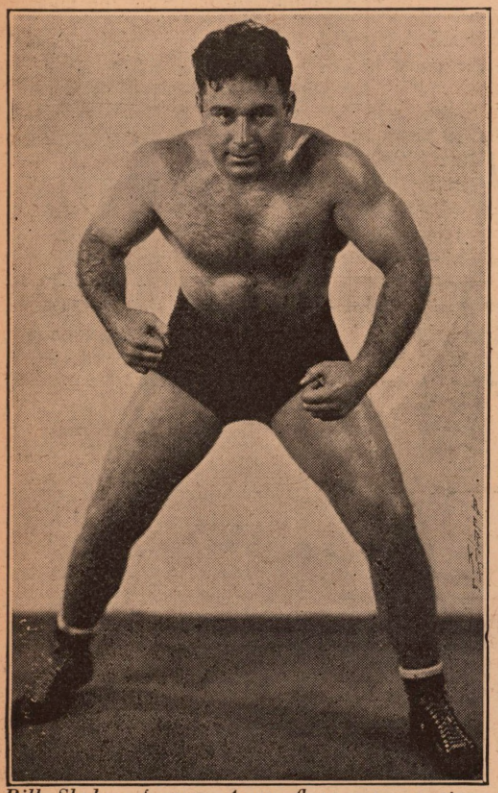
Tor plans a world tour next winter. He was taught the intricacies of the game by his father—Karl Johnson—a well-known wrestler in Sweden, whom old-timers will remember. The elder Johnson stood 6 feet 2 and weighed 310 pounds, or two inches shorter and some forty-odd pounds lighter than his massive offspring.

Incidentally, Tor Johnson went to the same school and was raised in the same neighborhood as Greta Garbo, but in those days she was known as Greta Gustafson. Tor is married and has one son, eleven years old, who already tips the scale at 170 pounds. He has no objection to his son becoming a professional wrestler. In fact, he trains the lad daily with that object in view.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK



Bill Sledge, former Army flyer, now a star wrestler.

MAYBE there will be another outstanding all-around athlete at the University of Dayton, as was Bobby Roberts, but off hand, the chances of uncovering his duplicate are indeed very slim.

In four branches of sport, Roberts shone brilliantly. He was the "mighty Casey at the Bat" as well as the fleet center fielder on the diamond nine; few field goals were scored by his rivals on the basketball court, as Roberts, in his position as guard, was like the mighty Rock of Gibraltar; hordes of gridiron foes hit the deck after tackler Roberts blocked their way to further gains, and as a wrestler, he was just in a class by himself.

Bobby, who was born of Polish parents (true name Robert Kawka) at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 17, 1911, graduated a high honor man from the University of Dayton in the Liberal Arts and Educational Courses in 1935.

Prior to his graduation, Roberts, in addition to participating in the sports events, also gained the rare distinction of being the captain and coach of the wrestling squad. His teachings aided the matmen to win the Mid-Western championship.

Upon gaining his sheepskin, Bobby was approached by the owners of the Chicago Bears football eleven to turn professional football player. He turned the proposition down. Instead, he got himself a job as wrestling coach for the Oakwood High School, and the Chaminade team of the Manufacturers' League, both of Dayton. Both teams won the titles in their leagues through Roberts' mentorship.

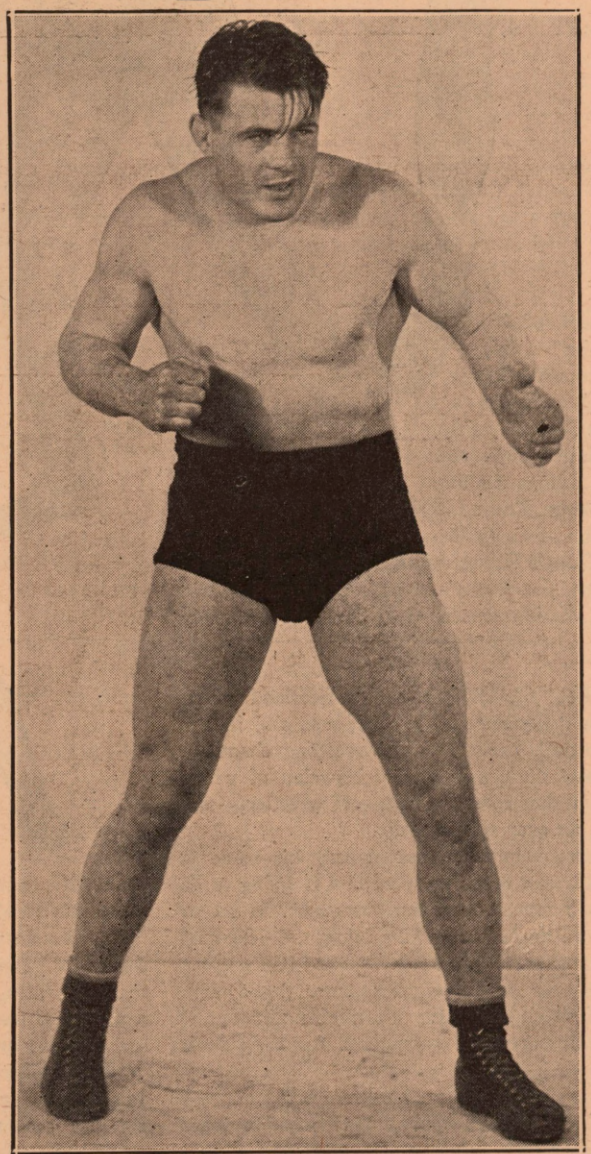
Bill Sledge, the aviator wrestler.

The latter part of 1935, Bobby turned professional matman. Being the state amateur champion, and getting some valuable pointers from George Pinio, American Olympic wrestling coach of 1920 to 1928, plus what he himself picked up from competition and study, Bobby figured his 210 pounds, 5 feet 10½ inch stature would stand him in good stead against all opposition.

Oddly enough, Roberts rarely employs the flying tackle as a means of conquest. He relies mainly on a new type hold, his own invention, which he calls the Indian Choke, a combination of head scissors and arm-pull.

* * *

BILL SLEDGE, who was born in Navasota, Texas, June 2, 1910, was a robust lad from babyhood up. At the age of fourteen, Sledge was a real roly-poly — as broad as he was long — scaled 186 pounds and had a waistline of thirty-four inches.



Bobby Roberts, former four-letter star of Dayton University.

The youngster, in order to lose some of his excess avoirdupois, took to playing football and baseball, and managed to knock off thirty-three pounds and lose four inches around his waistline.

At fifteen, Sledge, during the summer season, was working in an ice plant and here he regained his weight, but this time it wasn't fat—just real muscle, and soon he became as hard as nails.

Upon graduation from high school, Sledge entered Rice Institute and took up a physical education course. While a student at this famous Southern institute, he won fame in three sports and gained the coveted letters in football, basketball and track.

In 1931 he left college and enlisted in the Army Air Corps and was stationed at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La. He served here for two years and then, when he was mustered

out of service, he joined the Army Flying School at Randolph Field, Tex., where Sledge saw his first ambition fully realized. Colonel Lindbergh, always an air idol of his, learned the A B C's of aviation at this school and nine years previously had gained his sheepskin. 'Twas no small wonder that young Sledge was filled with ambition to become an air pilot.

The following year, 1934, Sledge left his aviation studies, after he became a full-fledged pilot, of course, and turned to wrestling.

And in the three short years that Sledge has gone to the mat wars, the Texan has proved that he is to be considered seriously as one of the foremost bone twisters in the ranks today. He has faced the best in the profession, and has been victorious in about ninety per cent of his frays. His flying tackles, his drop-kicks, and his hammerlocks have played havoc with his foes.

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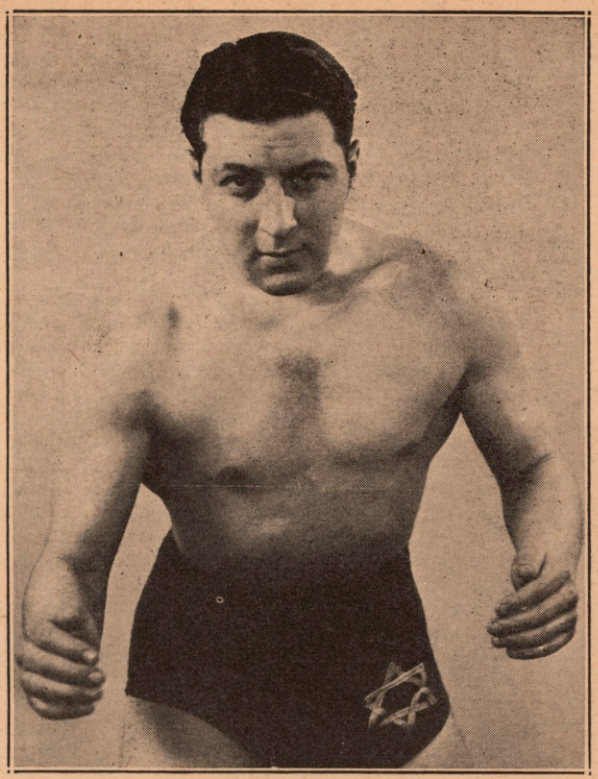
WHO is Mike Strelich? Westerners know him well. So do Europeans, Australians and Africans.



Sam Menacker, formerly of George Washington High School of New York, who now is doing well as a wrestler.

But Easterners want to find out about this Mike Strelich. The only thing they know about him is that he is a wrestler.

Here is some data on him. He is a Jugo-Slav; twenty-six years of age; stands over six feet, and tips the beam at 220.

He is known all over, except in the East, as the New Man of a Thousand Holds. He is by far the most sensational grappler to come from the Western Coast since the invasion hereabouts of Vic Christy. Strelich has more color than Christy and is superior as an all-around grappler than is the well liked Californian.

Mike was born in Salem, Oregon, not far from Portland. He went through the primary grades at school and then went to work in a logging camp. He kept at this work until he was twenty years of age. In the meantime, the youngster's frame began to bulge with muscles.

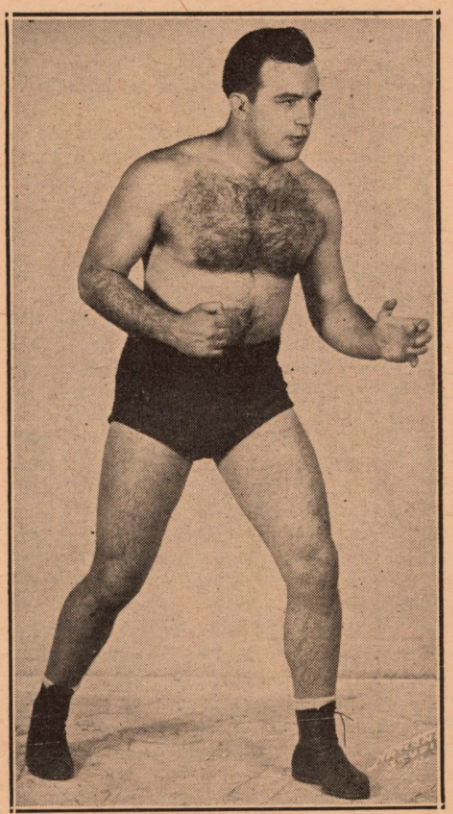
He soon began to prove that by might he was best of all the boys in amateur mat competition. His superhuman strength convinced many of his camp buddies that he should take a fling at professional wrestling.

So in 1932, he heeded that advice and turned in his amateur card and entered the grip and get gripped profession with the sole aim of making a livelihood out of the game.

Novice as he was at the start, he showed his mettle on all who cared to face him and he made good with a bang.

The following year saw Strelich a vastly improved grappler and about ready to take on anyone in the world. His spectacular style of wrestling, plus the fact that he knows his holds, have elevated him into the hearts of all the wrestling loving fans.

So rapid was his headway that soon the mat promoters in foreign lands got him to wrestle for them. As a result, Strelich saw action in the leading grappling centers of Europe, South Africa, Australia and the surrounding islands of Tasmania and New Zealand.



Mike Strelich, a Western luminary.

On his travels he picked up additional ways and means of gripping his rivals into submission. Hence the fact that he gained the moniker of the New Man of a Thousand Holds. Besides using his enormous strength to real good advantage, in battering the unorthodox foes into submission, Strelich, who is strictly a legal grappler, also learned jiu-jitsu and the Greco-Roman styles.

In 1936, Mike returned to his home sector and continued to make things uncomfortable for his foes. But no matter how good he may be, Strelich will never become officially recognized as a star until he is approved by the mat followers of the East.

* * *

"A HORSE! My kingdom for a horse!" is one of the phrases that will not be uttered by Sammy Menacker, the Jewish wrestling star.

Menacker liked to ride horses. He found it great sport, until—So now Sammy Menacker is a grappler, and anyone will vouch that the Hebrew is a stellar showman and well capable of holding his own in any kind of competition.

Yes, Menacker pulled a "Prince of Wales" stunt. He was tossed by a horse and suffered a broken arm the last time he tried his ability as an equestrian and decided he would be a wrestler instead of a jockey. Wrestling caught his family and he took to the sport like a duck takes to water. He proved that he could handle himself in the amateur ranks and was making rapid strides in the art when the urge to turn professional became so great that he immediately cast away his Simon-pure ranking.

So since 1935, this 210-pound, 6-foot, lightning fast Jewish star has been making things uncomfortable for his opponents on the wrestling floor. Menacker, an expert in the use of the flying head scissors, flying tackle and stepover toe-hold, has proved a thorn in the sides of his more experienced rivals. He is a colorful matman, who is destined to enter stardom within a short space of time.

Menacker was born in New York City, May 13, 1914. He was the star catcher for the George Washington High School nine and also was the backbone of the cross-country team.

He later entered New York University and it was his intention to continue playing baseball and run as well as represent his college on the basketball and football teams, but Old Man Depression hove into view and forced this youngster out of college to seek a means of livelihood.

He then connected with a riding academy and was doing quite well until he pulled a "Prince of Wales." Now he is a headliner in wrestling. There are many collegians now active in the field of wrestling.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 36)

in city politics, were all hard fighters and devoted as much, if not more, energy to scrapping with rival companies as they did to extinguishing flames.

The Allen ran with the Red Rovers, whose bitterest rival was the Croton, or No. 16 Engine. Sixteen's leader was Ulick Roach, a heavyweight pugilist with numerous ring victories to his credit. Five to six hundred men manned the ropes of both Red Rovers and Crotons. When a fire alarm brought all these impetuous sprinters and battlers out on the streets, there was material in readiness for combat which seldom went to waste.

One fine Sunday morning a false alarm turned out both companies. On the homeward route, they collided at Hudson and Christopher Streets. A terrific melee at once took place, Allen and Roach singling each other out and engaging in a furious encounter until finally separated by the rush of the opposing factions. In the end, the Crotons were whipped and their engine captured by the Rovers, by whom it was promptly run down to the Christopher dock and dumped into the river.

Much embittered by the signal defeat of his forces, Roach challenged Allen to a fight under London rules and the latter accepted. Arrangements were made to stage the contest at Fort Lee, N. J., at three o'clock on the next Sunday morning.

Fort Lee at that time was little better than a wilderness. The only residence there was a riverside hotel, where the sports occasionally went on a junket. Two small steamers, the Frank and Boston, which tied up at Spring and Hammond Street wharves, were the only regular means of transportation between the New York and Jersey shores at that point. The majority of visitors crossed in sail and rowboats and considered it quite a voyage.

News of the impending conflict made Fort Lee a populous center for the time being. Hundreds crossed on the steamers and smaller craft. The Allen went over in the Boston. A friend's yacht was the more stylish conveyance affected by Roach. Allen was seconded by Bob Brock, and his old antagonist, Hugh Darrah, the latter having quite forgiven the beating given him by Roach's prospective opponent some years before. Roach's seconds were Wally O'Neil, and Johnny Croton, so-called, who ran with Engine Company 16.

* * *

THE battle was a slugging, standup affair. Though Allen was much the smaller man he elected to engage at close quarters, and for the first few rounds the weight advantage scored in Roach's favor. But Allen's extraordinary endurance stood him in good stead, he bored in doggedly and punished Roach viciously around the body. The latter became badly winded and the ninth session saw Allen far in the lead.

In the tenth, Roach was bleeding profusely, groggy, and weakening fast. The betting switched to The Allen as favorite. As they answered the call of time for the eleventh round, a steamer put into the Fort Lee dock. The scouts scented danger and a loud yell of "Police!" halted hostilities.

Roach's brother, Dave, was at the ringside and seeing that Allen was winning sent a messenger to police headquarters. The result was the arrival of Inspector Carpenter on the steamer, at the head of two hundred officers. The ring patrons scattered, a majority finding refuge in the lone hotel. Roach escaped to his friend's yacht and Allen boarded the Boston. Roach made an easy getaway but brother Dave followed relentlessly on Allen's trail.

With a squad of police, Dave Roach searched the Boston. Allen was found but resisted. His friends, among whom were members of the Boston's crew, rallied to defend him. A desperate free-for-all ensued, but more police came and the latter finally remained masters of the situation. Allen had fought his way down to the lower deck. Dave Roach followed and arrested him, but the detective's triumph was short-lived.

For Allen suddenly stunned Dave with a terrific right to the jaw, dashed through the police ranks and leaped overboard. He was picked up by a passing skiff, or rather with his usual luck he tumbled right into the craft. The three occupants of the boat were at first disposed to obey the hoarsely-shouted orders of Inspector Carpenter to stop and surrender the fugitive.

But Allen, drawing a revolver, curtly ordered the steersman to head for New York or take the consequences. Overawed, the man obeyed, nor did his companions dare to interfere. The Allen was a remarkably persuasive sort of person at any time and in this instance it would have been courting sudden death to disobey him. A police boat pursued, but Allen reached shore safely at Sixty-Fourth Street, landed and ran.

His pursuers also landed and followed the chase doggedly. En route Allen jumped into a wagon going his way and soon outdistanced the enemy. Nevertheless, he was arrested later in the day and held in a cell at the Sixth Precinct. Late that night while the watchman slept he secured possession of an iron bar used to rake the fire. With this he pried apart the window bars and made an exit. Next morning he went to Canada, where he spent several weeks until his political allies brought pressure to bear which resulted in the charges against him being dropped.

* * *

ANOTHER desperate affray in which The Allen figured was a rough-and-tumble battle with big Tim Casey, one of the most formidable scrappers in John Morrissey's crowd. Besides the difference in their political affiliations, Allen had a personal feud with most of Morrissey's henchmen. These latter, however, usually gave him a wide berth. There was not much to be gained by becoming entangled with such a human wildcat.

But Casey always cherished the notion that he could whip Allen and they finally clashed in a street fight. The combat lasted only five minutes. At the expiration of that time big Casey was taken to the hospital, suffering from two broken ribs and minus one eye. There was absolutely no fair-play rules adhered to by participants in such impromptu outdoor encounters, savagery plus ruled, and the toughest slugger carried off victory's palm.

Dad Cunningham kept a gambling resort in Broadway, near Prince Street. Cooler Keyes, John C. Heenan, John Morrissey and many other notable sporting characters were among its patrons. The police occasionally raided the premises and a gong was placed in a certain spot outside, known to the initiated, for the purpose of sounding an alarm if a raiding party hove in sight. One night Allen, sauntering down Broadway with a number of friends, was dared by a companion to ring the gong in question.

Without hesitating, Allen walked across the street and sounded the gong-alarm. Inside the gambling house a temporary panic ensued. The players snatched up their money, the "lay-out" for "bucking the tiger" was hastily concealed and a general break for the rear exit followed. Finally the sentry, unable to detect any signs of approaching officers, appeared and informed his employers that it was a false alarm.

The deeply incensed Cunningham then stated he would give $100 for the identification of the joker who had broken up his game, and furthermore promised to shoot him, if identified. News of Dad's offer soon reached Allen, who merely grinned.

"That," he said disdainfully, "is only a bluff. I can whip all of Cunningham's gang if they'd just come one at a time. What's more I mean to call there tonight and collect that reward."

* * *

ALLEN'S hearers begged him not to be too rash, but he was adamant to their well-meant pleadings. Accordingly, that night he entered the faro-bank premises, much to the inmates' surprise. Morrissey, Paddy Duffy, Cooley Keyes and Dad Cunningham were among those present. All stared in wonderment as the elegantly attired Allen, with one hand gripping a revolver, walked up to Cunningham and queried coldly:

"I understand you are willing to hand over $100 to anyone who identifies the party that rang your gong last night?"

"That's right!" retorted Cunningham, eyeing the speaker balefully.

"Give me the cash," rejoined Allen, "and I'll tell you. If you're not satisfied with the information I'll pay you $100. But you can bet all you're worth that I know the man."

"Pass him the reward, Dad," chimed in John Morrissey, "and we'll stop that same person from ever ringing any kind of a gong again, when we run across him!"

Allen laughed, meeting Morrissey's formidable glare with an insolent sneer, and remarked:

"I doubt if you can stop that gong-ringer, John, but I'm ready to give his name."

Without more ado, Cunningham handed Allen the $100. The unwelcome visitor nodded his thanks and then said calmly:

"I am the man! I just wanted to prove to you and your crowd that I wasn't afraid to come right in here and say so!"

There was a moment's silence as his hearers digested this unexpected confession. Few of them lacked weapons or the will to use them. But all were painfully aware that though Allen must inevitably go down under a hail of bullets, once firing started, his ready gun would account for several of his foes. And nobody cared to take the initiative.

Allen glanced from Dad Cunningham to Morrissey and back again.

"Well," he inquired jovially, "what's the answer?"

There was no reply.

Allen tossed the $100 to the dealer.

"I don't want your money, Dad," he said airily. "But I did want to show you and your crowd that I'm not to be bluffed." He backed out of the room and strode lightly away, whistling a merry tune.

* * *

LOOKING after him, Morrissey growled a hoarse oath and then commented admiringly:

"After all, there's only one 'THE' in this town, Dad. He's a real snake in the grass, but he's got the nerve of all hell!"

As time went on Allen's fame as a leading politician increased in proportion to his success as a keeper of various sporting resorts. One of these, the "Bal Mabille" in Bleecker Street, at Broadway, was for many years one of old New York's showspots.

It boasted of an immense ball-room and magnificently fitted-up bar and was freely patronized by the demi-monde and leading lights of the underworld. There were few disturbances of a nature calling for interference by the authorities. For Allen ruled with an iron hand, and needed no bouncers such as kept order in other notorious pleasure haunts of the day.

Despite his numerous adventures in hand-to-hand fights and gun arguments, Allen was never convicted of a crime during the forty-odd years he figured as one of Gotham's most famous characters. There was no stain on his reputation as a square dealer, he never double-crossed a man or woman who trusted him, nor feared an enemy.

His creed was not one to win the approval of Puritans. But in the dangerous walks of life he pursued it sufficed amply for his needs. There was iron in his blood and he followed whatever course he mapped out without deviating an inch to right or left. Said The Allen, when expounding his peculiar views to a prominent newspaper man:

"A sentimental extravagance is something nobody can afford any more than he can afford foolish money waste. It leads to the bankruptcy of Hope itself. You can't afford to play on a fairer or more liberal system with a man than he plays with you. If it's cards and he cheats, you must either cheat, too, or quit.

"Luck in the long run will break about even, and if he is allowed to add his skill to his luck and his roguery to both, while you depend on the first two with no help from the latter, he'll get the best of you. It's the same as if you handed him five hundred dollars every time he gave you four hundred! It can never be done—it would break the richest man that ever lived!"

The Allen was never accused of permitting sentiment to govern his actions to any extraordinary extent. Yet in an age when crookedness in sport and politics was the rule rather than the exception, he fought in the open without resorting to underhand trickery. Therefore he enjoyed the toleration of many intelligent persons in society's higher strata, as well as the respectful awe of an underworld that never quite understood his singular brand of ethics.

The Jack Curley That I Knew

(Continued from page 32)

attitude of the Cuban Government.

In the crisis Jack suddenly thought of a man who once had been his guest at a wrestling match and whom he subsequently managed on a lecture tour. So, he sent a cable to this man, the difficulty speedily was ironed out, and the fight went on without further objection. Jack's friend was William Jennings Bryan, at that time Secretary of State.

* * *

A FEW years ago, when he celebrated his fortieth year as a sports promoter, I sat in his office and for almost three hours he kept me interested in "the good old days."

"I could stand here several more hours," he said, "and recite stories that would give you thrill after thrill. I could give you reminiscences of the days when 'fights were fights and he-men ruled the roost.'

"I could stand here for hours and recount wild experiences that we of the old school were forced through by the minions of the law when we tried to carry out our program of sport. I could keep you open-mouthed as I recounted many of the thrilling chases from county to county by the eagle-eyed sheriffs who were ever ready to take a pop at us when we pitched tent to stage a mill. And how those same wild-eyed guardians of the law, after the ring was pitched and the stakes were driven, became our best ringside customers.

"My career has been a hectic one, but I would not care to trade what I've been through. The famous Doyle-Flint fight, the Lavigne-Myers battle, the Maher-Fitzsimmons, Ryan-Murphy, Ryan-Smith, Corbett-Fitzsimmons contests were among the thrillers in which I took some prominent part.

"Delving into the past, I select Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Mahar as the hardest hitters of modern fistiana; Jim Corbett, the cleverest fighter of all time; Jimmy Barry, the greatest champion, pound-for-pound; John L. Sullivan, the champion of champions, the most popular fighter that ever lived and the man who popularized fisticuffs in America; George Hackenschmidt, the greatest wrestler of all times; and Tommy Ryan, without doubt, the greatest fighter of his weight the sport has ever seen," concluded genial Jack Curley.

Jack's fortune usually was to meet the great figures of the world informally. He met the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria while jogging through the grounds of the Archduke's palace in Vienna, which he had mistaken for a public park . . . . When Warren Harding was President of the United States, Jack sat with him on the stairs in a private apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington and answered the President's eager questions about the great fighters he had known. . . . . Once when Georges Carpentier was his house guest in Great Neck, Georges brought a young chap home with him in the early hours of the morning after a party . . . . And when Jack, as a gesture of hospitality, took their breakfast up to them the next morning, he discovered that Georges's friend was the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor.

These men enjoyed Jack's company as thoroughly as did any of the newspapermen and sporting figures in this town . . . . and in many towns around the world. For he was a good companion.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

Gino Garibaldi at Jack Daro's Olympic emporium.

* * *

Milo Steinborn was outsmarted to lose his bout with Olaf Olsen of Sweden. The pair tugged and hauled each other with Olsen having the advantage and Steinborn managing to keep out of trouble because of his great strength. Olaf caught the German strongman in a headlock, leaped in the air, caught the ring ropes with his feet, and, with this added leverage, slammed Steinborn to the mat to win the one-fall match.

* * * *

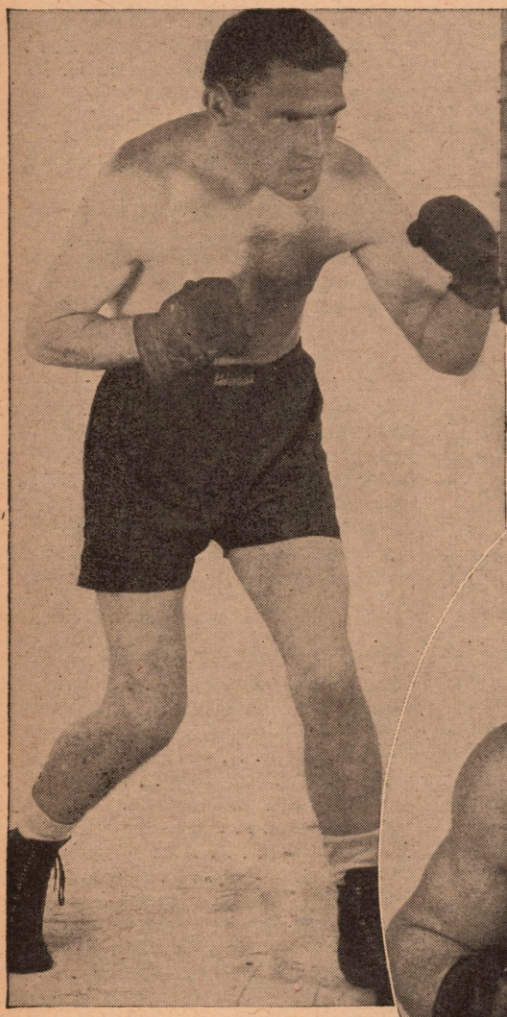
COAST CAVALCADE—Paul Boesch beat Herbie Freeman . . . . Olaf Olsen tossed Bill Middlekauf . . . . Man Mountain Dean flattened Chief Baptiste Paul Thunderbird . . . . Ignacio Martinez won from Jules Strongbow . . . . Jimmy Sarandos pinned Vic Hill and drew with Hans Steinke . . . . Jules Strongbow threw Mike Mazurki . . . . the Golden Terror threw Nick Lutze . . . . Casey Kazanjian drew with Vincent Lopez . . . . Howard Cantonwine defeated Sandor Szabo . . . . Tiny Roebuck lost to Vincent Lopez . . . . Lopez pinned Hardy Kruskamp . . . . Pat Meehan beat Tommy Marvin but lost to Ignacio Martinez . . . . Daniel Boone Savage tossed Baron Benny Ginsberg . . . . Billy Hanson beat Paul Boesch . . . . Milo Steinborn had little trouble in subduing James Casey Morrisey . . . . Chief Thunderbird threw Fred Mortenson . . . . Wildman Zinn defeated Bobby Coleman . . . . Arjan Singh beat Pat O'Shocker.

Man Mountain Dean won from Bill "Battleship" Kennedy . . . . Gus Sonnenberg tossed Nick Lutze . . . . After each had won a fall, Sandor Szabo defaulted to Vincent Lopez . . . . Gino Garibaldi spilled Pat Meehan . . . . Dick Lever lost to Jimmy Sarandos . . . . Billy Hansen disposed of Ivan Managoff . . . . Olaf Olsen pinned Pete Managoff . . . . Harnam Singh held Bill Hansen to a draw.

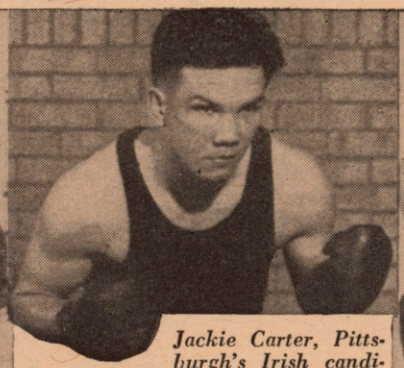
* * *

What do you know about PAT FRALEY? . . . . Born in Boston as Patrick Timothy Fraley . . . . decided to become a wrestler when he saw Jim Londos wrestle Ray Steele . . . . at this time he was attending high school, where he first became interested in wrestling . . . . drew tremendous houses in Boston at the age of twenty-one . . . . his favorite holds are the stepover toe hold and the leg chancery . . . . also uses the flying drop-kick with great effectiveness . . . . he has wrestled every topnotcher in recent years, including Lewis, Londos, Lopez, Detton, Levin and others . . . . he put Lopez out of the game for two months in Portland, Oregon.

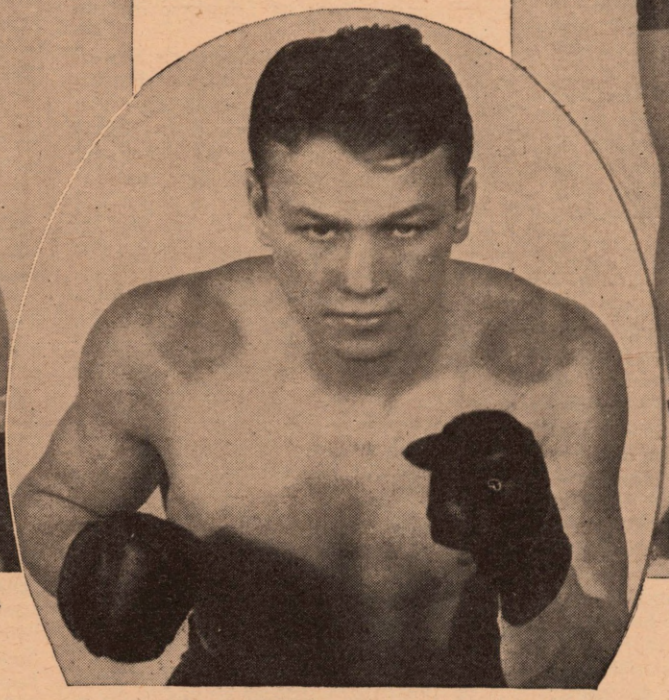
LITTLE MEN *of the* EAST



George Holmes, two fisted Irish slugger from Boston.



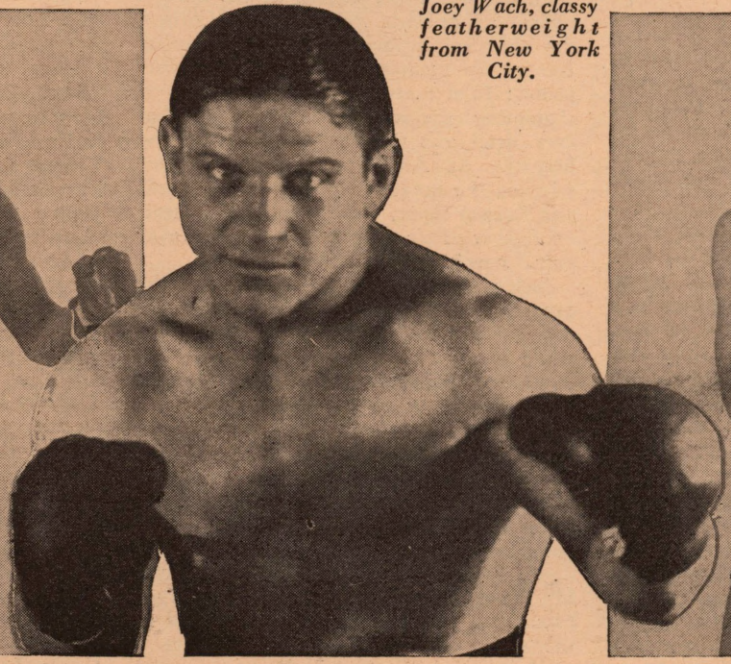
Jackie Carter, Pittsburgh's Irish candidate in the 130-pound class.



Victor Vallee, the real class of New York feathers.

Joey Wach, classy featherweight from New York City.

Cyril Joseph, flashy featherweight from New York City.



Frankie Terranova, pride of Harlem, N.Y.C.

Al Reid, fast rising youngster from the Bronx, N.Y.C.

Arranging the Farr-Louis Match

(Continued from page 11)

Old timers will remember how Mitchell's language in the Florida ring made Corbett lose his temper and how Gentleman Jim nearly lost the championship on a foul when he floored the Englishman and then landed a glancing blow on the head as the challenger was taking the count on one knee.

* * *

AFTER the Mitchell affair in 1894, Corbett received challenges from Bob Fitzsimmons for three years. Several efforts to bring them together resulted in near fights. I went to Philadelphia with Fitz one day in 1896, the Cornishman pledging his word that he would make Corbett agree to meet him. The rivals encountered each other in a hotel restaurant.

"You're afraid to fight!" shouted Fitzsimmons, shaking one of his huge fists in the champion's face.

"Get away from here," Corbett retorted. "I want to finish my breakfast."

"I'll lick you right now," cried Fitz, starting to pull off his coat, whereupon Corbett, jumping up, spat in the Cornishman's face. Waiters rushed between the champion and challenger, but not before Fitz, with poor control, threw a water bottle across the dining room.

This rumpus received much publicity and actually paved the way for the battle at Carson City, where Fitz won the title on a knockout in the fourteenth round on St. Patrick's Day, 1897.

* * *

NEGOTIATIONS to match James J. Jeffries with Fitzsimmons, still the champion, were carried on at the old Bartholdi Hotel, then a noted sporting resort. Brady then was Jeff's manager and Martin Julian was the spokesman for Fitz. A fierce wrangle involved everybody. Fitz called Jeff a "big stew" and Brady branded the champion as a "yellow cur."

Julian continually named impossible terms, declaring that Fitzsimmons wouldn't fight unless he got all of the $25,000 purse hung up by the Coney Island Athletic Club. A by-stander, disgusted by Julian's tactics, suddenly denounced him.

"We want no cheap comedians cutting in here!" was Julian's answer, whereupon a heavy glass inkwell was thrown at his head. Fitz's mentor ducked just in time to avoid the missile, which, it seemed, made him come to his senses, for, a few minutes later, articles were signed.

"I'll knock your bloomin' 'ead off!" shouted Fitz, as Jeff was leaving the room.

"We shall see!" was Brady's parting shot.

* * *

AFTER Fitz had lost the championship to Jeffries, who stopped him in eleven rounds, there was talk of matching the Cornishman with Kid McCoy, who then was running a gin mill on Broadway. The late George Considine was a promoter in those days and he asked Fitz to talk things over in McCoy's place.

The confab began quietly, but soon it became a war of words. Fitz subjected McCoy to a red hot tongue lashing and the latter responded in kind. Suddenly they clinched in the middle of the barroom and were fighting rough and tumble, when Considine tore them apart.

"I can whip you myself!" yelled Considine, grabbing Fitz around the waist and carrying him bodily to the side entrance. Fitz made no resistance and was pushed into the street. The proposed match, as a result of bitter feeling, never was signed and sealed.

* * *

IN the offices of the New York *Herald*, then located at Broadway and Ann Street, Charley Mitchell vainly tried to match Slavin, the Australian, with John L. Sullivan. Charley Johnston, one of Sullivan's backers, attended the conference, but John L. had a previous engagement and didn't appear.

The sporting editor of the *Herald* acted as chairman and urged the rival managers to preserve order. Mitchell did all the talking. He insisted that Slavin could beat Sullivan into complete submission and panned John L. unmercifully for leaving everything to Johnston. Said Mitchell:

"Sullivan isn't 'ere today 'cause he's a bleedin' coward. I fought 'im in France and I know wot 'e can do!"

"Sullivan's no coward!" said Johnston, growing hot under the collar. "You're no good for saying so, and Slavin is no better!"

Indications of a free fight in the *Herald* office brought an invitation from the managing editor to the belligerents to leave the building as quickly as possible.

* * *

CONSIDINE was Corbett's manager when the first match with Jeffries was made in behalf of the Coney Island Athletic Club. Brady handled Jeff's affairs and was eager for the bout. Considine and Brady were good friends, so that there was no delay in getting together in the office of a weekly sporting paper.

Things were moving along smoothly until Corbett took offense at the remarks of a well known boxing critic. The latter was little, but had loads of courage, enough to keep Gentleman Jim away from him with threats to inflict serious injuries.

Acting as peacemaker, Considine pulled Corbett into a chair and proceeded to sign him for the greatest fight he ever put up. Corbett looked like a sure winner on points and a new champion up to the twenty-third round, when Jeff put him away with a terrific left hook to the chin.

Maybe you can realize after reading these stories how tough it is on the promoter of today to clinch a big match as compared to the days when dad was a kid!

Pittsburgh Fistic Star

(Continued from page 14)

big spot in the hearts of local fans by his deadly hitting prowess, was next in line. Rankins knocked Conn down in the second round with a sock on the chin that would have felled a horse. It was right here that Billy answered the question, "Can he take it?" He did. He took nine, got up and proceeded to give Mr. Rankins a boxing lesson for the remainder of the engagement.

Following the Rankins bout, the heat was on for a fight between Conn and Teddy Yarosz. Teddy had held the middleweight title. For years, he had been the prize box office attraction in Pittsburgh. No matter who Ted fought, the fans flocked to the purchase window and the Polish kid, who was born on the North Side, had long been the answer to every promoter's prayer.

Teddy had fully recovered from the knee injury that cost him the championship. He had stepped into Madison Square Garden and whipped Solly Krieger, Hebrew windmill and pride of Gotham. He went into Boston, Lou Brouillard's own backyard, and decisively trimmed the stocky Frenchman, knocking him clear out of the ring in the tenth round. Yarosz was definitely and positively back! He was a fourteen-carat cinch to fight Steele for the title he formerly held, he was rated Number 1 challenger and, under the capable training of Ray Arcel, was in the greatest condition of his entire career.

The set-up was perfect. Two local boys, both middleweights, in the middleweight capital of the world, each with thousands of followers, one Polish and one Irish.

The boys met at Forbes Field, June 30, and the gate grossed close to $30,000. The result was the same as in all of Conn's previous fights. Billy was awarded the decision and completed his third victory over ex-champions of the middleweight class. That's all there was to lick. There aren't any more former middleweight champions hanging around, or Conn would be right on their tails.

* * *

WHAT is Conn's style of fighting? He is the perfect fighter. In other words, he is a fighter's fighter. He does everything right. His boxing is O.K. He makes no mistakes, fights strictly according to Hoyle and the teachings of Johnny Ray, and has the finest defense of any boxer in the game, at any weight.

His left jab and hook are beautiful to watch, his right to the body carries plenty of authority and he is that rare combination, a great boxer who is, at the same time, aggressive. Billy carries the fight to his opponent and his only apparent weakness is an inclination to lose his head and "pitch" when hit hard by his opponent.

The plans for the future involve only one objective, a crack at Freddie Steele and the middleweight title. The match will draw more in Pittsburgh than anywhere else in the country. The Steel City is "middleweight minded" and the boys will cut up plenty of money if the bout is held here during the present season.

Billy Conn has the frame to grow into a light-heavyweight and probably a heavyweight. He has every qualification to get to the top in any division in which he fights. As a matter of fact, the heavier classes would be softer for Billy than the middleweight division, as his boxing ability would carry him over the slower moving big fellows with ease.

RELIEF TO ROYALTY
Life of James J. Braddock. Price $1.25
THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

British Invaders

(Continued from page 17)

from the museum and auctioned off about forty times in a drive for funds for wounded soldiers. The trophy is estimated to have brought about $1,200,000.

A British nobleman, last to buy it at the auction series, paid $6,000 for it, and gave it later to the British Veterans' Society. Later Ted Broadribb, London promoter, who is now managing Farr, bought it for $2,500. Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING Magazine, got it from Broadribb. Nat was forced to pay duty of $624 on the belt when it again entered America, although the editor naturally contended that the charge was unjust, as duty had already been paid on the belt when Pony Moore brought it here. But the United States Legal Department couldn't see it that way, and Fleischer was obliged to comply with the ruling.

* * *

CHARLIE MITCHELL died, aged fifty-seven, at his home near Brighton, England, April 3, 1918, the same year in which John L. Sullivan passed away at Abington, Mass.

Although Jem Mace, rightly termed the "father of English boxing," won his world's championship with the bare knuckles and fought all his important battles in the old style, it was his skill with the gloves that won him the well-deserved reputation of the master boxer of his time.

Mitchell boxed much after Mace's style and for a decade the English boxers followed the Mace methods, standing full face toward an opponent, with the right arm held straight across as protection for the stomach region. It was not until American boxers began to invade English rings that their stance of standing edgeways, with the left shoulder held a trifle high, was adopted by the British pugs.

Mace's influence was also strong in Australia in this connection, as can be seen by a glance at pictured poses of fighters from the antipodes who visited America during the nineties. The champion paid several visits to Australia. He had Larry Foley, the veteran Australian champion, for a pupil. Mace taught Foley, and Foley may be said to have taught a majority of the good Australian boxers of his day.

* * *

AS a plain matter of fact, there was no heavyweight during Mace's reign who could hold a candle to him for craft and cleverness. Later on, Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett were possibly as clever as Jem with hands and feet. But in his prime he was incomparable.

Mace was twenty-four when he first entered the ring, weighing 158 pounds. He knocked out Tom Slack, Bill Thorne, Posh Price, Bob Travers, an American Negro, Bob Brettle, and was recognized as middleweight king. He went out of his class to tackle Sam Hurst, a giant in size, then heavyweight champion. Hurst was completely outclassed, cut to ribbons and stopped after fifty minutes of milling.

Challenged by Tom King, Mace accepted and beat him in forty minutes. In a second meeting King won by a fluke punch, delivered when he was groggy and all but out. Later King knocked out the American heavyweight, John C. Heenan, who came to England to meet him. King then retired, refusing a third encounter with Mace, and the latter was again recognized as champion.

* * *

JOE COBURN, a clever American heavyweight, who defeated Mike McCoole in sixty-seven rounds, arrived in England and made a match with Mace for the world's championship and stakes of $5,000. Coburn insisted on the fight taking place near Dublin, Ireland, and Mace agreed. The fighters duly arrived at the battleground, when a dispute arose over who should act as referee. Coburn would only stand for a certain Mr. Bowles of Limerick officiating, and Mace refused to fight under such conditions.

Accordingly there was no battle, and Coburn set up a claim to the championship. This was generally ignored, as the stakeholder pronounced the affair "no contest," thus leaving Mace in possession of his title. Mace next tried conclusions with Joe Goss, a draw being declared. On August 6, 1866, they met again, and this time Mace gave Goss a decisive beating, stopping him in thirty-one minutes.

Prizefighting in England was then at a low ebb, the authorities having given many gladiators who insisted on following their profession severe jail sentences. There was quite an exodus of English pugs to America as a consequence, including first-rank men like Joe Goss, Tom Allen, Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant."

* * *

JEM MACE followed the popular trend and in due time landed on Yankee shores. He was well received by the American sports, and no time was lost in arranging a match for the world's title between him and Tom Allen.

They met on the turf at Kennerville, La., not far from New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. The fight was a slashing one. Mace won first blood and Allen first knockdown. Allen pursued rushing tactics, while Mace boxed in his usual crafty style, punishing Allen severely about the eyes, one of which he closed so completely that all the efforts of Allen's seconds to reduce the swelling and restore its sight were useless.

It was evident that Allen was entirely outclassed from the scientific standpoint, but his backers pinned their faith on his well-known endurance and slugging powers. Once, as they closed, Mace got Allen's head "in chancery" and administered terrific punishment. Allen clinched to try a fall. But Mace was an adept at wrestling, and threw him with stunning effect. Allen lit on his shoulder, nearly dislocating it. The injury was so severe that when time was called, Joe Coburn, Allen's chief second, threw up the sponge, giving Mace the victory in the tenth round.

* * *

ON May 11, 1871, a battle between Joe Coburn and Mace, near Fort Erie, Canada, was stopped by the sheriff and his posse, after an hour and a quarter of a very uneventful and slow affair. Neither seemed inclined to force the issue, and whether there was an "understanding" between the principals or not, nobody knew, but both their reputations suffered in consequence.

There was more action shown in their second meeting at Bay St. Louis, Miss., on November 30, 1871. The bout ended in a draw after twelve rounds of hard milling. Mace, however, was far more cautious than had been his custom in former frays. He had the better of the going, but much of his old-time fire and energy seemed to be missing. Perhaps this was not in any way extraordinary, for he was over forty years old, and age must have slowed him down. One can scarcely fancy any modern boxer tempting fate in the ring under such a handicap from Father Time, even if the boxing commissions of today permitted forty-year veterans to exchange wallops.

Jem came of the gypsy breed, which was a never failing source of supply of sturdy manhood during the bare knuckle days of the English prizering. He had a son who did not inherit his father's professional tastes, although he could use his fists to good purpose when occasion demanded. On the contrary, Mace junior had a strong religious streak in his makeup and toured England as a traveling evangelist. Jem once came to a midland town to give boxing exhibitions. It chanced that at the same time his son was holding a revival meeting there. Someone called Jem's attention to this odd contrast in public performances. Said the champion:

"Well, the Maces are a fighting family, only it affects some of them in different ways. Where I go up against humans, my boy prefers to fight the devil. And from what I hear, he never has lost a decision to old Satan yet!"

* * *

MACE attained a high degree of public popularity in America. Unlike Mitchell, who was of a convivial turn and was apt to get into a rough-and-tumble scrap here and there, besides drawing newspaper fire by his habit of expressing himself rather freely regarding people he disliked, Jem was one of the mildest men outside the ropes that ever lived.

He had no social ambitions of the Gene Tunney brand, but none the less was a welcome guest of some of America's greatest citizens. He dearly loved a practical joke of the harmless variety.

Roscoe Conklin, one of the foremost statesmen in the United States, was a tall, splendid formed athlete, who, as an amateur, prided himself on his skill with the gloves. Few of the New York senator's acquaintances cared to spar with him, for Conklin was a noted socker and seldom "pulled his punches."

A friend of Conklin's came to a stag party at the senator's house, bringing with him a modestly attired, quiet-spoken gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Henderson, recently arrived from London. During the course of the evening, Conklin produced a set of gloves and invited anyone present to "have a spar with him." There were no takers, for the senator's penchant for rough slugging was too well known to his guests.

However, Mr. Henderson's sponsor suggested that the Englishman would oblige, and the two donned the mitts. Conklin began rushing at once, but the elusive stranger dodged and blocked the senator's blows with absurd ease. Suddenly Henderson took the offensive, only tapping lightly, but showering Conklin with punches, until the bewildered statesman pulled off the gloves and declared he wouldn't be made a fool of any longer.

Conklin's fit of temper changed to delight

when the "Mr. Henderson" was introduced to the guests as Jem Mace. The senator was said to have been prouder of the fact that he once had the gloves on with the world's champion than of any triumph he gained during his political career.

Mace retired from active service after the second Coburn battle. He still traveled extensively, and was an ardent patron of the race track, where, by the way, he lost most of the fortune he gained in the ring. But he lived in good health well into his late eighties, and died respected by all who knew him.

It's a far cry from Jem Mace defending his world's title in 1871 with bare knuckles on American soil to Tommy Farr contending for a similar honor with the gloves against Joe Louis under the Stars and Stripes. But Englishmen's faith in their present champion remains as staunch as was the loyalty of their forefathers to the immortal Jem!

International Bouts

(Continued from page 6)

him to death. As soon as Johnson could break out of his clutch, he belted the Russian on the chin and then fell on him.

* * *

JESS WILLARD, who knocked out Johnson in the twenty-sixth round in Havana in 1915, never received so much as a challenge from a foreign heavyweight. His conqueror, Jack Dempsey, got $800,000 in real money from Promoter Tex Rickard for stopping Georges Carpentier of France in Jersey City on July 2, 1921, and for flattening Luis Angel Firpo of the Argentine in the second round at the Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923.

Gene Tunney, who succeeded Dempsey as the title-holder, knocked all the fight out of Tom Heeney, Australian, in the eleventh round at the Yankee Stadium in 1928, which was the Marine's last ring encounter.

After Tunney's retirement, Jack Sharkey, who was "appointed" American champion by the New York State Athletic Commission through the influence of the late William Muldoon, beat Phil Scott, British title holder, on a technical knockout in the third round at Miami in 1930, and a year later, lost the crown to Max Schmeling of Germany on a foul in the fourth round of the memorable affair at the Yankee Stadium, which drew more than $700,000 in gate receipts.

Two years later, in a return engagement, Sharkey was the recipient of a special "favor" when he was awarded the title in his fight with Herr Max, a bout in which most spectators were of the opinion that he was on the loser's end.

* * *

THEN came the downfall of Sharkey who was knocked out by Primo Carnera in a fight that aroused the ire of the spectators who felt that the Bostonian had not given his best. Primo in turn was downed by Max Baer, who regained the title for the United States and Max, the Playboy of the Roped Square, went the way of all such type when he was outpointed by Jimmy Braddock in fifteen rounds. What happened to Braddock at Chicago is recent history.

Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Sharkey were the biggest money-drawing medium in the history of prize fighting in New York. Dempsey and his opponents in three fights attracted $2,300,000. Sharkey topped those figures, but the record includes his battle with Dempsey, together with others of less importance. Tunney never drew well in New York, but grossed big figures in his fights with Dempsey in Philadelphia and Chicago. Sharkey's gates in New York grossed more than $4,000,000.

The Sharkey-Dempsey fight at the Yankee Stadium in 1927 drew $1,083,000, high-water mark for the Bostonian. Sharkey's first fight with Max Schmeling in the Stadium drew $778,000, and his second, in the Queens Bowl, $474,000. His fifteen-round draw with Mickey Walker at Ebbets Field attracted $238,000. A trifle more than $200,000 was paid by boxing fans to see Sharkey flatten Jim Maloney in the Stadium.

Sharkey's knockout victory over Tommy Loughran in the Stadium attracted $250,000. In Madison Square Garden his bout with Tom Heeney yielded $162,000. Another with Mike McTigue, $160,000; one with Johnny Risko, $163,000, and his one-round knockout triumph over Jack Delaney, $88,000.

When Sharkey stacked up against Harry Wills, Negro heavyweight, at Ebbets Field, the gate was $120,000. Jack's Garden affair with K. O. Christner, grossed $94,000, and his unsatisfactory tilt with Sailor Eddie Hoffman, which prompted the late William Muldoon to ask pertinent questions as to Sharkey's failure to put over a knockout, drew $42,000. Opposed to Carnera at Ebbets Field in October, 1931, Sharkey shared in $132,000.

He completed his New York invasion on Aug. 26, 1936, when he was knocked out by Joe Louis and that fight drew $159,982.54.

Early in 1910, Tex Rickard, the first promoter to offer big dough for fights, clinched the heavyweight championship fight between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. They met in a Hoboken hotel because it was against the law to arrange a fight in New York State. After listening to bids from various rivals in the promoting game, Rickard offered a purse of $101,000, a record figure, which Johnson quickly accepted. There was nothing left for Jeffries to do but fall into line, and articles of agreement were signed then and there.

After the fight in Reno, Johnson received the winner's share, 60 per cent, or $60,600, together with a bonus of $10,000 for sticking to Rickard, and a share of the moving picture valued at $50,000. The gate receipts amounted to $270,775, another record at that time.

That was the start of big time fight promotion or the commercialism of boxing.

Attention, Promoters

American or foreign promoters! If you are seeking talent and have difficulty in finding the manager or fighter you are looking for, you can obtain all this information by communicating with me. There is no cost for this service. Will contact anyone that you desire.
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Off to California

(Continued from page 25)

Weir was receiver in chief and at length he went down and out.

But even Murphy, this little fighting fool who did not know the meaning of fear, who possessed a terrific punch and who could "take it" with any man living, even he met his match a few years later when he was K.O.'d by George Dixon (Little Chocolate) in six rounds. Dixon also K.O.'d two other good Australian featherweights, Abe Willis and Joe Pluto. Emphatically, it was not all fun being a featherweight in those days either.

* * *

TWO good men who went to America with high hopes were Jim Ryan and Joe Goddard, and in the case of Goddard they came near being realized, but in 1893 Joe was K.O.'d by Denver Ed Smith, and sailed away from America a deeply disappointed man. Choynski was the means of bringing Ryan's hopes to naught per medium of a twenty-round victory.

Taking it all in all, the more I look back over that period, the more satisfaction I derive from the memory I have of a request that Kid McCoy made to me when we were in South Africa together in 1896. He asked me to go to America with him, and even arranged with his manager to fix me up with a series of fights.

I had won the middleweight championship of South Africa but was developing into a heavyweight and when I surveyed the field in front of me, I was filled with doubts. I refused the offer, and instead of going to America, I returned to Australia where in the absence of Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin and Joe Goddard, I was able to win the heavyweight title.

The chief reason why I am now able to describe myself "one-time heavyweight champion" is that I did *NOT* go to America in 1896. Had I gone there, my fate would have been the same as that of those other exponents of the noble art who went to 'Frisco in the brave days of old.

And even now, I fear for our brave young ring warriors who are tempted by American offers and upon their arrival, like Alf Blatch, Tom Heeney and others, find that class is written all over the American opponents. Perhaps some day we will develop talent that can cope with the American boys, but until then, I prefer to see our lads remain supreme here.

Yes, current events recall the memories of the good old days when our stars flocked to California.

1937 Boxing Record Books

Here is a list of this year's record books, by far the best that have been published in several years.
The Everlast Record Book—Edited by Eddie Borden. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.
The Post Record Book—Edited by John Romano. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.
Andrews Record Book—Edited by Tom Andrews. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.
European and American Record Book—Edited by Victor Breyer; per copy $1.00.
Every promoter, manager, fighter, boxing writer should have a copy of each, particularly the European record book which contains many records not listed in the others.
Send Money Order, not a Postal Order to

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825-8th AVE., MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

M. H. McIntosh, Victoria, Australia

Q.—I am five feet three inches and weigh 122 pounds, clothed. My chest is 36½ inches normal and 40 inches expanded. Waist 26 inches, reach 68, age 16 years nine months and neck 15⅜. Are my measurements good for a boxer? Did Stanley Ketchel ever fight Jack Johnson and what was the result? I am exercising with the assistance of the six body building books published by the Jowett Institute of Physical Culture. Will these exercises slow me down and bind my muscles for boxing? I also have Super Physique barbell course by Siegmund Klein. Should I use this course in conjunction with the Jowett course or finish the latter before commencing Super Physique?

A.—The measurements are perfectly up to the standard and you are developed nicely but the ability is the most important feature. You have to have a natural gift for the sport or else the most perfect physique in the world will not help a bit. Jack Johnson knocked out Ketchel when they fought. Finish one course before you start the next. It will not interfere with boxing exercises.

Pat London, Portland, Ore.

Q.—I have noticed that there was very little publicity on the Louis-Braddock title bout. Was it because the majority of the papers are sympathetic with the Nazis and wish to suppress it or is it just accidental?

A.—I am afraid you are mistaken about the publicity as the fight received nation wide publicity and certainly did not lack for space in the papers. Sentiment in spots favored Schmeling. The Nazi situation had nothing to do with the Braddock-Louis fight.

Ed Malone, Seagroves, Texas

Q.—I am sixteen years of age, 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. I have a reach of 72 inches. What will my approximate height, weight and reach be at my full development?

A.—You will probably reach the 6 foot mark and scale in the vicinity of 190 pounds and your reach should increase from six to eight inches.

A Ring Reader

Q.—Can exercising develop a chicken breast? If so will you please give me some chest exercises? Can bow legs be straightened? How? I weigh 147 pounds and am 5 feet 10 inches tall. How much will I weigh when I am 25 years old? I am sixteen now.

A.—Questions relative to chicken breast and bow legs should be answered by your physician. He can give you the remedy. You will probably pass the six foot mark and scale about 175 pounds.

Mabel Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Are the reports about the estrangement of Joe Louis and his wife true?

A.—Absolutely not. Joe ridicules such reports. He and his wife are happily married and the only reason she was not present at either his training camp or the fight, was because Joe and his mentors thought it best not to have her at either.

Charles Phillips, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—How can one gain weight?

A.—Get my book, "Training for Boxers," and read chapter on same. To gain weight one should eat starchy foods. Foods recommended most by physicians are: eggs, milk, cheese, cereals, beef, steaks. The latest issue of "Training for Boxers" contains several features not contained in the first issue.

Peter Z. Nario, Spokane, Wash.

Q.—What is a newspaper decision? If John Henry Lewis retires from the light-heavyweight throne and Tiger Jack Fox is rated the best light-heavyweight, would that make him champion? Al Morse of Spokane, thinks that Fox is a much cleverer and a more terrific hitter than Joe Louis. Is that true?

A.—Newspaper decisions are rendered when the state does not allow an official decision and the sporting writers give their opinion as to who won the fight in the newspapers. If Lewis retires, an elimination tournament will be started with Fox as one of the entries if he decides to try for the title. The difference between F x and Louis can never be settled unless they meet in ring combat. Louis has a much better record but Fox has been coming in fine fashion.

Arthur Sommers, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—What is the difference between a hook and a jab?

A.—A jab is a straight blow landed by sticking out either the right or the left hand either for face or body. A hook is a blow which is delivered with a slight curvature of the arm.

Matt Forinseca, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Did Johnny Dundee ever hold the world lightweight championship?

A.—No, he held the featherweight title.

Thomas Fulda, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Is Joe Louis the youngest to win a world heavyweight title?

A.—Yes. No other heavyweight king was less than 24 years old. Joe is only 23.

Alice Farrington, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Some papers say that Jimmy Braddock is 31. Others say he is 32. My boy friend says that he is a member of a club where the boys insist that Jimmy is 36. Which is correct?

A.—When Jimmy celebrated his birthday at his training camp at the Golfmore Country Club recently, he said he was 31. But he was born in 1905, which makes his age 32. That is correct.

Arthur Ziminsky, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—What is the best rub down? I would like one that doesn't irritate the skin.

A.—The one I use is Athleto, a splendid rub down that is neither irritating nor has a strong odor. I have found it the ideal rub down, better than any I have used. I didn't know about it until recently when it was called to my attention in a RING "ad." I have been using it ever since following any strenuous exercises. I can heartily recommend it to RING readers. Boxers and wrestlers, in particular, will find it an excellent rub down, soothing and beneficial.

Thomas Horan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—In making a fist, is it proper to place the thumb on top of the first finger?

A.—No. You'll find this fully explained in "How to Box." Close your four fingers tightly, doubling the fingers into the palm of your hand, and bend the first joint of your thumb across the back of the second bone of the first two fingers. That gives you security against a possible fracture of the thumb.

Gene Arlin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—In limbering up exercises, on what should I lay most stress?

A.—On abdominal exercises to get the most benefit out of your workout, use all kinds of exercises in which there is body bending to strengthen the muscles of the abdomen. Side stretching is also excellent.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Michael Foster, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—I have tried hard to master light bag punching but cannot make any headway. Can you inform me what is wrong with me?

A.—No, I cannot unless I see you in action. The secret of light bag punching is two fold—getting the bag the proper height and proper timing. The bag should be about on a level with your chin so that you can hit straight and without looping your punch. Constant practice is necessary with straight out punching until such time as you are able to gauge the return of the ball and pace yourself accordingly.

Get the latest revised edition of "Training for Boxing" and you'll find a chapter highly illustrated on "Bag Punching."

Neil Harshfield, Atkinson, Nebr.

Q.—In THE RING for February on page 13 there is a picture of Aldo Spoldi, a lightweight from Italy. In the June issue of THE RING there is a picture of Enrico Venturi, another Italian lightweight. These pictures look exactly the same. Are they both the same man and what is his name? What is a Mary Ann punch?

A.—Through an error we called Spoldi, Venturi. Both pictures are Aldo Spoldi. A Mary Ann punch is one of those wild overhand rights which Frank Moran made famous. Sometimes they land and sometimes they don't.

Abe Sizzler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is the best way to bandage my hands?

A.—I would advise that you get either my "How to Box" or "How to Second a Boxer" and in each of those, you will find illustrations showing how best to do it.

Simon Feldman, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Was Joe Choynski ever a champion in any class?

A.—No. He was one of the greatest heavyweights this country has ever produced. Joe, were he in his prime today and competed in the boxing game, would have no equal—that's how good he was.

Arlie Simpson, Kenosha, Wis.

Q.—When Joe Louis trained here for his fight with Braddock, many newspaper critics asserted that the lake air would do Joe more harm than good because the change when he entered the ring in Chicago, would be too great. What is your opinion on that subject?

A.—I disagree. I spoke to Joe personally about it and he assured me that the conditions were about the same. His subsequent victory over Braddock, is the answer to his critics.

Ralph J. Falvo, Hawaii

Q.—I would like to know if Baby Arizmendi ever was the featherweight champion, and if so, what year?

A.—Arizmendi won the New York State Featherweight Title in 1933 when he defeated Mike Belloise but his claims were given little recognition as Freddy Miller was the rightful champion at that time.

RING Reader, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—What were Tommy Farr's most important bouts to date and how did he come out in them?

A.—Max Baer, Bob Olin, Tommy Loughran and Walter Neusel were the leading opponents that Farr faced. He whipped Baer, Olin, Loughran and kayoed Neusel in three rounds.

Mike Consello, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—When Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher met at Langtry, was that fight for the championship?

A.—No. At the time, Corbett had not fought for several years except in a four round draw with Tom Sharkey at the Woodward Pavilion of San Francisco and an exhibition for the movies against Peter Courtney in Edison's laboratory at East Orange, N. J., and Fitz, finding it impossible to get Corbett into the ring, claimed the title. Corbett, in turn, to avoid Fitz, had announced his retirement and "passed" the title to Peter Maher. Of course this was all tommyrot, and no one but Corbett and Maher took it seriously.

Hence when Fitz knocked out Maher in one round at Langtry—in fact, one punch—the Cornishman claimed the world honors. That fight took place on February 21, 1896 but it was not until St. Patrick's Day of the following year that Fitz actually clinched the world honors when he knocked out Corbett with the famed solar plexus punch at Carson City, Nevada.

Dick Miller, Spencer, Iowa

Q.—I am 17 years old, 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. Can you give me any idea as to my size at the age of 21?

A.—You will possibly reach the 5 feet 9 inch mark and scale between 145 to 150 pounds.

C. I. Arnheim, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I wish to obtain an A.A.U. boxing card to take part in amateur boxing. Where can I obtain same? What are the requirements? I wear glasses, have weak eyes. Is it possible to obtain an A.A.U. card with same? What has happened to Art Lasky? Will I ever be a heavyweight? I am 18 years old, weight 140 pounds.

A.—You can obtain a card at the A.A.U. office, 291 Broadway, N.Y.C. You will be subjected to a physical examination and it is inadvisable to begin boxing with that handicap. Lasky has fully recovered his eyesight but cannot box any longer. You will probably reach the middleweight measurements but hardly that of a heavyweight.

RING Reader, Australia

Q.—Could you please tell me the height and weight of Braddock, Baer and Schmeling?

A.—Braddock 6 feet 3 inches, weight 197. Baer is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches and weighs 210. Schmeling is 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 192 pounds.

"Cyclone" Thompson, Dallas, Texas

Q.—Is it true that Jem Mace fought a draw of only one round that lasted more than an hour? Could such a thing be possible?

A.—Yes, it was possible in the bare-knuckle days when they fought under the London Prize Ring rules which stipulated that a round lasted until one of the contestants went down. On May 24, 1866, Mace clashed with Joe Goss at Longfield Court and after the bout had gone an hour and five minutes with neither taking a fall, the bout was declared a draw. A few months later, Mace beat Goss in 21 rounds lasting 31 minutes. They fought in a 16-foot ring near London.

De Vdatte, Danilo Revuelta Ortez

Q.—In your Universal Boxing Course, advertised in THE RING, do you have any Spanish translations of this course?

A.—No. Only in the English language.

Segundo Valente, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Q.—Do you sell any back copies of THE RING, and if so, what is the price of them?

A.—Back numbers of THE RING can be obtained if they are in stock. The price varies from 25 cents for the current years to 60 cents for much earlier issues.

Felix Marino, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—What were some of the plays in which James J. Corbett appeared?

A.—He made his theatrical debut in "Sport McAllister" at the Bijou of New York on June 26, 1892. Then he opened in "Gentleman Jack" at Elizabeth, N. J., on October 3, 1892. Later he appeared in "The Cadet" and several other plays.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THERE is no getting away from the fact that Henry Armstrong is going to make a mighty lasting impression with the eastern fans before he makes his departure for western shores.

Armstrong has been mighty busy, showing his wares in various eastern cities and has not failed to come through on any occasion with a sensational victory. He has turned in fourteen knockouts out of fifteen starts this year, a mighty impressive record.

He took Lew Massey into camp at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, and subjected him to a terrific battering before Boxing Commission George Colgan commanded Referee Artie McGovern to stop the fight in four rounds. Massey had no chance and was only absorbing needless punishment.

Armstrong went to Philadelphia ten days later and administered a knockout dose to Benny Bass in four rounds. It was the first time in Bass' long career that he ever took the count, though he was stopped technically by Kid Chocolate a few years ago. Armstrong swarmed over the veteran Philadelphian from the start and never gave Bass a chance. Lorenzo Pack put over a surprising victory when he kayoed Leroy Haynes in two rounds. Haynes was floored for a nine count in the same session before he was counted out. Tommy Cross shaded Al Casimini and Tommy Forte won over Henry Hook on the same program at the Phillies Ball Park. The show was promoted by Muggsy Taylor and Phil Glassman.

Leonard Del Genio looked the part of a vastly improved youngster in his ten round defeat of Bobby Pacho at the Garden's summer show. The last time this pair met, Pacho administered a severe trouncing to the Harlemite but on this occasion it was an entirely different situation.

Del Genio handled himself like a master and won seven of the rounds in great style. Pacho was 2 to 1 favorite in the wagering but that did not affect Leonard in any way. He started to take command from the first round and was never headed.

A great deal of Del Genio's improvement must be attributed to the canny coaching of Sammy Goldman. With Goldman piloting his affairs, it will only be a question of time before Del Genio will be combatting the foremost welterweight contenders.

Holman Williams furnished a real surprise in whipping Paulie Walker, a 3 to 1 favorite. Holman showed a brand of boxing which stamps him among the best and his left hand was something of dazzling description. This was an eight round affair.

Sandy McDonald repeated his victory over Eddie Hogan in eight hard fought rounds. This is the second time that McDonald upset the Hogan uprising, despite the fact that Hogan was an overwhelming favorite on each occasion. Hogan, a few nights before, turned in a noteworthy feat scoring a one round knockout over Buck Everett in Washington.

Eddie Blunt and Yustin Sirutis went through three rounds of lackadaisical efforts before the referee declared it "no contest." Emilio Magana and Vernon Cormier staged six rounds of hot action before a draw was declared. This was one of the best scraps of the night. Phil Pollock disposed of Andy Hudson in two sessions. The show drew $9,511 gross.

Harry Balsamo was extended to a ten round bout before he could conquer Al Diamond at the Dyckman Oval. George Kid Bradad whipped Vincent Pimpinella in eight rounds of the semi-final. Indian Quintana, Panamanian bantamweight, who is fighting in great style, disposed of Biff-Bang Lemieux in the fourth round at the Coney Island Velodrome. Lou Farber scored a technical kayo over Jimmy Lancaster in five rounds when the latter suffered an injured eye and could not continue. Katzumi Morioka, the Jap flyweight, scored over Sammy Garcia in the six round fray—Solly Krieger disposed of Joe Duca in the sixth round at the Canarsie Arena. Joey Fontana finished Tony Pagano in the third. Eddie McGeever defeated Jimmy Fantini in eight rounds at the Coliseum while Harold Lacey scored over Nat Litfin in six—Lou Camps had a tough struggle in whipping Willie Davis over eight rounds at the Queensboro Arena. Marty Sampson, starting a comeback campaign, scored over Jose Rodriquez in six.

Wagering was conspicuous around town that the four fifteen rounders staged at the Polo Grounds would outdraw the heavyweight championship tilt between Louis and Farr—Tony Galento, hard-hitting Jersey heavyweight, may give Joe Jacobs reasonable cause to forget that Max Schmeling ever existed. He scored a big upset when he stopped Al Ettore in eight rounds after scoring two knockdowns and winning the fight all the way.

If Joe Louis intends to pursue a busy campaign with the heavyweight contenders existing around the country, it is possible that the mighty Galento will be given that chance to show how hard he really can punch—Vince Plunkett sends word along that he will handle the affairs of Johnny Whiters, the promising Detroit heavyweight, whose progress was retarded because of an injured hand. Plunkett is well liked and should do well with Whiters.

Billy Beauhold showed his supremacy over Paul Junior in one of the hottest lightweight matches that has been in evidence in months. This match was made possible because of each one's victory over Eddie Zivic. It seemed like a natural match at the time and they were responsible for attracting $13,166.00 to the box office at the Garden.

Beauhold exploded his right hand on Junior's chin in the second round and Paul stayed down for the count of eight. Beauhold maintained the lead from that period, though Junior's occasional spurts kept the crowd enthused. Beauhold, on his showing, will be in line for a crack at the lightweight title when the Ambers-Montanez-Armstrong situation is cleared.

Tony Chavez, Pacific Coast featherweight, in his first eastern start, went over well in decisively whipping Frank Terranova, a tough, rugged customer. Chavez showed a good two fisted style and he is good for many more fights in this section.

Red Guggino put the finishing touches to Alf Blatch, the Australian lightweight champion. Although Guggino is far from an Armstrong, he proved that Blatch is far below the class of American contenders and it would be difficult for him to make the grade here, providing Blatch is matched with such strong opposition.

George Zengaras handed Phil Baker a thorough beating in their eight round go but Baker was strong and finished in good style. Tommy Roman whipped Jackie Stewart in six rounds while Pete Bonita scored over George Karkella in the four round opener.

Johnny Bellus, Connecticut lightweight, is cutting quite a furore in local circles. He stopped Joey Costa, Eddie Alzek and then whipped Lew Feldman in rotation which is quite an achievement—Battling Norfolk and Beezy Thomas engaged in such a strenuous fistic session at Stillman's Gymnasium a few weeks ago that Lou Stillman is seriously thinking of closing down the gym and take Bat and Beezy on an exhibition tour—Joey Archibald, from an ordinary bantamweight in the East, has developed into the biggest attraction in Washington, D. C. where he recently drew $7,000 with Lou Gevinson, scoring a knockout in eight rounds—Billy Stevens is recuperating from a bad knee at his summer headquarters in Walnut Beach, Conn.—Hymie Caplin has opened a delicatessen shop at the New York Hippodrome and is planning on naming it "On the Cuff."

Freddy Steele, world middleweight champion, made another brief visit east. He stopped off at Washington, D. C. where he put Charley Hobo Williams away in the eighth round. The papers enthused about Steele's showing and proclaimed him the geatest champion to ever visit their city—Tiger Jack Fox put Red Bruce away in the first round at Dyckman Oval, scoring two knockdowns before the finishing blow. Johnny Horstman ended the winning streak of Tony Vaccarelli, in gaining the award in their six rounder—Sixto Escobar disposed of George Holmes in the third round when the latter was outclassed so badly that the referee called a halt. Lou Camps scored over Julio Gonzales in the six round semi-final at the Dyckman Oval—Nathan Mann outroughed Abie Feldman in their ten round fray at the Queensboro Arena. It was a tough struggle but Mann outfinished his foe. Phil Sommese stopped Oliver Shanks in the fifth on the same card.

Al Reid furnished a real surprise when he scored over Vincenzo Dell 'Orto in their eight rounder at the Coliseum—Herbie Katz also put over a stunner in whipping Cuban Luis at the Canarsie Arena—Abie Miller, Pacific Coast welterweight champion, is now in the East campaigning under the guidance of Charley Cook. Abie was here several years ago as a featherweight and it is hoped that his increased weight means improved ability—Pal Moran and Joe Mandot recently opened a place in New Orleans called The Creole Restaurant. Vic Moran, Pal's brother, turned author and released an epic on the life of Mandot, calling it "The Fighting Fool."

Leo Kelly, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight, failed to show the form expected of him and was stopped by Tiger Jack Fox in the sixth round of a scheduled fifteen round contest which was to furnish an opponent for John Henry Lewis. Sandy McDonald provided the big upset when he outpointed Eddie Hogan in the eight round semi-final. Italo Colonello scored over Dewey Kimrey in a rough eight rounder. Lorenzo Pack put over the finishing wallop in one minute and forty seconds of the first round against James J. Johnson. Oliver Shank whipped Ely Dodge in the four round opener.—Johnny Bonito outscored Quentin Breese in the six round stellar attraction at the Hippodrome. Johnny Rinaldi stopped Jackie Stewart in the fifth period—Willie Davis won the verdict over Petey Hayes over eight rounds at the Queensboro. It was Hayes first start after a long layoff. Tom Chester won in six rounds over Frank Lo Bianco and Tony Marteliano defeated Patsy La Rocco over the same distance.

Ceferino Garcia showed true championship spirit in finishing Bobby Pacho after 2 minutes and 29 seconds of the ninth round. Pacho was leading on points at the time and it seemed like certain defeat for the Coast welterweight contender. Garcia finally nailed him with a terrific right in that session. It floored Bobby and without taking a count, Pacho arose, shaky and reeling around the ring. Another left hook and down went Pacho again. He hopped up again without a count and began groping the ropes, bewildered and unable to bring himself together. Referee Johnny McAvoy immediately halted the bout before further damage was perpetrated.

Frankie Blair came from behind to whip Mickey Serrian in their eight-round roughhouse. Pete De Ruzza provided a real upset when he flattened Young Peter Jackson in the second round of their eight rounder. Jackson was floored twice before the referee halted the bout. Harry Valan whipped Havana Kid in six rounds while Jackie Caldwell scored over Eddie Bangs in four. The house drew $11,956.

Harry Balsamo added another kayo to his list when he put Caspar La Rosa away in the eighth round, after scoring three knockdowns. Patsy La Rocco whipped Charley Gordon, while Henry Cooper stopped Solly Pace in the fifth—Kid Chocolate had no trouble in winning from Young Chappie in their eight rounder at the Canarsie Arena. Cuban Luis bested Dick Robinson in six sessions—Indian Quintana was given quite an argument from Katzumi Morioka in six rounds at the Coney Island Veledrome before he was able to capture the decision. Morioka is a flyweight and conceding weight to Quintana and giving him a stubborn argument is quite a feather in his cap. Vincenzo Dell 'Orto whipped Jimmy English in six rounds. Jimmy Lancaster defeated Joey Fontana; Lew Farber conquered Johnny Compo and Sammy Garcia defeated Petey Della in the remaining sixes—Red Guggino was returned the winner over Jimmy Fantini in eight rounds at the Coliseum. Johnny Mack scored over Jimmy Kurray in the six-round semi.

Al Roth added another victory to his list when he took Young Chappie over the hurdles in their eight-round fracas at the Canarsie Arena—Al Reid and Johnny Pena waged a corking eight-round scrap at the Queensboro Arena which ended in a draw. This marks the third straight bout that Pena has engaged in which ended in a draw. Patsy La Rocco whipped Lou Fox in the six-round semi-final—Pete Koloff, the hard hitting youngster, tackled a tough obstacle in Johnny Horstman at the Coliseum and lost the verdict after eight rounds. Koloff had been compiling a string of knockout victories prior to the Horstman bout. Johnny Mack scored over Eddie Alzek in the semi-windup.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

KNOCKOUTS of sensational order featured the month's activities in pugilistic circles with the wallop soporific playing a prominent part in the display. With Tommy Farr and Joe Louis holding the spotlight with their world heavyweight championship match, the promoters throughout the country took advantage of the publicity value and furnished better cards than they did ordinarily.

Tony Galento's kayo of Al Ettore; Lorenzo Pack putting Leroy Haynes away; Pedro Montanez's one-round kayo over Wesley Ramey; Al Hostak's finish of Babe Risko; Ceferino Garcia putting Bobby Pacho away, and Freddy Miller whipping Petey Sarron in Johannesburg were the highlights of the month.

Beginning with the activity in the heavyweight division, we find Alberto Lovell, the South American, winning over Red Burman. Burman kayoed Stanley Ketchel in five rounds. Maxey Rosenbloom whipped Johnny Erjavec. Erjavec scored over Domingo Valin. Nathan Mann scored over Abie Feldman, while Feldman stopped Tony Celli in eight rounds. Tony Galento disposed of Al Ettore in eight sessions. Lorenzo Pack finished James J. Johnson in one. Joe Lipps and Leroy Haynes in two rounds each. Roscoe Toles and Arturo Godoy fought to a draw.

Sonny Boy Walker disposed of Prett Ferrar and Frankie Connolly in five rounds each. Patsy Perroni whipped Steve Dudas and Jack Trammell while Trammell kayoed Lloyd Clements in four rounds. Red Barry was kayoed by Andre Lenglet in four and Al McCoy in three sessions. McCoy also disposed of Jack McCarthy in the third. Jimmy Adamick finished Jack Krantz in one and Reuben Saunders in three. Eddie Blunt and Yustin Sirutis went three rounds before the bout was declared "no contest."

Jim McVey disposed of Red O'Malley in four rounds and Doug Carver in three. Big Boy Bray scored over Artie Sykes. Otis Thomas defeated Isadoro Gastanana. Sandy McDonald scored two successive victories over Eddie Hogan while Eddie kayoed Buck Everett in one session. Eddie Simms kayoed Phil Brubaker in one and won over Tom Beaupre.

Natie Brown won from Tony Shucco. Italo Colonello defeated Dewey Kimrey. Hank Hankinson ended the comeback aspirations of George Godfrey by stopping him in eight rounds. Joe Sekyra won over Buddy Knox. Freddy Fiducia whipped Ray Miller and kayoed Steve Collucci in two rounds. Jack London kayoed Jim Wilde in three rounds. Eddie Caddore whipped Max Roesch. Izzy Singer defeated Gus Dorazio but was beaten by Billy Ketchell. Junior Munsell defeated Tiger Hairston.

Starting with the light-heavyweights, Tiger Jack Fox assumes command with a one-round kayo over Red Bruce and six-round over Leo Kelly. Eddie Wenstob defeated Fred Lenhart and Henry Jones. George Black scored over Jack Gibbons. Alabama Kid defeated Sammy Slaughter and kayoed Jack Petrick in two rounds but was beaten by Marty Simmons. Melio Bettina kayoed Joe Lipps in five and won over Johnny Duarte.

Johnny Romero defeated Jimmy Clark and kayoed Joe Pancho and Eddie Boyle in four rounds each. Clark scored over Joe Butch Lynch. Swede Berglund defeated Al Romero. Oscar Rankins defeated Bud Mignault. Tiger Warrington bested Emile Schultze. Adolph Witt scored over Tino Catenacci. Dave Clark whipped Domenic Ceccarelli. Joey Parks win over Jack Thompson. Roscoe Manning won from Al Zappala and John Briggs.

We find World's Middleweight Champion Freddy Steele disposing of Charley Hobo Williams in the ninth round of an overweight meeting. Ken Overlin scored over Young Stuhley. Al Hostak kayoed Babe Risko in seven and Allen Matthews in nine. Ben Brown scored over Texas Joe Dundee. Solly Krieger disposed of Joe Duca in six rounds. Harry Balsamo turned in a two-round kayo over Roy Williams, eight round over Caspar La Rosa and a decision over Al Diamond.

Walter Woods kayoed Mickey Bottone in one, Jesse Jones and Mickey Flannagan in two and Billy Mosca in four. Gorilla Jones kayoed Frankie Misko in five and whipped Tommy Freeman. Freeman won over Allen McCoy. Young Corbett defeated Joe Smallwood. Eddie Pierce scored over Bill Hardy. Max Reyner whipped Fred Henneberry in Australia. Young Terry whipped Tony Fisher. Marty Sampson defeated Jose Rodriquez. Al Quaill kayoed Red Finnegan in three rounds. Wendall Bubp disposed of Paul Cortlyn in two rounds. Frankie Caris won over Vincent Sereci while Tom Chester bested Frank Lo Bianco.

Among the welterweights, Ceferino Garcia stepped into form when he kayoed Bobby Pacho in nine rounds. Pacho was also beaten by Leonard Del Genio. Gustave Eder completed a fine task when he disposed of Bep Van Klaveren in eight rounds. Eder also defeated Charles Pernot. Cocoa Kid kayoed Werther Arcelli in two and Johnny Lucas in nine. Holman Williams defeated Paulie Walker. Saverio Turiello scored over Frankie Cinque. Jimmy Leto kayoed Midget Mexico in four rounds.

Andrea Jessurun and Vittorio Venturi battled to a draw. Jessurun whipped Johnny Duca while Venturi scored over Phil Furr. Frankie Blair defeated Freddy Fitzgerald and Mickey Serrian. Mickey was also beaten by Gene Buffalo. Milt Aron won from George Salvatore while Georgie disposed of Eddie Carroll in four rounds. Gordon Wallace scored over Tommy Bland. Freddy Dixon kayoed Gaston Le Cadre in five rounds. Ralp Zannelli won from Eddie McGeever and kayoed Bobby Allen in two rounds.

Pete De Ruzza disposed of Young Peter Jackson in the second session. Joe Gelinas scored over Vingen Tedelcurto but was stopped by Frankie Britt in three rounds. Britt was beaten by Mickey Makar, who also defeated Frankie Kid Bruno. Ruby Goldstein won from Kid Bon Bon and kayoed Jimmy Armstrong in two rounds. Jake Kilrain defeated Frank Erne in Scotland. Dale Sparr scored over Abie Miller. Tod Morgan defeated Clever Henry.

To Pedro Montanez goes ranking place among the lightweights. His one-round knockout over Wesley Ramey was something to boast about. Henry Armstrong was right behind with four-round knockouts over Benny Bass and Lew Massey. Massey scored a victory over Johnny Toomey. Paul Junior scored over Tommy Rawson but was beaten by Billy Beauhold. Davey Day disposed of Johnny Durso in six rounds. Al Casimini drew with Eddie Cool and was beaten by Tommy Cross. Cool whipped Pete Galiano. Phil Baker was beaten by George Zengaras and stopped by Johnny Bellus in ten rounds. Bellus also whipped Lew Feldman, and kayoed Eddie Alzek in three and Joey Costa in five.

Red Guggino defeated Al Blatch and Jimmy Fantini. Jimmy also lost to Eddie McGeever. Laurie Stevens returned to action in South Africa by scoring a two-round kayo over Len Delaport. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Richard Stegeman in one round. Chino Alvarez disposed of Angelo Meola in one, Geno Salvatore in three and defeated Bus Breese. Tommy Speigal whipped Joe Ghnouly. Ritchie Fontaine scored a big upset in beating Jackie Wilson. Eddie Zivic disposed of Johnny Page in nine.

Al Roth scored over Young Chappie, Bus Breese and finished Joe Marciente in the sixth. Howard Scott whipped Jack Sheppard and Bucky Taylor. Joey Alcanter drew with Wally Hally. Jimmy Garrison drew with Johnny Durso. Cecil Payne won over Lloyd Pine and kayoed Frankie Lockhart in two rounds. Eddie Brink disposed of Buckey Keyes in five rounds. Bushy Graham kayoed Willie Hines in three. George Daly defeated Mike Piskin. Roger Bernard drew with Wishy Jones. Tony Morgano kayoed Al Dunbar in two rounds.

Featherweight Champion Petey Sarron was beaten by Freddy Miller in an overweight meeting in South Africa. Jackie Wilson whipped Al Manriquez. Tony Chavez whipped Frankie Terranova. Johnny Cusick bested Frank Harsen. Kid Chocolate defeated Young Chappie, Charley Gomer and drew with Orville Drouillard. Joey Archibald kayoed Harry Gentile in six and Lou Gevinson in eight.

Young Rightmire kayoed Mickey Beal in six. Johnny Hutchinson scored over Young Chappie and Cristobal Jaramillo. Johnny Pena drew with Petey Scalzo and Al Reid. Scalzo kayoed Sammy Russo in one while Reid whipped Vincenzo Dell 'Orto. Dick Welsh kayoed Sammy Crocetti in eight. Lou Camps scored over Julio Gonzales and Willie Davis. Davis whipped Petey Hayes. B. De Guzman won over Mickey Miller in Australia. Pablo Dana drew with Babe Spencer.

Sixto Escobar, bantam leader, disposed of George Holmes in the third round of an overweight bout. Harry Jeffra kayoed Ruby Bradley in four. Indian Quintana kayoed Ray Mandell in one. Biff Bank Lemieux in four and defeated Bobby Green and Katzumi Morioka. Morioka whipped Sammy Garcia and drew with Harry Gerson. Frankie Martin was beaten by Baby Yack and kayoed by George Pace in six rounds.

Johnny Kink whipped Alex Alston. Horace Mann scored over Johnny Ladao. Lou Farber defeated Johnny Compo and stopped Jimmy Lancaster in five. Star Frisco drew with Adolph Samuels. Bobby Magee scored over Mark Southern. Tommy Forte whipped Henry Hook. Peter Miller humbled Willie Smith. Young Joe Roche won over Santos Hugo.

Among the flyweights, Tiny Bostock scored over Gaston Vandenbos. Dave Kellar was beaten by Mickey O'Neill and Jim McStravick. Tut Whalley scored over Tommy Rose. Johnny Jurich outpointed Johnny Ladao.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Bob Bates, England.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Webster, South Africa.
Featherweight—Joey Gatto, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Frankie Collins, Reno, Nevada.
Welterweight—Phil Balestri, New York City.
Middleweight—Despeaux, France.
Light-heavyweight—Ray Matulewicz, Mount Carmel, Pa.
Heavyweight—Eddie Coderre, Pawtucket, R. I.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Ken Overlin	Jack Carroll
2—Jimmy Braddock	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
3—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Billy Conn	Gustave Eder
4—Bob Pastor	Eddie Wenstob	Teddy Yarosz	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Alberto Lovell	Fred Lenhart	Al Hostak	Cocoa Kid
6—Maxey Rosenbloom	George Black	Lou Brouillard	Fritzie Zivic
7—Nathan Mann	Jack Gibbons	Ben Brown	Holman Williams
8—Tony Galento	Gus Lesnevich	Solly Krieger	Saverio Turiello
9—Lorenzo Pack	Marty Simmons	Harry Balsamo	Jimmy Leto
10—Roscoe Toles	Melio Bettina	Young Corbett	Leonard Del Genio

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddy Miller	K. O. Morgan	Jim Warnock
2—Henry Armstrong	Jackie Wilson	Harry Jaffra	Peter Kane
3—Billy Beauhold	Tony Chavez	Indian Quintana	Tiny Bostock
4—Davey Day	Mike Belloise	Lou Salica	Small Montana
5—Enrico Venturi	Ginger Foran	Baby Yack	Valentin Anglemann
6—Wesley Ramey	Spider Kelly	George Pace	Pierre Louis
7—Paul Junior	Johnny Cusick	Aurel Toma	Mickey O'Neill
8—Eddie Cool	Pete De Grasse	Johnny King	Ernst Weiss
9—Johnny Bellus	Kid Chocolate	Horace Mann	Tut Whalley
10—George Zengaras	Joey Archibald	Jackie Brown	Johnny Jurich

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

TONY GALENTO, 234 pounds of beef and muscle from Orange, scored the biggest upset of the season in New Jersey when he technically kayoed Al Ettore of Philadelphia in 2:55 of the eighth round at Nutley Velodrome before 10,000 fans. Galento gave Ettore an unmerciful beating throughout the fight. Al, who was ranked ninth leading heavyweight in the world by the N. B. A. and eighth by Eddie Borden in THE RING, was no match for Two-Ton Tony; who staggered his opponent constantly with brutal left hooks.

Ettore showed his gameness in the eighth round when twice he fell out of the ring and gamely came back for more punishment. On his second knockdown, Al fell out of the ring and somersaulted backward over the press row into the arms of the writer and on to the ground. Showing courage worthy of a greater occasion, Ettore managed to return before the fatal count of ten, but Galento was giving him so much punishment the Quaker City mauler was thankful when Referee Gene Roman of Paterson stopped the slaughter.

Joe Jacobs, manager of Galento; Dick O'Connor and Jimmy Frayne worked in Galento's corner, while Lew Tendler was chief second for the badly battered Ettore. The fight, which drew almost $10,000, would have done better were it not for the fact that the show was postponed one day because of rain. Tommy Farr, British heavyweight champion, saw his first American battle, and Ted Broadribb, his manager, refereed one of the preliminaries.

Never has a visiting group of fighters and handlers created more good will than the visiting Tommy Farr, Ted Broadribb, Tom Evans, Charles Barnett and two stable mates, George Daly, lightweight, and Bob Scally, cruiserweight, or lightheavyweight, in American terms.

In the semi-final to the Galento-Ettore fight, Lew Tendler, the 2nd, managed by the veteran himself, outpointed Vincent Pimpinella of Brooklyn in an eight. In a six rounder, Jack Torrance of Baton Rouge, La., again knocked out Al Penkunis of Elizabeth in one round but not before Torrance was on the mat twice for nine counts. Joe Wagner, managed by Willie Gilzenberg of Newark, scored his best victory when he flattened James De Sola of Spain in the second round. Johnny Freeman of Philadelphia, a protege of Dick Curley, decisioned Barney Villa of Jersey in the first six.

Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion of the world, is thankful that he has escaped blindness. The Newark boxer was operated on recently in New York by doctors who feared he would go blind. Dundee, thankfully, has recovered. Best wishes to a great fighter!

Freddy Polo, former Belleville Belting Beauty, deserves a good break and a job from one of the many fans who used to root for him in brighter days . . . . Charley Gorman of Asbury Park has a good prospect in George Harper, who fought Jack Sharkey, Jr., of Union City to a draw at Long Branch . . . . Mickey Bottone, of Red Bank, was knocked out by Walter Woods of New York in the first at Philadelphia . . . . Frank Zamoris, Orange light heavyweight, made his return to the ring after several months of rest when he stopped Stanley Lecthanski of New York in less than two minutes of a scheduled eight rounder at Stanhope.

George Daly, English lightweight, who came over with Tommy Farr, scored a decision in eight rounds in his American debut over Mike Piskin of Freehold before the largest crowd of the season at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch. Ted Broadribb and Tom Evans worked in Daly's corner while Dick O'Connor, Angelo Pucci and Bill Colton were behind Piskin. It was a close bout even though Referee Henry Lewis gave Daly the first, third, sixth and seventh rounds, crediting Piskin with only the second, and calling the rest even. They were rematched immediately after the bout.

Steve Dudas of Edgewater lost a ten-round decision to Patsy Perroni in Cleveland . . . . Paulie Walker of Trenton lost in eight rounds to Holman Williams of Pittsburgh in Madison Square Garden . . . . Billy Hildebrandt of Morristown knocked out Red Rossi of Dunellen in the third at Stanhope . . . . Ted (Tom) Lowery of Texas, member of Vincent Lopez's Orchestra, has bought an interest in Mike Piskin.

Joe Louis trained for the championship fight at Doc Bier's camp in Pompton Lakes, thereby giving the state considerable publicity, considering that both principals trained in this state. Louis had the assistance of Roy Lazar, Paterson Jewish boxer, who lost one of his few fights to Louis in Chicago.

Jersey Jones, the demon press agent from Nutley, sent out copy from Farr's camp. Babe Culnan, Newark matchmaker and close friend of Broadribb, was in full charge of Farr's training camp and was ably assisted by Jerry Casale of Long Branch, who worked with Max Baer, both in America and in England.

Tommy Ross, one of the best trainers of boxers in the country, recently opened a new gym for boxers at 104 Mulberry Street, Newark. Ross will have classes for young boys wanting to learn the art of self-defense. He wants to encourage as many amateurs as possible. He is using the same ring employed by Joe Louis at Lakewood. Ross has done a great deal to boost boxing in this area and deserves a great deal of commendation from the boxing entry. He is an avid reader of THE RING and reads it cover to cover as soon as it comes out.

The writer had the pleasure and honor of presenting on his weekly sports program over station WHBI, Newark (1250 kilocycles) as one of guests, Ted Broadribb, who motored in from Long Branch with his English lightweight, George Daly. The program is heard every Sunday at 9:05 p.m.

Young Terry of Trenton managed to score a ten-round decision over Tony Fisher of Newark at the capital ball park. The bout was promoted by Dick Curley and Johnny Ipp. Curley once managed Sailor Jack Friedman. He is currently interested in a lightweight from Trenton, Tony Picinetti, and two boys from Philadelphia, Dick Pierce and Johnny Freeman.

Billy Beauhold, Jersey City's brilliant lightweight, scored two good victories when he decisioned Johnny Bellus of New Haven in an eight at Jersey City and then defeated Paul Junior of Maine in a ten-rounder at Madison Square Garden. Beauhold is being groomed for a title shot. He is undefeated as a professional . . . . Johnny Rohrig of Clifton fought to an eight-round draw with Eddie Alzek at the New York Coliseum and stopped Jose Fernandez of Havana in the second at Jersey City.

Charley Gorman's Asbury Park featherweight, George Harper, put in a good bout when he fought Jack Sharkey, Jr., son of the old master from Union City, to an eight-round draw at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch, where Willie Hilberg is the promoter . . . . The same night, Irving Eldridge, East Side lightweight, scored over Paris Apice of Providence in an eight . . . . Joe McDougall of Elizabeth kayoed Dan Munroe in the second at Stanhope . . . . George Carlo of Paterson knocked out Patsy Fanti of Boston in the third at the New York Coliseum.

Tippy Larkin, Angelo Pucci's sensational lightweight from Garfield, scored the greatest victory of his young career when he decisioned Maxie Fisher, Newark Hebrew, in a ten rounder at Ollemar Stadium, Irvington, a few blocks from the Newark line. Because of the bad weather and the postponement, the gate was only $1,300. Hymie Caplin, Fisher's manager, was the most surprised man of the night.

Joe Wagner, Newark heavyweight, stopped George Smith of Perth Amboy and De Sola and then joined Tommy Farr's camp as a sparring partner. Ted Broadribb thinks highly of Wagner's ability. Basher Dean of Newark also trained with the English champion.

Ruby Goldstein, former fistic jewel of New York's Ghetto, stopped Jimmy Cogman of Newark in the third round at Long Branch . . . . Cogman was badly managed ever since he left the amateur ranks where he was a brilliant prospect. Under proper tutelage he would have climbed high, but like many others, he was thrown in with wolves for financial gain by others.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Bob Burke, who knocked out Ted Kid Lewis in Albert Hall, London, in six rounds and who met all the leading lightweights in pre-war days, will soon promote wrestling bouts in New Brunswick. Burke has promoted in many cities, including Miami, Boston and New Orleans . . . . Charley Hand, brilliant boxer in the days of the Horton law in New York, has opened a cigar stand in Newark . . . . Captain Bill Stuckey, who won the national amateur championship in his division in the 90's, is retired and delights in watching the upstarts in the amateur ranks . . . . Mickey Delmont, poor fellow, is blind and barely existing by selling papers at fights. He was a good club fighter in his day . . . . Harry Rapaport, former fight manager and a grand fellow, has shoved off for California and deserted his usual Florida winter haunts for the first time in seventeen years.

New Jersey can use good heavyweights and middleweights. If you desire good connections here address the writer at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. . . . . Roscoe Manning, a fine fellow in and out of the ring, deserves a few good money "shots" . . . . Tony Galento drank a quart of beer just before he entered the ring to knock out Al Ettore . . . . Jerry Rothberg of Newark is looking for a spot to run professional bouts.

Sam Rose of Newark, the typical fight manager in appearance, is a popular figure in fight circles wherever he goes . . . . Pete Van would like to get more work for Buster Hardy, a welterweight, and Willie Skidmore, a good bantamweight. Both are good club fighters.

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Roscoe Manning, popular Nutley battler, fought a six-round draw with Al Zappala of Jersey City and defeated Johnny Briggs of Long Branch in another six at the same club . . . . Zappala was technically kayoed by the hard punching Buddy Ryan of Roselle Park in the fifth round . . . . Briggs floored Freddy Caruso of Jersey City but lost a six-round decision and also lost to Ray Miller of Newark at Ollemar Stadium by a five round kayo . . . . Miller lost an eight to Freddy Fiducia at Long Branch . . . . Ralph Vona of Asbury Park decisioned Dew Dab Anderson of New York at Long Branch in eight rounds and then lost an unpopular decision in a six-round bout to Freddy (Red) Cochrane in George Kobb's Adelphia A. A.

Ralph Griffin, Battling Red's featherweight from Newark, lost in a six to Humphrey Stanard of Englewood and then licked Johnny Sciarra of Union City . . . . James Clark of Jamestown licked Butch Lynch of Plainfield in ten rounds in Pittsburgh . . . . Charles Stefano of Passaic was flattened in the second round by Sigi Aschkenos at Canarsie Arena, New York . . . . Joey Ryan of Roselle Park bested Earl Cox of Montclair in a six at Elizabeth . . . . Frankie Blair of Camden got the verdict over Mickey Serrian of Scranton at Madison Square Garden in an eight.

Kid Chocolate of Havana battled Orville Drouillard of Windsor, Ontario, to an eight-round draw at Jackie Farrell's Braddock Arena in Jersey City . . . . Mickey Duda, conceding nine pounds, lost a ten rounder to Leonard Del Genio at the Queensboro Arena in New York . . . . Johnny Lucas of Camden lost a ten rounder to Holman Williams in Pittsburgh . . . . Johnny Stewart of Paterson outpointed John Rinaldi in New York in a six and then Rinaldi knocked him out in the fifth.

Nunzio Bisogno, Newark's promising lightweight, made a hit in Madison Square Garden even though losing to Paul Di Bello in a six . . . . Then Nunzio came back to flatten William Henry Cheatum at Long Branch . . . . Mike Piskin of Freehold, managed by Paul Kiernan and trained by Bill Colton, drew with Felix Garcia.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

SID ZIFF, gifted sports editor of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express,* pens the following:

"Perhaps the ring was not altogether responsible for the untimely death of young Johnny Page, killed in a bout with Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh. Page was badly shaken up and injured in an automobile accident near San Diego several months ago. It might have rendered him more susceptible than he otherwise would have been.

"Page was one of the finer types of youngsters who turned to the boxing game. He was a polite, retiring boy of 21. He was a fair boxer who possessed a surprisingly powerful right hand, considering the fact that he was thin and appeared to be frail.

"Unfortunately, Page was one of those excessively courageous fighters who refuse to admit defeat. He'd fly back for more under the hardest punishment. I saw him one night at Hollywood boxing a clever fellow who kept pumping a straight left into Page's face. Page's nose and mouth dripped with blood, but he never took a back step. He'd keep wading in, throwing his right, willing to take in order to give.

"Most boxers, I guess, are like that. When they run away to live to fight another day they are boycotted by the disgusted fans. They prefer a punch to the lash of a critical tongue.

"Perhaps we're wrong urging young men to get out and fight. We don't know how hard they are hit. We aren't able to appreciate how they might feel when a heavy arm is buried to the hilt in their body.

"I'm minded of our Bob Nestell who debates in his mind now whether it is worth while to make a ring comeback. It isn't that Bob lacks courage for all of us know that he got off the floor to win most of his fights. He'd wipe off the blood from his cut eyes and win in spite of every handicap. But Bob doesn't like to fight. And he knows what it feels like to be hit better than the rest of us. Mayhap all the money there is isn't worth the price the fighter must pay.

"The sad lad whose luck it was to deal the fatal blows to Page is one of the many fighting Zivic brothers, all fine, manly chaps, in and out of the ring. Eddie Zivic has always been a terrific puncher. Ritchie Fontaine, who defeated Jackie Wilson recently, was knocked down three times by this Eddie. 'I never knew what a punch was until Zivic hit me,' Fontaine says.

"Think of what it must be like to have Joe Louis hit you. Yet, I've often heard white collar guys laugh: 'I'd let Louis and Schmeling both take a whack at me for what they earn in the ring.' "

SHORT SHOTS: Dolph Thomas has a nice looking young fighter under his wing named Dick Foster . . . . the Bay City kid is being groomed for main events . . . . one of the top managers and seconds on the Coast for the past twenty-five years, Thomas has a legion of friends who wish him all the luck in the world . . . . he's ACES . . . . Joey Alcanter, the "Dust Bowl" Kid from Kansas City, and Wally Hally fought a ten-round thriller to a draw at Hollywood Legion Stadium before a sellout . . . . Eddie Simms, big Cleveland Slav, punched out a well earned decision over Tom Beaupre, the big Texas ranger, at Suey Welch's Olympic Auditorium . . . . the show did $5,600 gross, which is good dough for a pair of outsiders . . . . Welch plans to stage an outdoor show at Wrigley Field during October featuring three ten-round matches . . . . Joe Levy gave the fans a great card at Gilmore Stadium . . . . Pedro Montanez, the Tornado from Puerto Rico, finished Wesley Ramey in a hurry in the first heat . . . . I still like Henry Armstrong if Pedro and Homicide Hank ever meet . . . . Armstrong doesn't know what back-up means.

Alberto Lovell whipped Red Burnam and Ritchie Fontaine, on the short end of two to one betting, handed Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh a trimming in ten . . . . Levy plans to go back with another Gilmore show during October . . . . J. J. Cutrone, New York iceman, brought to the Coast by Good Time Charley Friedman, looked like the answer to a promoter's prayer for a white hope when he flattened Sailor Aune, a tough hombre, in one round at Hollywood . . . . Cutrone looks like a comer . . . . he is fast for a heavyweight, and packs dynamite in both gloves . . . . In his California debut at Hollywood, Ken Overlin sparkled in winning over Young Stuhley of Kewanee, Ill., in a fast encounter . . . . the crack Washington, D. C., middleweight received plenty of nice comments from the press . . . . Glen Lee, the Nebraska wildcat, who whipped Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Janazzo as a welterweight, will do all his boxing in the future as a middleweight, Manager Joey Greenberg announces . . . . There is some talk of Lee boxing Freddie Steele in Los Angeles this Fall.

Frank A. Garbutt, who used to be the first over the ropes to shake hands with Fidel LaBarba when the Italian fought, is the new manager of Big George Godfrey . . . . "If I had Godfrey ten years ago I'd have made him a world's champion and he can still whip three fourths of the big fellows now," says the millionaire-business leader of Southern California.

Garbutt's interests in the past have been mainly with amateur boxers . . . . LaBarba and Jackie Fields were direct products of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, which Garbutt owns . . . . He can talk for hours about them . . . . Both became world's champions . . . . Garbutt has taken an interest in Godfrey out of a clear sky . . . . Owner of athletic clubs, health resorts and buildings in the heart of Los Angeles worth millions, Garbutt is experimenting.

When in shape, Hank Hankinson is a good fighter, but he is a play boy . . . . no one, not even Shang Welch, knows when Hank will show up for a fight in condition . . . . when in shape, Hankinson looks like a champion . . . . he was hot twice when he beat Maxie Rosenbloom and also when he scored a quick K.O. over Charley Retzlaff, the big Minnesota farmer.

There is some talk that Joe Waterman will replace Tony Palazolo as matchmaker at Dreamland arena in San Francisco . . . . Bobby Evans is the new mitt maestro at the Civic Auditorium in Frisco . . . . The rejuvenation of Ritchie Fontaine, who looked great beating Jackie Wilson, is an experiment of Bud Taylor, who was world's champion at one time and will be the world's favorite for all time . . . . Taylor has put Fontaine on the main line track to success in the few weeks he has become his custodian, teacher and manager . . . . One of the greatest sights at Willie Orner's gymnasium in Los Angeles is to see Taylor, now nearly 100 pounds heavier than he should be, get in the ring with the Montana coal miner and teach him the code that once put him in the "Hall of Fame."

The fastest and best flyweight since LaBarba," says Harvey Pettit, boxing manager of Los Angeles, after he saw Jackie Jurich in action in San Jose (This writer's old home town) . . . . Pettit says the Slavish kid has everything and plans to book him in Southern California during October . . . . Many fight men in Los Angeles believe Big Boy Bray would beat Lovell if they ever fight because he is quick on the trigger . . . . Bray, 19-years old Los Angeles Negro, shoots a left hook that seems as fast as that of Joe Louis.

To Eddie Simms of Cleveland falls the distinction of having knocked out SEVEN MEN with one blow when he put Phil Brubaker to sleep in 77 seconds at Hollywood.

Brubaker's purse was cut up like a patchwork quilt; no less than six gents had a "piece" of his earnings, with roseate dreams of the future. When Simms uncorked that mighty right hand and rocked the Dinuba Bible student to sleep, he shattered their fond hopes.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Walsenburg, Colo.—The "Showboat" McQuillan-Young Joe Louis battle was declared "no contest" in the seventh round by Referee John Shosky when McQuillan, angered at Shosky's warning to cease rule infractions, struck the arbiter. The state boxing commission decided to let Mr. McQuillan take a six months vacation as punishment for his ill temper. In the semi-windup, Cyclone Lynch, Walsenburg heavyweight, knocked out Al Taylor of Portland, Ore., in the fourth session of a scheduled eight rounder.

At San Luis, Colo.—Eppie Herrera, San Luis welterweight, scored a one round kayo over the veteran Chato Gonzales of Albuquerque, N. M. Gonzales was badly outclassed. The show was stolen by little Larry Cisneros, Questa, N. M., lightweight, who scored a big upset by knocking out the highly touted Teles Vigil, Walsenburg 135 pounder, in two one-sided rounds. Vigil was down three times for long counts before Referee McNiel halted the slaughter. Incidentally, it was Cisneros' professional debut.

At Denver, Colo.—Sammy Christian, fast-stepping Arizona Negro, ran into a tartar when he collided with chunky Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich. Christian, a prime favorite with Denver fandom, was soundly beaten in seven of the ten heats, suffering three solid knockdowns in the course of the evening, and barely lasting it out to the end. The show was a financial flop as only $909 was dropped in the till.

At Santa Rita, N. M.—Babe Colima shaded Pete Regal of Borge, Texas, in a savage ten-round mill. Regal was down twice during the fight and barely finished. The pair are welterweights. Verlin Jenkins, El Paso, Tex., lightweight, defeated Billy Firpo of Wagon Mound, N. M., in a gruelling eight-round scrap.

At Denver, Colo.—The Alabama Kid, Columbus, O., lost a heart-breaker to Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich. The Kid, after having apparently won with something to spare, saw Referee Dan Darnell decide the other way. This one sent the fans off talking to themselves. Simmons will have to do it all over again to convince Denver fandom that he was entitled to the award. Personally, I thought the Kid won convincingly. The pair are middleweights.

In another middleweight mill, the veteran Sammy Slaughter and Sammy Christian did a buck-and-wing for eight solid rounds. This one was a terrible fizzle, and would have justified both participants being tossed out on their ear. Slaughter got the nod.

Right now the fight game is looking up out here in the land of the snow-tinted Rockies, but a lack of pugilistic talent is a drawback. Any boy who can and will fight without asking for a deed to the Denver mint, can get work out this way. Not much to offer unknown kids or washed up old vets, but if you've got something on the ball, this isn't a bad pond in which to drop your hook.

The writer has a complete list of active promoters out this way that he will be glad to forward to anybody anywhere upon receipt of a two-bit piece.

Address all inquiries to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

Joe Myers, El Paso, Texas. Yes, Dick Griffin was a top-flight bantie back around the 1919 era. He's one of the leading promoters in your state right now. His headquarters is at Dallas, if I'm not mistaken.

Bobby Waugh beat Bat Nelson over the twenty-round route in their fight at Juarez, Mexico, D. F. Nelson was only a shadow of his former self.

At Fort Collins, Colo.—Joe Armendorg, Fort Collins middleweight, knocked out Johnny Jackson of Salt Lake City in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round battle. Jackson was outclassed all the way.

At Greeley, Colo.—John Petry, Pueblo's entry in the heavyweight division, scored something of an upset in flattening Al Taylor, 200-pound Portland, Ore., Negro. Taylor took an unmerciful lacing before passing out of the picture in the sixth heat.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

PATSY PERRONI defeated Jack Trammell, of Youngstown, in ten rounds to open the season of professional boxing in Cleveland. Mike Gamiere stopped Wesley Martin, of Akron, in seven heats.

Gamiere's winning streak was stopped when Charley Baxter, of Pittsburgh, dropped a left hook over Mike's chin. Johnny Risko, who refereed the bout, had Mike off balance when he was hit. He stayed down until the count of ten.

Young Oscar Gardner and Red Lyons stole the show again at the Euclid Arena with Young Gardner getting the duke after eight rounds. George Sutka defeated Henry Palmeri on the Stadium card where they boxed the semi-final to the Perroni-Trammell bout. Palmeri seemed very sluggish after the first three rounds.

It is true that the boxing game will be the best around Cleveland for a good many years, because with promoters like Walter Taylor at the Stadium, Charley Fox and Jimmy Katz at Euclid running regular, with Al Sutphin building a new hockey arena which he is to use for boxing and wrestling, there should be plenty of work around here.

Lou Raymond, who needs no introduction, is in Cleveland where he intends to stay for a while. When Lou intends to stay in a town, you can bet your Sunday hat that he will promote, and as everyone knows, when Mr. Raymond puts on a show, he can get talent that no one else can.

Harold Dettman won his first start on the Coast by defeating Bobby Yannes in eight rounds. Dettman was turned over to Jimmy Dunn by Buddy Ayres, who taught the kid from a baby. Incidentally, Dunn is a brother-in-law to Ayres. Eddie Simms also won his first start on the Coast by stopping Phil Brubaker in short order.

Frankie Wallace stole the hearts of the Puerto Ricans when he went ten close rounds with Pedro Montanez. Montanez received the duke, but the natives did not like it. They thought so much of Wallace he was forced back into the ring for another bow.

Other results at the Stadium and Euclid are as follows: Ted Keating, Toronto, Canada, easily defeated Joe Malinky in six; Dick Miller put the snore on Tony DeMarco in one; Al Lombardi defeated Young Terry of Akron in four; Hank Pershing defeated Emery Morgan in six; Jack Patton defeated Frank Ripper in six slow rounds.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Lee Sheppard lost to George Dixon and Johnny Sheppard drew with Harry Booker at Chicago; Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight champion, is running for Councilman; Pittsburgh and Ashtabula are after the Gardner-Lyons fight; Eddie Moran came back to town after a campaign in other cities.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

SAVANNAH, Ga., is the ideal location for a title match between Norment Quailes of Hendersonville, N. C., and Chino Alvarez of Tampa, Fla. The mythical lightweight diadem will prevail. The bout, which should draw around 10,000 fans, is promised for some time this month. To date Quailes has two wins over Chino but with Savannah as the stamping grounds we predict an easy win for Chino.

It is a fitting occasion that Ben Brown, of Atlanta, has entered THE RING ratings. We know that some day Ben will be "there," but little did we dream that the 20 years old lad was going to do it so soon. In taking the measure of Texas Joe Dundee at Georgia's capital city, Ben did something that no other middleweight could do . . . . break the Texan's winning streak. Dundee showed undaunted courage in rising from the canvas three times and into two fists which worked with the precision of piston rods.

Will the "white hope" that flashes across the fistic horizon to dethrone Joe Louis from his lofty pedestal be from the South. Will he come from the cotton fields of Georgia, from the fruit state of Florida, from the cigarette land of North Carolina, the textile state of South Carolina or the other states below the Mason and Dixon line. Ambitious promoters and managers the country over are scouring the woods for talent. A million dollars await the "white hope" that takes Louis in tow.

Your scribe has been appointed southern representative of a northern syndicate to scout for "him" and if you know of any one wishing to become a "white hope" please mention the above to him. Boys that seem to have the goods will be sent to New York for handling. However, boys of all weights are welcome. Please be sure to state in your first letter a complete description of yourself. Also send photos, news clippings, etc. Address all mail to me at Post Office Box 1396, Savannah, Ga.

Bouts of the past month:

The results of the following encounters are brought to you in collaboration with Tom Ephrem of Jacksonville, Fla.: Jimmy DeWitt scored over Bobby Holland in 10 cantos at Jacksonville . . . . Carl Sivers continued his winning streak by soundly trimming Sonny Yates on the same card . . . . Bobby Lyons, former amateur five medal champion, decisioned Billy McEchin, while Rix McEchin and Jimmy Powell fought a draw . . . . Chino Alvarez flattened Tony Meola at Philadelphia . . . . Chino also stopped Gino Salvatore in the same city. This makes three kayoes in as many fights at Philly that Chino has administered.

At New York City: Carl Guggino defeated Jimmy Fantini of New York . . . . Leon Grealish K.O.'d Jimmy Powell in seven at Jacksonville. On the supporting card, Rex McEchin K.O.'d Kid Zarmanski and Billy McEchin lost a tough fight to Tex Hawassee . . . . At Baltimore, George Moye of Jacksonville scored over Mel Deshon. Moye is being handled by Gilbert Sobel and is also a stablemate of lanky Ray Boree.

George Romanoff, former middleweight wrestling champion, is promoting "rassling" at Jacksonville while Jimmy Murdock is taking care of boxing . . . . At Washington, D. C., Freddie Steele stopped Hobo Williams in the eighth round via the technical knockout route . . . . Al Mancini of Providence, R. I., stopped Eddie Bowling of Jacksonville, at New York . . . . At Morehead City, N. C., Ray Matulewicz, 172, Mt. Carmel, Pa., knocked out Hunter Crostic, 165, Richmond, Va., (5); Red Lewis, 167, Durham, N. C., knocked out Lee Huggins, 165, Fort Bragg, N. C., (4); Sergt. Jim Lucas, 165, Fort Bragg, N. C., decisioned Jim Johnson, 183, Winston-Salem, (6).

Natie Brown, 199, Washington, D. C., outpointed Tony Shucco at Boston (10) . . . . Young Corbett III defeated Joe Smallwood, 161, Wilmington, Del., at Oakland, Calif. . . . . Tommy Mollis, 139, Baltimore, outpointed Bill Lancaster, 146, Spokane, Wash., (6), at New York . . . . Eddie Hogan, 224, Philadelphia, knocked out Buck Everett, Washington (1), at Washington, D. C. . . . . At Jersey City, Snag Trowbridge, 137, Miami, lost to Pete De Ruzzi, 138 . . . . B. E. "Tanks" Grantham, the man that first discovered Con Griffin when the latter was at his best, is promoting the South Georgia Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament at Albany, Ga.

Lorenzo Pack, Detroit Negro, scored a two-round knockout over Joe Tipps of Ty Ty, Ga. Tipps was formerly in the Jack Dempsey stable . . . . Junior Munsell, 183, Dayton, Ohio, outpointed Tiger Hairston, 184, Charleston, W. Va. (10), at Dayton, Ohio . . . . Loree Wilson, star 210 pounder, of Savannah, Ga., participated in three bouts during the month and won all of them by the knockout route . . . . Marty Gallagher, heavyweight, of Washington, D. C., is Joe Louis' chief sparring partner for the latter's bout with Tommy Farr of England . . . . Hal Wright, fight impresario of Gottlieb's Service Station at Savannah, is anxious to hear from promising talent for his fight cards.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE long listed feudal fiestas between Joe Mueller and Nate Bartell, Cincinnati heavyweights, was tabled for the third time, with Mueller standing on the edge with two close victories.

Mueller whipped Don King, Indianapolis Negro, for four heats, before the referee stepped in and gave Mueller the scrap on a technical kayo. While Mueller was whipping his previous conqueror, Bartell stepped right back into the photo with a six-round pasting given to the highly touted Don Koons and a knockout over Scotty Fuller of Indianapolis.

Mueller stepped out with a defi to the cream heavyweights and Herman Katz was all set to bring in one of the top ten for the Camp Washington string bean when Bartell and his manager, Fred Batsche, assumed the air of the well-known run around and together with popular demands, Katz paired the two for a third meeting.

THE RING, with the writer being interviewed by Red Thornburgh, WCPO sports commentator, was given a tremendous boost over the Cincinnati *Post* radio station. Thornburgh brought out chiefly the interest THE RING has given throughout the years of the depression and also highlighted the fact that THE RING and its editor, Nat Fleischer, has brought about much good will between American fans, promoters and athletes with those of foreign lands. The interview made a clicking hit, according to reports I later received.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Freddie Miller's nontitle victory over Petey Sarron at Johannesburg the past month again sent the Cincinnati featherweight rating high among the leaders . . . . Archie Hindman's crack Indiana middleweight champion, Wendall Bubp, was given several plus on WCPO sports programs of late . . . . Bubp recently went east and after showing his wares off for some of the big timers, Jack Dempsey took some interest in the Hoosier puncher, who is a mighty close edition of Jack Dillon, the other Indiana leather tosser of some years back . . . . Harold Walker, former publicity director, is in the race for justice of peace at Newport, Ky. . . . . will it be Judge Walker?

After the fights at the Parkway Arena and Music Hall, most all of the fight fans take in either "Mutz" Marringer's Race Street cafe or else Bill Schieve's Wooden Shoe palace on Vine Street . . . . Both are meccas for the fight followers . . . . Jimmy Sullivan, former scrapper, has entered his name in the Cincinnati council race . . . . Sully has the twenty-first ward high, wide, and handsome . . . . tip . . . . Northern Kentucky's leading fight fan . . . . Dick Frazer from Nick's Club in Latonia, Ky. . . . . Nixson Denton's air column over WLW is a popular program around these parts . . . . Nix's stuff is original and you can't beat that type . . . . Jim Holmes, Milford promoter, is still dickering for a few more summer fight cards . . . . Billy Saffin is packing them in every week at his suburban arena in Mount Washington . . . . Jack (Pop) Davis, former fight manager and promoter, is serving soft drinks locally . . . . Johnny Stevens continues to give Freddy Miller stiff competition for out of town scrapping . . . . Johnny is a big card down around St. Louis . . . . They are after Henry Armstrong and the other leaders . . . . So says Pilot Bob Bonner . . . . Let's take our hats off to a real hustling promoter . . . . little Harry Hester out at Lockland, Ohio . . . . Harry took it on the chin with rain two times of his first three and is still trying to get a decent break . . . . Hester is one that never gives up and he'll be rewarded if he just sticks to his guns . . . . On one of his recent shows at the valley spot, Herb Gilmore and George Hahm went to a draw in eight of the hardest fought rounds I've seen around here in moons . . . . with Whitey Clark doing the third man job, Promoter Hester has capable handling in the ring for his matches . . . . Dick Detrick has his Indiana bantamweight champion, Frankie Jarr, challenging the world at 118 pounds.

Dayton's much looked for heavyweight "natural" turned out to be a big surprise when the veteran Joe Sekyra, in the midst of a comeback, turned back the much heralded Buddy Knox over the ten-round route. The bout was staged before a capacity crowd.

Charlie Baxter, the former Pittsburgh junior welter, now fighting under the Joe Basco colors out of Barberton, Ohio, is becoming quite a drawing card in and around Cleveland where Baxter is undefeated at this writing. Lloyd Pine, Basco's featherweight ace, is about ready to hop back at the leaders after a short illness.

Dick Detrick, long connected in the fight game in and around Fort Wayne, Indiana, has taken over a group of the leading Hoosier scrappers. Dick is heading his stable with Frankie Jarr, the bantamweight champion of Indiana, who is booming them around at 123 pounds at the present time.

Detrick paid a visit to the writer recently and he and Jarr are gunning for a shot at Young Rightmire either in Chicago, Cincinnati, Akron or Cleveland. Promoters in these various cities are "hot" for the scrap.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ARTURO GODOY, the Chilean Clouter, and Roscoe Toles, Detroit's colored heavy, topped Scotty Monteith's card at the University of Detroit Stadium, and at the conclusion of ten rather dull rounds, Referee Johnny Wirth called the bout a draw. The bout was nothing like their first encounter, in which Toles was awarded the verdict after a torrid battle.

Dusky Dave Clark, Detroit light-heavy, who is just about the slickest 175 pounder in the business, had things all his own way in the semi-final with Dominick Ceccarelli. It was Ceccarelli's first defeat in this section, he previously having beaten George Sutka and Stan Evans, and stopped Billy Bommer. Had the bout been a ten rounder, the Italian ace might have had a better chance, but in six Clark is plenty tough to beat.

Carlo Vincequerra, former star amateur from Omaha, stopped Ike Ash, Detroit's battling milkman, in five rounds, after dropping Ike twice. Vic Zywicki turned in a swell performance in stopping Dave Karp, after Karp had dropped him in the second round. Vic got up off the floor to fell Karp four times in the next round to necessitate halting the fight.

George Sutka stopped Jack Vaccerelli, New York, and Bobby Milsap, Dayton, kayoed Billy Barger, Cleveland, in one round.

Bobby McIntire did well in his Portland, Maine, appearance, administering a sound shellacking to Flash Dutil, crafty lightie from Lewiston, Me. Dutil gave Bobby plenty of trouble in the early rounds, but Bobby caught up with the flashy Dutil in the closing stages, and had Dutil on the verge of a knockout when the final bell rang.

Speedy Johnson, colored lightweight from Pontiac, has been doing well, stopping Stanley Porada his last time out. Another lightie going swell is Pat Thomas, Detroit Irish boy, who trimmed Vince McCoy and stopped Walter Darze.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Rocky Glen Bowl . . . . The only club in the coal region running outdoor boxing shows held two shows the past month. In the featured bout of the first show, Jimmy Young, Italian light-heavyweight from Dunmore, outpointed Jackie Carter, of Philadelphia, in a return engagement of eight rounds. In the other eight-round bout, Joe Orlosky, of Carbondale, surprised the entire fight crowd by his easy eight-round victory over Jackie Munley of Old Forge. In the other bouts, Johnny Yako, of Sworesville, beat Pat Henihan of Scranton; Gene McCaulligan, of Scranton, drew with Paulie Griffiths of Mayfield; Tom Callahan of Taylor decisioned George Chip, of Wilkes Barre, while Mike Metro, of Olyphant, kayoed Tommy Scavo of Old Forge.

In another show at the Glen Bowl, Irish Eddie Brink, of Scranton, kayoed Buckey Keyes of Jersey City in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round wind-up. Keyes was no match for the fast Scrantonian, who has been boxing the best in the lightweight division. In the scheduled six-round semi-final, Tom Callahan, fast rising heavyweight from Taylor, added Al Baker, from Paterson, to his long list of kayo victims by stopping him in the first round. In the other bouts: Gene McCaulligan, of Scranton, beat Paul Griffiths, of Mayfield, in six rounds; Len De Andrea, of Dunmore, beat Mickey Metro, of Olyphant, in six rounds; in the four-round opener, Willie Hoppe of Exeter beat Tommy McHale of Avoca.

JUST RAMBLING — Eddie McGeever, of Scranton, beat Jimmy Fantini in ten rounds at the Bronx Coliseum . . . . Mike Latzo, former manager of his brother Pete, who was welterweight champion of the world, has a great stable of fighters, ranging from flyweight to heavyweight. Promoters would do well to contact him, by writing Boxing Enterprises, Scranton, Pa. . . . . George Marshall, former Scrantonian, who now makes New York his headquarters, was in town trying to "rent" one of the two local promoter's license to hold a Lou Ambers-Eddie McGeever bout at the local ball park. A show of this kind would draw a five grand gate . . . . Any fighters wanting to show in the Coal Fields this winter should contact Mike Latzo, or the writer of this column at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Wildcat O'Connor, the best drawing card in the Coal Fields, is still suspended in this state. A tough break for the promoters . . . . When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Specs Book Shop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

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BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

BOXING is in full swing at present in Lima. There is a fairly good number of imported blood now actuating at the Manco Capac Stadium in charge of Mr. Ruggerro de Santis, the premier promoter here. Augusto Martens, Peruvian star professional, won the National Lightweight Silver Belt in a 15-round contest against Roberto Carrillo. There was a big attendance, and the fans were all satisfied with the results of the different items of the program. Martens, in the opinion of the judges, won the decision by a wide margin.

Simon Guerra, Chilean welterweight star and, in fact, South American title-holder in the lightweight division, arrived here from Valparaiso a few weeks ago. He is accompanied by his manager, Hector Rodriguez. They were the object of a big ovation by the Lima fans on the occasion of their presentation to the public last week. Guerra is to fight the swift-footed Carabantes, also a Chilean. Other arrivals are Carlos Abate and Jose Gularte from Uruguay.

The program presented by Ruggerro de Santis was very interesting. The preliminaries were first class, but the star bout between the Uruguayan performer, Carlos Abate, and Victorino Andrade was rather one-sided. Abate sent Andrade to the floor with the first blow he landed for nine counts, and continued punishing the Chilean heavily in the second stanza, when Andrade started to butt and to run. In the third round, a smashing left from the Oriental again made the Chilean kiss the canvas. The referee counted the fatal ten seconds, and was on the point of declaring Abate the winner by a knockout, when Andrade, who had succeeded in getting on his legs just the fraction of a second after the tenth count, rushed at his contender and started hitting and butting. Abate was knocked down as a result of a severe head blow followed by a right hook. He was semi-conscious, was counted "out," and took a long time to come to again. Owing to the disgust shown by the crowd in connection with this particular bout, a return scrap is being arranged.

A capacity crowd turned out to witness the scrap between Simon Guerra, Chilean lightweight champion, and Raul Carabantes, popular Chilean welterweight, both of whom are at present on a visit to Lima. Carabantes did not put up a good fight, and was hissed at by the crowd, while Guerra gained much applause after the bout for his bravery, pluck and aggressiveness all through the scuffle. The jury gave a draw decision.

The Chilean light-heavyweight, Victorino Andrade, proved that he was the better man in the return bout fought between himself and Carlos Abate of Montevideo. In their first match the decision was a very one-sided affair, there being a good deal of doubt as to who was the real winner. In the bout under consideration, the Uruguayan made a very poor showing, was outclassed and knocked out in the second stanza. The semi-finals on this card were good: Luis Marfurt gave Cabro Sánchez a good hiding during an eight-rounder, and took home the decision, while Herminio Zuñiga was severely trounced by Arturo Padilla, who used him as a punching bag all through the scheduled eight rounds. These two hectic battles kept the fans on their feet most of the time.

A very fine dish was served up at the Manco Capac Pit when the fans enjoyed every bit of it. They went home highly pleased for Baby de la Paz, Cuban champion, and Simon Guerra, Chilean lightweight star, did justice to the confidence placed in them. Simon Guerra, it will be remembered, scored some very important victories over such men as José Uzabeaga, Eduardo Vargas and Suarez Franco in 1934, and owing to the fact that he is a very hard hitter, having kayoed a few of his sparring partners during his preparation for the fight, the fans had expected to see Baby de la Paz on the canvas. However, the contrary was the case, for Guerra was floored twice by the Cuban king, who won the fight by a very wide margin and gained the applause of the crowd. The Chilean showed great punching ability.

Cachorin Carrasco and Antonio Huanalaya fought a return bout on the Baby de la Paz-Guerra card. This was a very fast battle, and both boys displayed some good talent, but without convincing the jury, who gave a draw verdict.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By BERT COHEN

ANOTHER good win for Robey Leibbrandt, South Africa's latest heavyweight hope, and Laurie Stevens's first fight since the Sarron setback, were the fistic highlights during the last month. There has also been widespread wrestling activity, Ben Sherman, Abe Morris, Hank Oswald and Paul Lortie being the main attractions at the moment.

A quick victory marked Stevens's return to the ring, when the Empire champion clashed with Len Delaport, a young welterweight of considerable promise, at the City Hall, Johannesburg. After a slow first round, Stevens tore into his opponent at the start of the second and drove him around the ring with a furious body attack, before dropping him for a count of nine. Shortly after, the referee intervened and awarded the fight to Stevens on a t.k.o. Weights: Stevens, 9 st. 12; Delaport, 10 st. 6.

The windup to the program on which Stevens figured, was a thrilling heavyweight battle between undefeated Robey Leibbrandt and Tom Porter, a sturdy local heavyweight. The pair had met before, Robey having won a narrow points decision. On this occasion both men showed considerable improvement on their previous form and fought for six rounds at a slashing pace. The fight had an exciting climax when, in the seventh round, Leibbrandt, who was gradually assuming the mastery, suddenly crashed Porter to the boards for the full count with a body punch loaded with dynamite. It was a great fight and provided a fitting close to a splendid card promoted by the Union Sporting Club. Weights: Leibbrandt, 13 st. 3; Porter, 13 st. 3.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JIMMY LANCASTER, New York featherweight, battled ten hard rounds with Fillo Echeverria of Spain. Fillo was awarded the decision, but a draw could have been the verdict. Lancaster had Fillo going a plenty for the first five rounds, and his style of milling met with favor. Lancaster will probably be seen in action here soon against Conrad Conde.

Ramon Rebollar outpointed Chocolate Pinareno in ten rounds of hard milling, and Manolo Gomez beat Guajiro Salvage in four.

Ventura Arana, of Mexico, beat Kid Calixto in ten rounds at the Cristal Arena. Calixto has been out of the ring for a while and was not quite in shape.

Tomas Avia, Cuban scrapper, outboxed and outslugged Flores of Mexico. Avia is a promising youngster. Zurdo Torres beat Selma, and Julio Recio won over Baby Chichi. Juan Perez defeated Guajiro Salvaje.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

MAURICE STRICKLAND, the New Zealand heavyweight champion, gave a good display of boxing and hitting when he beat Gunnar Barlund, of Finland, in the seventh of a ten rounder, when Referee Percy Moss disqualified the Finn for persistent holding after many cautions.

Peter Kane was given a hard bout by the veteran, Petit Biquet, of Belgium, in another bout scheduled for 10 rounds, which ended abruptly in the ninth when Biquet put his hands to his eyes and cried out "my eyes," and was forced to retire, leaving Kane the winner. Had the contest gone the distance the little Golbourne lad would certainly have won on points.

Frank Hough gave weight and a beating to Charlie Bundy of Wales when the latter was forced to retire at the end of the fifth after a gruelling contest.

In a six rounder, Johnny Ward, of Ireland, and Tommy Williams fought very hard throughout with a draw as the result. In the other four rounder, Boy Watson drew with Jeff Smith after a good bout.

Young Chocolate, bantam and featherweight champion of Jamaica, fought a game fight against Leo Lee, of Canning Town, for 10 rounds before losing on points at Cricklewood. The Jamaican was knocked down eight times in the last two rounds, but lasted the distance.

Other results were: Benny Caplan outpointed Robert Disch over 10 rounds, and Len Rowlands knocked out Jim McKenzie in the sixth of a 12 rounder.

George Markwick, the young Cuckfield heavyweight, scored his fifth K.O. win when he K.O.'ed the seasoned Arthur Novell in the first of a six rounder with a hard right under the heart at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Tiny Bostock, the Leek flyweight, making his first appearance in his own home town, won a clear points victory over Gaston Vandenbos, flyweight champion of Belgium in a 10 rounder before a crowd of 6,000 fans.

George Bunter, of West Hartlepool, gained a points victory over Billy Graham at the end of 10 rounds at West Hartlepool.

Alby Day defeated Leo Phillips at the Mile End Arena after a good contest over 10 rounds.

Charlie Curry gave weight and a beating to clever Ike Pratt at West Hartlepool in a 10 rounder.

Peter Miller was hard put to it to secure a points victory over Joe Collins, of Sunderland, at the end of 12 rounds at Sunderland.

Tom Smith and Ginger Lawson furnished a great 10 rounder at North Shields before Smith was declared the winner.

Len Beynon was a good winner over George Marsden of Nottingham at the end of their 10 rounder at Kettering.

In the other bout, Bill Hardy carried too hard a punch for Johnny Summers, of Leeds, who failed to beat the count in the third.

In the return encounter between Tommy Henderson, the cruiserweight champion of Scotland, and Bushman Dempster, the former confirmed a previous win at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, after a good hard hitting contest of 10 rounds.

Jimmy Vaughan, the Becontree lightweight, had to win his bout against George Kelly, lightweight champion of Ireland, twice before he was declared the winner.

In the first of their 10 rounder, a left to the mark put Kelly down and amid great excitement, he was still down when the timekeeper reached 10, but the referee waved them to box on when Kelly rose at that moment.

The latter put up a stubborn defense, and was very game when a right to the solar plexus in the seventh put him down beyond all doubt for the full count.

In another 10-round bout, Chuck Conway stopped George Massey, who was forced to retire at the end of the eighth after taking several counts and was in a bad way.

My old friend, Gerald Egan, the County Cork promoter, soon got busy in his home town on his return from U. S. A. and staged an Ulster versus Free State boxing show in Cork in which Mossy Condon, Irish welterweight champion, was lucky to receive the decision over Patsy Quinn.

Jack Linehan easily disposed of Ginger Leckey of Belfast in the second, and Paddy Roche defeated Alf Taylor, of Manchester, in the seventh of a 10 rounder.

Gustav Eder, of Berlin, scored a good win over Nelson Charlier in a 10 rounder at Berlin.

Willie Pursch, the young Berlin heavyweight, will soon be a big noise among heavies if his win over Curt Jost is any criterion. This bout was fought in Berlin over 10 rounds.

Jim McStravick, the Irish challenger to Jim Warnock's title, easily defeated Pat Palmer in a 10 rounder at an open air show at Belfast.

I concluded arrangements for the British lightweight champion, Jimmy Walsh, to leave for Johannesburg, South Africa, to meet Laurie Stevens for the British Empire lightweight title.

Walsh will also meet Freddie Miller and Pete Sarron during his stay in South Africa.

In an open air show at Ipswich, Harry Rowles was forced to retire in the fourth of a 10-round bout against Bill Hardy after a hectic battle.

Billy Bird showed some of his old form in outpointing Len Wickwar over 12 rounds, and Chuck Robinson outpointed Dave James over 12 rounds.

Battling Hayes showed class to beat clever Johnny Peters over 10 rounds at the Merry Fiddlers, Becontree.

Jack Gubbins, with the fight well in hand, struck his opponent, Fred Morris, whilst the latter was down in the fifth round, and was ruled out amid great excitement, at the Mile End Arena.

On the same card, Dave Keller boxed well to stop Pat Warburton, of Wales, in the seventh of a 10 rounder, when the latter retired.

George Morgan had to pull out all he had to defeat Pancho Ford over 12 rounds at Barged.

Nobby Baker defeated Tommy Dowlais in a spirited contest of 12 rounds at Pontenewydd.

Tommy White and Billy Griffiths fought a great fight over 10 rounds before the former was declared the winner, at Caerphilly.

In one of the best heavyweight bouts seen in Scotland for years, Manuel Abrew, the colored Edinburgh heavy, stopped Joe Zeman, of Cleveland, U. S. A., in the eighth of a 12-round bout at Glasgow. Although Zeman put up a game defense, he suffered a badly cut eye and his seconds threw in the towel.

Frank Bonsor scored a four-round K.O. over Reg Cartwright in a hard hitting bout at Wellinborough.

Larry Gains, ex-Empire heavyweight champion, clearly outpointed Harry Staal, of Holland, in 12 rounds at Llannelly.

After a long layoff, the British welterweight champion, Jake Kilrain, made a welcome return to the ring, and won over Frank Erne of Glasgow by a narrow margin over 12 rounds at Glasgow.

In the supporter, Lefty "Satan" Flynn, of Jamaica, K.O.'ed Jim Cameron, of Glasgow, in the sixth of a 10-round bout.

Mick Carney put up a game fight against the hard hitting Jimmy Vaughan in their scheduled 10 rounder at the Merry Fiddlers, Becontree, and retired in the seventh round, leaving Vaughan the winner.

A journey to Ostend, Belgium, to see Ernie Simmons, the British cruiserweight, meet the Belgian champion, Karel Sys, over 10 rounds, was rewarded by a good crowd. After a good bout the local, Sys, was declared the winner on points.

Gustav Roth, the I.B.U. "cruiserweight champion of the world," easily outpointed Emile Olive, of France, in another 10 rounder.

It seems that a natural would be between Roth and Sys in any of Belgium's big cities.

Pat Haley scored a clever win over Chuck Parker after a hard 12-round bout at Shirley.

Eddie Pierce, the South African middleweight, who has just returned from a successful trip to U. S. A. where he has had thirteen bouts and won them all, got off to a good start in Europe when he easily outpointed Bill Hardy of Leicester in a 10 rounder at Tolka Park, Dublin.

Jimmy Walsh, of Chester, lightweight champion of Great Britain, suffered another setback. Phil Zwick, the Wisconsin Flash, was given the decision after 12 hard rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Dave Finn defeated the hard hitting Jack Garrick, of Hull, in the sixth of a 12 rounder when the latter was ruled out for a low blow. The crowd at the Mile End Arena did not take kindly to the decision.

It is with regret that I have to write of the death of that popular Australian cruiserweight, Leo Bandias, who has appeared in some stirring contests in this country. Leo succumbed to injuries received in an automobile accident at Talla Rock, Victoria.

Little Battling Hayes, of Leeds, gave a good performance in boxing a draw with Jimmy Lester, of Dagenham, over 10 rounds, at the Merry Fiddlers open air show at Becontree. Hayes conceded Lester quite a bit of weight.

Leo Phillips, of Birmingham, showed some of his old form in beating Jack Powell, of Sheffield, in a hard-hitting 12-round bout at the Mile End Arena.

Fighting Johnny Ward, from Ireland, kept up a merry tatoo on the face and body of Peter Clayton to force the latter to retire at the end of the seventh of a 10-round bout.

The much improved Johnny Softley, of Poplar, gave another impressive display when he outpointed "Tiger" Bert Ison, of Leicester, in a 12-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jim Wilde came a cropper in his contest with Jack London, of West Hartlepool, at Swansea.

The contest, scheduled for 15 rounds, ended in the third with Wilde on the canvas. The 10,000 fans could not hear the referee and the timekeeper count the usual ten owing to the loud protests for a blow to the body they thought low.

Eddie Pierce gained a points victory over Dai Jones over 12 rounds. In an eight rounder, Ronnie James outpointed Cuthbert Taylor, and Tim Sheehan outpointed Johnny Rust after a good bout.

Elfryn Morris gained a points win over Cyril Johnson at the end of 12 rounds at Smethwick.

Eddie Steele K.O.'ed Max Hodgetts in the third of a 10 rounder at Newport.

Billy McHugh and Tom Smith enhanced their reputations at North Shields when they met over 12 rounds and after a sparkling bout McHugh won on points.

Mickey O'Neil gained a clear victory over Dave Kellar after 12 rounds at Newcastle.

Snowey Edwards and Bill Hardy battled through 10 rounds in the open air at Lowestoft amidst lightning flashes, thunder and rain. The crowd was so interested in this grand slam that they waited to the end when Edwards received the decision.

Len Hampston scored a K.O. over Teddy O'Niel in the fifth of a 12 rounder at the Parkhead Arena, Glasgow. The two Jamaicans, Kid Chocolate and Dodo Williams, received the order of the K.O., the former by Jim Brady in the third of a 12 rounder, and the latter by Jackie Weir, of Glasgow, in 1 minute, 52 seconds of the first round of a scheduled eight rounder.

The biggest show ever staged at Jersey, Channel Islands, took place in the open air at Springfield Grounds and the large crowd saw a great international show.

Alby Day was outspeeded by the Italian lightweight, Aldo Linz, who won a good bout on points after 10 rounds.

The Lowestoft southpaw, Jim Lawlor, defeated Ernole Buratti, of Italy, in the ninth of a 10 rounder when the referee stopped the bout.

Billy "Boy" Watson, of Stepney, won an eight-round bout on points over Robert Crochard, of France; Bob Nichol, of Guernsey, outpointed Henri Duvern, of France, over six rounds; and Billy Lake won on points over "Young" Bronson.

Ernie Roderick proved too clever for the hard hitting Jamaican, Lefty "Satan" Flynn, and scored a points win over 12 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

George Markwick, the Army heavyweight champion, continued his run of K.O. victories when he defeated Ivor Malcolm, of Leigh-on-Sea, in the third of a six rounder at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

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BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

BILL TATE'S sensational defeat was witnessed by only a handful of the fistic faithful. It was the former middleweight champ's first fight since his return from Haiti and Santo Domingo, where he met with much success. Bill took a kayo from Arnaldo Cuevas, hard-punching hombre, who floored him in the first round and polished him off within twenty seconds of the second. Looks like the finish of Bill's ring career.

George Dixon and Pal Silver, promising lightweights, put up a good scrap in the semi-final go. It was their third meeting. Dixon got the decision of the judges, but was rather lucky, and the verdict was not well received by the fans. Baby Walcott, stocky little glove-tosser, earned the decision over Baby Al Brown in a very hard battle. These boys are scheduled to meet again soon. Speedy Beckett and Young Sanchez battled to a six-round deadlock. Tiger Hamilton met his Waterloo in Kid Thomas, and was kayoed in one round. Breezy Boy defeated Kid Charel, decision.

In England, Buzz Barton, one of our promising middleweights, scored a sensational win when he kayoed Dave McCleave in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout. McCleave was a former welterweight champ of England.

Golden Glove shows held by the J. B. B. C. proved successful. The shows are arranged with a view to making selections for the Pan American Olympic Games to be held in Panama in February next. Winners in the various divisions are as follows: Flyweight, Frederick Thompson; bantamweight, M. Kerr; featherweight, C. Campbell; lightweight, C. Cameron; welterweight, J. Fletcher; middleweight, R. Davies; light-heavyweight, H. Lowe.

The standard of boxing was good, but the outstanding prospect was the classy flyweight champ, Frederick Thompson, protege of Mr. Saunders, the man who can spot a good 'un a long way off.

The president of the J. B. B. C., in his address, said they would be selecting a group of those who had done very well. They would encourage them in their training and give them some teaching in the proper methods of amateur boxing, so that by the end of the year they would prove a first-rate team to represent us in Panama. "You are good stuff," he told them, "but you have a lot to learn." He then asked Major Gamble to distribute the medals to the several winners. The president, in asking Major Gamble to do so, said that the Major needed no introduction to the sporting public as he was always ready to cooperate and assist in such efforts.

A touch of color was added by two bouts generously staged by the military (Sherwood Foresters). This was made possible through the kindness of Major Gamble and Captain Cavendish.

The civilians, police and local forces have been invited to contribute teams in the amateur boxing tournament to be conducted in August at camp.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

DONALD "RED" BARRY is now making his home in Springfield. He is in training at the Bijou Gym in Holyoke. Barry can be reached at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Phone 1569-R. The writer is doing his business.

Joe Gelinas of Athol won easily over Vincent Delcurto of Italy in the main bout of ten rounds at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. Jerry Maloni of Springfield fought a ten-round draw with Joe Ricciotti of Boston. Carlo Dapondi won a decision over Sam Tenoe. Alex De Angelo of Worcester won a six-round decision over Gene Emanuel of Boston. Joe Coll of Athol scored a K.O. over Cecil Spivo of Worcester in the first round.

Gene Emanuel of Boston won a decision over Alex De Angelo of Worcester in the top eight-rounder of the Valley Arena card. Buster Carroll of Boston received a draw with Tommy Brouillard of Worcester in another ten, and Lou Lima won over Frankie Campbell in the other eight. Angelo Manna and Norman Cournoyer fought a draw. This was a very hard fight. Chris Delevo of Springfield, who now fights under the name of Paulie Andrews, won over Red Dupre of New Bedford in a four.

Frankie Britt of Fall River knocked out Joe Gelinas of Athol in the third round of a ten-round main bout. Britt's right hand to the jaw in the opening of the round was the deciding blow. Joe up to that time was ahead.

Gene Emanuel of Boston won a ten-round decision over Lou Lima of New Bedford. Eddie Armstrong of Holyoke won over Jimmy Synott of Fall River in a six-rounder. Tommy Burns of Springfield knocked out Billy Cormier of New Bedford in the first round. Joe Coll of Athol knocked out Earl Johnson of Boston.

New Faces

(Continued from page 29)

world's light heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis, in a preliminary fight to the Braddock-Louis heavyweight championship fight in Chicago. Haverlick surprised all hands by battling Feldman to a terrific draw in a fight that made the European invader.

It was his only American start to date, but on what he showed in that tussle, he impressed as a better prospect than Max Schmeling, the Black Uhlan of the Rhine.

* * *

WHO will win the world's lightweight title when Pedro Montanez comes to the center of the ring with Lou Ambers is strictly a matter of speculation with the writer's guess as good as yours. It is that even a tussle.

But should the Pounding Puerto Rican succeed in whipping the Herkimer Hurricane for the prized diadem, then Lew Burston will have Montanez's probable successor in Sammy Julian, late from Greensburg, Pa. fighting now out of New York. Burston manages both.

Born in Greensburg on September 14, 1913, Julian impresses as a fighter you should watch, even to go far back to his amateur days. Hadn't it been for a fractured jaw in an early fight that forced his retirement from the ring for months, Julian may have been further advanced along the road of pugilism.

He excelled in track, football and basketball while attending school in Uniontown, Pa. and missed out on a scholarship, probably to Pittsburgh, because it was essential for the youngster to earn a livelihood for self-support.

* * *

HE started boxing as an amateur when he weighed 76 pounds and in 50 simon-pure tussles, he lost but 4 contests. He won the Cleveland 112 and 118 pounds amateur championships, also won both weight titles in the Pennsylvania Golden Gloves, and won the Allegheny Mountain Association 118 pounds title.

In two fights in successive years for the National titles, he was eliminated by Mike Belloise, present holder of the featherweight title recognized as such by the N. Y. State Boxing Commission, and the following year by a pretty good fighter in Jimmy Martin.

He turned professional and in 18 bouts he lost but 2 fights, one to a fighter whose name he can't recall (it was at the beginning of his career) and the other when he had to retire in the fifth round of a battle when his jaw, fractured in a previous bout with Larry Esposito whom he eventually knocked out in 5 rounds, went on him.

He has beaten boys like Harry Hoffman, Lou Diaz and others, and in his last appearance in Madison Square Garden, he broke the jaw of Charlie Diaz to be returned the winner by knockout in 4 rounds. He is a pretty good puncher to boot.

In all, he bears considerable watching and may succeed Montanez to the title provided of course, the Puerto Rican can win it from Ambers when they clash on the card that will feature 4 world's titular tilts.

Trainer Artie Rose is all het up over his charge and insists that Julian can't miss being among the leaders in a short time.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

PERHAPS the quietest summer in Buffalo's boxing history is the present one. Only one outdoor mêlée has been staged and that was between Irish Eddie Dolan and Vince De Angelo. Dolan won this time, but the gate was far from encouraging.

Jimmy Clark, best drawing card during the winter season, is down in Pittsburgh fighting. He dropped a decision to the Mexican, Johnny Romero, a southpaw. Jimmy is not good against left-handers. Somehow or other he can't seem to fathom this sort of battling.

Rumors are afloat that Promoter Murray of the Queensberry club tried to land Freddie Steele, middleweight champion, to fight Ralph De John of Syracuse at the baseball park. This match would probably draw a good gate, but Syracuse, home town of De John, would do just as well.

Babe Risko, Syracusan, dropped his middleweight title to Steele out on the Pacific Coast, and the champion is well thought of in the Salt City.

Willie K.O. Brennan is doing a swell job as a wrestling referee, but has had no opportunity to crawl through the ropes with the boxers. He will be a splendid boxing official also unless your correspondent is very much mistaken.

Art Johnson, promoter of amateur boxing for the Orioles, who developed such stars as Jimmy Clark, Jackie Donovan, Steve Halaiko, and others from the simon pures, expected to get going with a few open air shows but the summer is slipping away and he has been decidedly inactive. Perhaps Art is waiting to get indoors when the weather cools off.

Young middleweight and heavyweight boxers who have had experience and good records will do well to locate in Buffalo where there is a wonderful opportunity for making big money. Boxers who are free from managerial tieups and contracts will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Roesch Memorial Stadium, now under construction here, will seat around 35,000. It is a wonderful amphitheater and a credit to our city. Tulane and Colgate will play football here on Oct. 16 and a tremendous turnout is expected. The Stadium will be ready for occupancy around Oct. 1st.

Next year boxing will be staged at the big stadium and some outstanding matches should be brought here. The fight game is sure to undergo a healthy boom.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Tony Paul has quit fighting for the summer and is with a road concern . . . . Brother Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. featherweight champion, is working at the Ford plant . . . . So is big Joe Doctor and Mickey Leone . . . . Billy Mitchie has a likely looking heavyweight in George Bird of St. Catharine's . . . . Bird is going to fight under the name of George Burke, as a pro . . . . One of the best fight spots right now is Toronto where the welters are drawing very well . . . . Sorry to see such good fellows as John Burns and Ed Kreckman lose out when the Rochester Journal suspended publication . . . . Hearst's Rochester paper was a good one . . . . Chick Johnson, old-time manager and second, is with the city water department . . . . Red Carr, Jimmy Slattery's former manager, is also employed in the same department . . . . Billy Clore, manager for Jimmy Clark, has opened a new tavern in Lackawanna . . . . The 1937-38 boxing season promises well . . . . New clubs are slated for Buffalo, Jamestown, Erie and Rochester . . . . All we need now is some likely looking fistic talent to get the fans excited again . . . . Buffalo friends of Eddie Mead are glad to see the big fellow get a real break with Henry Armstrong, the Negro wizard . . . . Eddie used to come to town real often when he was in Cleveland.

Promoter Jack Herman staged the George-O'Mahoney wrestling match at the Auditorium and drew a good gate. The match ended in a draw.

Mr. Herman is getting ready for next season and expects to have the "beeg" fellows performing every Friday night. Herman will also book about 40 matmen out of this city.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

AFTER an absence of about two and a half months, amateur boxing opened up with a "natural" top bout and a good supporting card. The fight drew a capacity house of 2,200 people, with a gate of $1,700.

The card was promoted by the Rochester Hobart club, which is made up of Hobart College (Geneva) alumni, with the proceeds ($600) donated to a deserving Rochester boy wishing to go to Hobart. The gate would have been bigger if a better night could be had. Many sport fans wanted to pay tribute to Tony Kaufman on Kaufman night at the ball park on the same night.

Following are the results of the bouts: "Bad" Bert Courage, Hobart, defeated Al Fields, Rochester, five rounds; Billy Furone, Syracuse, defeated Attilleo Bellucci, Rochester, five rounds; Patsy Guerra, Cleveland, defeated Ossie Sussman, Rochester, five rounds; "Red" Johnson, Jamestown, K.O.'ed Kid Snookie, East Rochester, two rounds; Eddie Smith, Rochester, defeated Jackie Bullock, Hobart, five rounds; Eddie Thomas defeated Louie Spiotti, five rounds; George Delmar won over Jimmy Lee, three rounds, and Jimmy Reina defeated Jimmy Pinti, three rounds.

There will be a busy winter in store for fighters and plenty of action for red-blooded fans in this section. There will be two weekly amateur clubs and possibly a bi-monthly pro club with Jules Bauman staging the wrestling shows.

At this writing, Courage and Fields are rematched to appear in the first outdoor fight of the season. Fight fever was so hot for the local colored boy to beat Courage that three spar mates were imported from parts of western New York to help Field round himself into good condition.

Ossie Sussman's winning streak was suddenly snapped by Patsy Guerra. The little Clevelander, a game, two-fisted puncher, never gave the local buzzsaw a chance to buzz. It was Ossie's first defeat in nineteen starts.

Jack Dempsey is due to referee some bouts to be run by the Monroe County Democratic League at its annual picnic held at the ball park. Good bouts have been arranged and Jack is sure to pack them in.

Eddie Smith, of the fighting Smith boys, is out to eclipse the good records made by brothers Bob, Hughie and Henry . . . . Among some of the local old-timers who offered their services to aid Al Fields get in shape were Sam Nolan, Jimmy Stanton, Mike Conroy, Mike Marcelles, Kid Chicago, Mike Dempsey, Joey Manuel, Phil Verde and Domenic Angelo . . . . Johnny Aicher keeps winning consistently . . . . Abe Raff, most popular of local refs., may open another hat shop . . . . Tiger Smith says he has four more years to go before hanging up the gloves . . . . Elliott Cushing, the sports editor, says that Joe Lillich was perhaps the hardest hitting middleweight ever developed in these parts . . . . Dominic Angelo will soon marry . . . . Also Joey Stefano . . . . Al Traino is looking very good in his workouts for his coming fights around the country . . . . Steve Rocco's bantamweight, Baby Yack, is a great little fighter and Yack will be world's champ within a year's time.

Sammy Luftspring is winning often and looking better in each fight. Frankie Genovese, the Canadian 147-pound champ, is one of the smartest fighters ever turned out of Toronto . . . . Utica ran a show last month and Don Willetts is planning on running weekly shows.

Fighters, amateurs or pro, wishing to show in or around Rochester, would do well by writing to 136 Ontario St. We have two amateur clubs and will have a pro club real soon.

When in Rochester get your RING at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

TIGER PELON, colorful young Mexican welter, who turned in a couple of sensational wins last month over Willard Brown and Joe Elder, looks like the best thing that has been developed in Texas in the past few years. Less than a year out of the simon pure ranks, the Tiger has forged ahead by leaps and bounds to place himself squarely on top of the main eventers in this section. Color and crowd appeal along with his exceptional ability have made him a tremendous favorite with the cash customers and he is rapidly replacing Joey Parks as Houston's most popular mitt wielder.

Hugh Benbow, Houston's popular promoter, continues to draw good houses at his Olympiad, despite the hot weather. The following are the receipts for the month of July:

Tommy Carroll vs. Pete Giralamo	$1,284.00
Tiger Pelon vs. Willard Brown	1,376.50
Joey Parks vs. Buddy Wallace	1,660.00
Joey Parks vs. Jack Thompson	2,354.60

With gates picking up each week, the coming winter looks like it will be the best ever. Pleasing fighters who are looking for action would do well to make Houston their headquarters for the coming season. Interested parties can reach promoter Hugh Benbow at 805½ Commerce St., Houston, Texas.

Joey Parks returned to this fair state after a sojourn at his home in St. Louis, and stopped Buddy Wallace in one heat and took a ten-round decision from Jack Thompson. Parks was not as impressive as on previous occasions, but bad hands appear to be the main reason.

Pete Girolamo, elongated Port Arthur middleweight, looks like a comer. This 19 years old youngster with only 10 pro fights under his belt, nine of which ended with his opponents on the floor, turned in two knockout victories over popular Tommy Carroll, one coming in the ninth round and the other in the 10th frame. Both battles were classics as Carroll was more than willing to make a fight of it.

Bob Kline and Fred Lutz, Corpus Christi promoters, are doing exceedingly well in that city. Billy Deeg and Willard Brown drew a couple of nice gates, their first meeting being a draw and Brown winning the return go decisively.

Ralph Smith, Port Arthur impresario, has that club drawing good houses, featuring a pair of local prides, Pete Girolamo and Emory Latiolas. Both are capable boys and with good match-making should go places.

The writer is always glad to give out any desired information and be of any help possible to members of the boxing game. The address, Houston Press, Houston, Texas. All correspondence will be answered promptly or turned over to promoters.

Cowboy Marlin Owens applied his powerful right hand to Dick O'Connor and Leroy Shadid for knockouts. Sonny Smyer ko'ed Billy Ionau and beat Jack Griffin. Raymond Serrano, flashy Mexican lightweight, turned in convincing victories over Coldon Aubert and Claude Villimez. Jack Taylor drew with Jimmy Martin, beat Roger Goss and lost to Jimmy McLaughlin. McLaughlin was flattened by Billy Deeg. Willie Neyland ko'ed Rock Johnson and beat George Coffee. Jimmy McLaughlin kayoed Jimmy Martin. Martin was also stopped by Bobby Roberts. Roberts ko'ed Leroy Shadid. Toby Tobias ko'ed Buddy Morgan. Maxie Long stopped Jack Hill and Tiger White. Jack Griffin bested Roger Goss. Griffin was also beaten by Buddy Etheridge. Frankie Rao and Coldon Aubert drew. Clyde Villimez beat Lou Hasso. Launcelot Johnson defeated Bob Henry, who was also ko'ed by Buster Demarus.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ANDRE LENGLET, giant French heavyweight, failed to impress in his Canadian ring debut on Sylvio Mireault's card at the Montreal Forum, but it wasn't altogether his fault. Mireault's sponsors, Messrs. Slitkin & Slotkin, did a bad job of the matchmaking, not only in the main bout, but also in three of the four supporting bouts. The first three prelims were one-sided affairs, the kayo conclusions being obvious after the first minute of battling, as was the case in the main bout. The one bright spot on the card was the semi-final, which was a fiery, interesting duel from gong to gong.

Lenglet was matched with Donald "Red" Barry, a loggy heavyweight from Washington, D. C., who was probably figured to make an excellent foil for the Frenchman, but instead proved to be an excellent "spoil," almost making the none too versatile Lenglet look as bad as himself. Lenglet, over-anxious to impress in his debut, was way off in his timing and looked awkward in his duelling with the wild-swinging, wide-open Washingtonian until he finally battered him down for the count in the fourth stanza.

Katsumi Morioka, Vancouver's Jap stylist, and Harry Gerson, rangy local bantam, staged the one tidbit of the evening in their eight-round semi-final. The flashy, tricky Jap appeared to have a working margin and the majority of the spectators disapproved of the draw verdict rendered. "Katsie" was in tiptop shape and geared to a high pitch while Gerson appeared somewhat sluggish, finding the Jap a too swift-moving, shifty target until he forced him to slug it out occasionally in the last two rounds. Gerson must be commended for his showing, however, as it was only his second bout since his lengthy layoff and was bound to be somewhat rusty against Morioka, who has been battling first class opponents all year. A return bout would be logical.

The abbreviated prelims saw a trio of Springfield, Mass., battlers "chinning" to the canvas, after displaying little but ability to absorb an average amount of punishment. Joe Marsh flattened Johnny Barry in two heats, and his kid brother, Doug, who weighs about the same, "iced" Carlos Daponde in two heats. These boys are welters. In the opener, Al Castilloux, Dave's promising bantam brother, kayoed Tommy Burns in three heats.

Frankie Martin failed to regain his Canadian bantam title from Baby Yack when he battled him in a return ten-round title bout in Toronto. The battle was a rip-snorter and plenty close, with Yack getting the verdict. Though the decision was much more popular and merited than the first one in which Martin lost his title by a close vote, it did not settle the issue as Martin went into the ring with a bad left hand.

STRAY SHOTS—Maxie Berger, flashy local lightweight, who has clicked in New York, was holidaying here and at Old Orchard, but will have resumed his campaign by the time this comes off the press . . . . Mickey McGuire, promising Western welterweight, is in Seattle with his pilot, Fred Osborne, and made a hit in his debut when he finished strong to gain a draw with Paul Styger of Aberdeen, Wash., having Styger in a bad way at the finish . . . . he should come along under Osborne's handling and rates as a serious contender for Frankie Genovese's Canadian welter title . . . . formerly a middleweight, McGuire finds himself strong at the welter limit . . . . speaking of Genovese, he has been indulging in a layoff after giving blood transfusions to a sick member of his family . . . . Manager Julius Goldberg expects that Genovese will put his title on the block again against the ex-champ, Gordon Wallace . . . . Harold "Babe" McLeod, former Canadian amateur lightweight king, was holidaying in Toronto, St. Catherines, Niagara Falls, and other Ontario points between trips to Chicoutimi, where he is a main bout attraction . . . . the only match offered to McLeod in Montreal is a battle with either of the Marsh boys, both of whom are welterweights . . . . the fight game is pretty dead around Winnipeg, according to Jack Peppin.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

AL HOSTAK, sensational twenty-one-year-old Seattle middleweight, stepped into the challenger's position this month for a shot at Freddie Steele's middleweight crown.

Hostak did in seven rounds what Champion Steele failed to do in 40 rounds of fighting—that is, he kayoed Eddie "Babe" Risko, the Syracuse Gob, who lost his title to Steele.

With standing room at a premium, a capacity crowd of 10,000 people overflowed the Ice Arena and roared with approval when Al put Risko on the canvas for a count of eight in the fourth round.

Nate Druxman's sock palace was a mad house when Hostak put the ex-sailor on the floor for the last time in the seventh round. A hard right to Risko's jaw was the punch that put him away in this round.

Chuck Nickason was the victim of a home-town decision when he lost an eight rounder to Tiny Cooper in a return match. Nickason scored a kayo in their first meeting and the second one took place on Cooper's home grounds. Another meeting between this pair should ultimately decide just who is the better man.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Sonny Buxton and Johnny Kilbane mauled their way to a six-round draw in a slow bout . . . . Danny Murray drew with Al Ross . . . . Mickey McGuire fought a draw with Paul Styger . . . . Frankie Lembo kayoed Manuel Plaza in the second round . . . . Dave Lefton beat Ray Price.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Sonny Jones, Vancouver welterweight, now in New York, turned down an offer to fight either Al Manfredo or Gaston La Cadre . . . . the fight was to be the top bout of a four 10-round bouts card at a ball park . . . . The four star affair would have drawn $15,000, but Jones wouldn't leave New York without a guarantee, although it might have meant as high as three thousand dollars for him . . . . This writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

WHEN Leichhardt Stadium re-opened their mid-week boxing program, a huge crowd flocked there to see Tod Morgan fight Herb Bishop. For many weeks previously Tod had been training very seriously. He is a great believer in being fit when entering the ring. For 15 rounds Morgan and Bishop duelled. Morgan's ring experience and cunning enabled him to gain a points decision. A good fight and a correct decision.

Sydney Stadium is going ahead with mixed programs on Monday nights. They feature wrestling and pick the best available boxers for a 10-round support and other preliminaries. Such programs are proving popular, but from a section of the fans there is the constant cry for a first class boxing program—and forget the wrestling! West Melbourne Stadium also features wrestlers with supporting boxing bouts. Believe me, wrestling during the absence of sufficient first class boxers, is taking hold of our boxing fans.

"Snowy" Clarke, Western Australian featherweight, gained a points decision over a N. S. W. boy, George Elliott, at Fitzroy Stadium (Melbourne). The following week in the same town, Maxie Richards of Queensland knocked Clarke out in the 13th round.

In my mail recently came some American newspapers, saying that Carroll was lucky to gain a decision over Jimmy Leto when they met some weeks ago in Sydney, Australia. It is a pity such valueless stories find their way into print. Boxing scribes who saw the fight were unanimous that Carroll earned his decision. Leto is a fairly good welterweight, but Carroll's ringcraft was too good.

Leichhardt Stadium has brought to Australia three Philippinos—"Clever" Henry, lightweight; B. de Guzman, feather champion of the Orient; and Villaneuve, another featherweight. They have been training at Leichhardt Stadium, where the manager, Mr. George Jones, set up special quarters and equipment.

Hughie Mehegan, Australian lightweight, after a spell necessitated by an injured arm, returned to the ring at Newcastle Stadium and defeated Doug Jackson, a N.S.W. boy, by k.o. in six rounds. As this mail leaves Australia by the Monterey, Mehegan is considering retiring from boxing. He is not pleased by his reward in previous engagements, and says that an ambitious boy is deserving of something better. Mehegan was an improving boxer, and a favorite with the fans.

When Tod Morgan (9.10¾) boxed Bert Osborne (9.6) at Leichhardt Stadium early in June, Jim Donald, "The Referee" boxing editor, said "it was a case of veterans on parade." Morgan's generalship stood him well and by a goodly margin of points he won the 15-round battle. Morgan is matched at Leichhardt Stadium to fight "Clever" Henry.

With much regret at the end of May we heard of the death of Mrs. Richards, late wife of Ron Richards, Australian middle- and heavyweight boxing champion.

B. de Guzman (8.13½) boxed Mickey Miller (8.9¼) at Leichhardt Stadium. The house was packed and de Guzman gained a points decision over Miller, 15 rounds. It was a good fight. de Guzman is not a wonderfully clever boxer, but has a nippy straight left, a whirlwind uppercut and is quick on his feet. Miller did not display his best. Now and again Miller cut loose and when he did de Guzman always came off second best. Had Miller not been so seemingly casual he may have won. It was a close decision, many of Miller's followers thinking he won.

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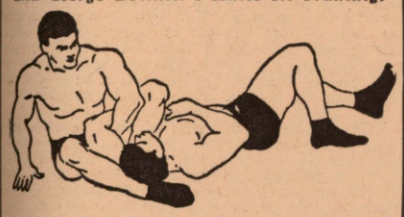

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

LOUIS KID COCOA and Johnny Lucas fought a rubber match in Baltimore, with Cocoa winning by a technical knockout in eight rounds. The veteran Lucas started out like he was going to repeat over the New Haven boxer but after five rounds soon faded and was in a helpless condition when the bout was stopped in the eighth round. Midget Mexico took a split duke over Charley Thompson and Tommy Ricco licked Joe DeCarlo in the six-rounders.

Tommy Speigal of Pittsburgh scored over Joe Ghnouly of St. Louis in a ten-rounder at Richmond, Va. Speigal is quite a card in the Virginia capital since he scored a knockout victory over Baby Miller there.

Bob Tow lost a questionable ten-round duke to Jorge Brescia at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Tow handed Jorge a terrific pasting in the first four rounds and appeared to have the better of the going through the eighth round, but at this point Brescia put on steam and won the last two rounds by a wide margin. The majority of the fans, as well as the press, thought Tow a winner, but nevertheless, Brescia took a split decision of the judges and referee. In the scheduled eight-round semi-final, Vittorio Venturi of Italy knocked out Sammy Meadows in two heats.

The middleweight champion, Freddie Steele, made a showing in Washington, winning on a technical knockout over Hobo Williams in eight rounds. Williams gave the champ a good fight of it most of the way but was always on the receiving end. The Hobo carried the fight to Steele and took a terrific body pasting for his game efforts.

Joey Archibald won over Harry Gentile in six rounds when Harry's seconds refused to let him continue. Archibald handed the New Yorker a bad beating from the opening bell and only through his gameness did he go as far as he did. Eddie Hogan was entirely too strong for Buck Everett, knocking out the Washington heavyweight in the first round. Walter Woods of New York handed Mickey Flannegan the same dose in two rounds. Max Roesch of Texas lost a close one to Eddie Coderre of New Haven in six rounds. Billy Bullock whipped Frankie DeAngelo in four, and in the opener Battling Zuzu belted out Prince Albert in the third heat. Some ten thousand fans paid better than eighteen grand to witness the charity show sponsored by the Variety Club of Washington, with Bill McCormack acting as matchmaker.

Kid Chocolate took an unpopular verdict over Charlie Gomer in ten rounds at Baltimore. The Keed looked great in the early rounds but slowed up considerably as the bout progressed and many of the fans thought the Baltimorean had evened the score or better. The fight was a fast one, and with the mixed crowd differing in opinion as to the winner, Matchmaker Sylvan Bass will in all probability rematch the boys for a return encounter.

Lou Gevinson, ex-amateur boxer of Washington, was stacked up against the experienced Joey Archibald at Washington in his sixth professional bout and for seven rounds more than held his own, only to be technically knocked out in round eight when Joey caught Lou with a perfectly timed right-hand smash to the chin, putting Lou down for a nine-count and then repeating the dose on two occasions before the referee stopped the slaughter. Lou, who is a terrific puncher, plus a southpaw, had Archibald worried until Joey sensed the kill, at which time Archibald came out of his shell and made a perfect finish of the affair. Johnny Dean of Washington kayoed Al Dunbar in one round of a hectic bout during which time Dunbar was on the floor three times and Dean on dizzy street himself on one occasion. Killer Lamar flattened King Kong in three rounds; Jimmy Fox lost on a technical knockout to Johnny Camps when his eye was badly gashed in round three. George Abrams, former amateur champion of Washington, knocked out Charley Rondo of Baltimore in three rounds.

PICK-UPS—Pete Sarron vs. Joey Archibald for the featherweight title is the dish Goldie Ahearn hopes to offer Washington before the summer season expires . . . . Goldie has cabled Sarron a ten grand offer to defend his title and it looks like Pete will return from South Africa for the shot . . . . Sarron will be rated an underdog as far as Washington fans are concerned, where Joey is rated the best featherweight in the game today. Phil Furr, Washington welterweight, has returned to Washington after a six months' stay on the Pacific Coast and makes his first appearance when he stacks up against Vittorio Venturi of Italy . . . . The Scott brothers, Buddy and Howard, both have gone over big in Philadelphia rings, where Lou Diamond is now promoting.

George Abrams is another promising ex-amateur in this locality . . . . The handlers of Abrams are taking George through the prelims before going after the big game and it looks like a sane thing to do . . . . Thus far, George has flattened all his opponents . . . . For a real prospect, watch out for Ben Brown, the Richmond middleweight, under the management of Sam Sobel . . . . Heinie Miller, the secretary of the Washington Boxing Commission, also has a few other jobs . . . . For instance, boxing coach at Maryland University, with his last year's team winning the Southern Conference title; Major in the U. S. Marine Reserves and in active charge of the Washington unit; editor of a Service Magazine widely circulated in the U. S. Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, and in his spare time Heinie writes short stories for the various monthly magazines, mainly based on his experiences during his twenty years of travel with the U. S. Navy.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

BABE RISKO'S stunning knockout defeat by Al Hostak at Seattle has caused the former middleweight champ to desert the 160-pound class in favor of competition among the light-heavies. Unable to make 160 pounds for Hostak, Risko came in at 166, still too weak to stave off the relentless barrage of the Coast comer and was hammered into submission in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-round bout.

Bushy Graham made short work of Willie Hines, New York lightweight, at Utica, knocking out the veteran Gotham Negro in the second at the Stadium before a small crowd. Joey Brown, Syracuse featherweight, hit the comeback trail by knocking out Irish Johnny Coyne of Scranton in the third round of what was to have been a six-round semi-final.

The big noise of boxing in this section at this writing is Bad Bert Courage, the Belting Blond from Hobart College. With more than 38 knockouts on his sensational string, Bert continues to reign as the wildest, most colorful heavyweight uncovered in these parts in many years. Bouts with Babe Risko and Ralph De John await the campus hero if he decides to turn professional. Irving Robbins, smartest of this vicinity's amateur impresarios, is handling the collegian.

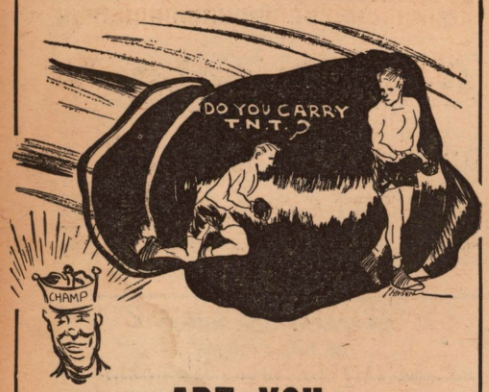
Pro boxing is due to launch a bid for public favor here this month and also in Rochester which is one of the best fight spots upstate.

Henry Armstrong, Fred Apostoli, Harry Balsamo, and fighters of their type could pick up plenty of money in this section. Boxing is getting a bigger play on sports pages all over Central and Western New York today than ever before. The fans are eating up fight news and go big for the above mentioned trio.

Another crack amateur, Joe Matisi of Endicott, National Golden Gloves heavyweight champ, is about ready to join the lucre collecting pugs. Joe is a two-fisted blaster, and usually crawls out of the ring with his opponent still sound asleep on his ring stool while frantic seconds work over him, the result of the dynamite encased in Matisi's stony fists.

LEFT HOOKS—Because Babe Risko was six pounds overweight for his bout with Al Hostak, Gabe Genovese had to forfeit $500 weight money . . . . The show drew close to $15,000, according to Genovese, who has been in seclusion at his Constantia summer home since the bout . . . . Ralph De John is getting in shape for a series of Buffalo appearances this fall and winter . . . . He is the ace card for Charley Murray's club . . . . Steve (Crusher) Casey, Irish grappler, topped a big mat card at Municipal Stadium, tossing Jack Westenberg, but the outstanding match of the evening turned out to be a bruising struggle between Tor Johnson and Wee Willie Davis . . . . The grunt and groan addicts are still raving about that one, which drew a turnout of 2,000 . . . . Your correspondent hopped down to New York for the purpose of lining up some ring material for Rochester unveiling, and was fairly swamped by managers of fighters anxious to show in the Flower City . . . . Good Jewish and Italian fighters can accumulate a bankroll there.

Bert Courage whipped Al Fields a second time when they met in a thriller at Edgerton Park, Rochester . . . . Joe Matisi put Obie Taylor away in two at Elmira . . . . Syracuse ringworms plan a New York invasion for Promoter Mike Jacobs' card of championship tilts headed by the Ambers-Montanez and Apostoli-Thil bouts . . . . There was little interest here in the Louis-Farr heavyweight title fight . . . . Most of the experts picked the Bomber to chill the foreign menace . . . . Elliot Cushing, sports ed of the Rochester *Democrat-Chronicle*, and Matt Jackson, who holds down the same spot on the Rochester *Times-Union*, turn out some great fistic stories for their thousands of readers . . . . Both are top-notch writers of boxing lore . . . . Bill Lundigan, home-town radio announcer, now in Hollywood movies, packs a mean right-hand wallop despite his Adonis-like features . . . . Ray Golden, Marc Buckland, Joe Netro, Eddie Griffin and Bob Kenefick, Jr., still think Jack Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight champion of all time . . . . Who doesn't?



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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BARRING the efforts of the Goodwin A. C., the lone "pro" organization, also a "me too" for the amateurs, now clicking in this, the Boston sector, boxing finds itself hard hit by the annual summer doldrums and the competition of the horses, doggies, baseball and "beano." But, despite many and various discouragements, the Goodwin A. C. put over a very good show at Fenway Park and, best of all, had a fair night as regards weather, also an attendance of fully six thousand.

The feature event brought together Al McCoy, the New England heavy champion, and Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, the latter one of Braddock's sparring partners incidental to the fight with Joe Louis. The scheduled distance was ten rounds—two short of the customary championship distance—but McCoy's title was in there just the same. He also took it away with him when he left the ring. McCoy, much improved in form, started fighting with the first bell—hit McCarthy with about everything he could throw for three solid rounds. To McCarthy's credit, he stood up under the barrage and gamely attempted to fight back. At the end of the third stanza, the referee called a halt. The award went to McCoy.

There were three other scheduled tens on the card. In the first of these, Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Nova Scotia, weighing 174¾, a formidable chap, encountered Emil Schultze, 185¼, of Germany, the latter making his American debut. Schultze proved rough, tough and game, but was willing to maul, wrestle, backhand, hit in the breaks, etc. He was outboxed and outpunched by Warrington, who collected the decision—a unanimous vote. In another slated ten, Bobby Allen, Nova Scotia welter, was less fortunate. He encountered Ralph Zanelli of Providence, former amateur ace, who, since he turned "pro" early last spring, has not lost a decision. Zanelli had too much punch and ruggedness for Allen. In the second he had the Nova Scotian looking so badly that the latter's second stopped the encounter, a kayo win going to Zanelli.

In another bout on the same card, Roy Kelley, Brookline, clashed with Dick Maloney, South Boston, both light-heavies. The latter is a younger brother of the once famous Jim Maloney, Boston heavy. The match, a good one, went the full route, Maloney winning the decision. He forced the fighting, was continually inside of Kelley's greater reach and made a most favorable impression. He seems destined to yet more than fill his elder brother's shoes.

The show was the second staged by the Goodwin A. C. within the month. Its earlier feature was at Fenway Park, with Natie Brown, the Washington heavy, meeting Tony Shucco of Medford, former New England heavyweight champion. They travelled the full journey of ten rounds. Brown's forcing tactics and ability to counter, particularly to the body, won him the award. In the second, Shucco was on the deck for five, a right hook to jaw. In the latter stanzas he discovered that he had a right-hand uppercut and began to use it very effectively—but too late. The win went to Brown.

George Martin, Boston, 146, a game, tough, two-handed graduate from last winter's amateurs, clashed with Bobby Allen, the Nova Scotian, in the semi-final. They went eight busy heats to a draw. Allen looked the better in this affair. In other bouts, Yancey Henry, the Lynn colored heavy, a fairly recent stepup from the amateurs, spoiled Eddie Edge, a Fort Banks soldier, in two frames, while Dick Maloney, previously mentioned, forced the referee to intervene to save Dick "Twin" Lopez of Cambridge in the sixth from being knocked out.

Al McCoy, who has pulled himself down from more than 190 pounds to nearer 180, about where he belongs, has decided to give the fighting business his entire attention, all of which means no more extended vacations for him for a while. He will benefit in the end. At this writing he is slated for an early August engagement in a Montreal ring, also a return championship bout with Tony Shucco here in Boston. Bill Brennan, his manager, is lining up several other matches for his charge, also for Terry Warrington, whom he is now the mentor.

Whatever claims Danno O'Mahony may have had to the heavyweight title of Ireland, or any other country, for that matter, were definitely settled here when he was defeated by Steve Casey, Promoter Bowser's ex-fisherman husky from County Kerry. The match, an affair of clean wrestling and downright grim work, was staged at Fenway Park, the home grounds of the Boston Red Sox, and attracted about 8,000 cash customers. Casey, known as the "Crusher," scored the one and deciding fall in 50 min. 56 sec. with a flying body scissors. He was unable to repeat, nor did Danno even up the score, inside the remainder of the 90-minute time limit. George "Dazzler" Clark of Scotland came through with a win over Maurice Robert, Yvon Robert's brother, in 7:25—the semi-final event. A leg lock, clamped on by Clark, forced the youngster to surrender.

Steve Casey, now heavyweight mat champion of Ireland, is in a way to yet attain higher honors in his professional field. He is big, strong and wiry—has good legs and arms, and can wrestle. He is inclined to work on the defensive—is more for countering against an opponent than forcing. His chief reliance is his great strength, which is sufficient to carry him out of many bad spots. The Irish champion does not measure up to some of the great matmen of the past, but, as the sport is now going, can hold his own with the average of the leaders of the present day.

Another month should see boxing swinging back into its stride. The Irish-American A. A., which for years has kept the sport well out in front, is preparing to get back into action for the fall and winter season. As in former years, it will stage tourneys, open to all New England amateurs, every Monday night at the Boston Arena, with occasional splurges at Boston Garden. It is very likely that the annual National A. A. U. championships will be contested here for the second time in successive years. In general connection, it is a pleasure to note that George Freeman, one of the main springs of the I. A. A. A. boxing activities, is back on his feet following a serious operation for appendicitis and many weeks of enforced rest.

Incidental to the affairs of Al McCoy, New England heavyweight champion, there is another heavy in the field—Allen McCoy, frequently referred to as "Al" McCoy, all of which is causing the Boston title-holder more or less embarrassment on occasions. For instance, one of the record books has Allen McCoy listed as "Al" kayoed in a round in a Richmond, Va., ring, a city and state the local McCoy has yet to visit. But the other day it was announced that "Al" McCoy, presumably meaning Allen McCoy, was all set to fight Jimmy Adamick at Detroit, a bout concerning which the Boston McCoy knows nothing.

Billy McCarney, manager of Natie Brown, may lodge a protest with the State Athletic Commission over the switching out of his charge in favor of Tony Shucco for the next contest here with Al McCoy. At least, such is the report. Should McCarney do so, it will gain him nothing. His best bet is to seek a match for Brown with the McCoy-Shucco victor.

Paul Bowser, the mat promoter, is trying to get together a match between Yvon Robert of Montreal and Danno O'Mahony, to be staged during the outdoor season at Fenway Park. Robert's championship claims are to be in there. Bowser has succeeded in signing on Robert, he to receive a substantial guarantee, but the O'Mahony folk are balking over the 12½ per cent put up to them. They contend that they should receive the same money for which Robert has signed.

Jimmy Devlin, the Irish lightweight from Donegal, who recently made good on his initial appearance here as a member of the Jack O'Brien-Al Clemente stable, is a great admirer of Tommy Farr, the British heavyweight champion. "I have seen Farr in ring action on several occasions," he states, "and he is game, tough, can think, and is a good boxer. He usually boxes on the aggressive, also can change his style. He will give Louis a far harder fight than many may think."

It is with pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of a book, "The Scientific Art of Boxing," compiled by Danton Gammenu Obeyesekere of Colombo, Ceylon, India, in which country, he informs us, there is more interest in the sport than we had supposed existed. Mr. Obeyesekere is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, where he captained the University Boxing Club in 1929. Later, he was amateur welterweight champion of Ceylon from 1932-'36. The book, finely illustrated, contains chapters devoted to boxing in Ceylon, India and other lands; judging, refereeing, etc., also the technique of boxing, seconding, rules and many other kindred details. We regard the book as a valuable addition to our library. As Mr. Obeyesekere is a reader of THE RING, we take this opportunity to again thank him for his gift.

Al Delmont, one of the old-time bantam and feather aces, never missed a showing of the Louis-Braddock films here in Boston. "I went to the theatre to study the pictures," states Delmont, "and, as the result of such, opine that Jimmy lost his title when he failed to follow up his advantage after he had knocked Louis down. Had he done so, he would have won. Failure to take advantage of real openings is one of the greatest failings of the average ringster of today. They sting an opponent, then watch him recover instead of going in and finishing the job. Though Champion Louis may be the best of the present crop of heavies, he is far from being a great. He can hook with either hand and, as he puts his weight back of such blows, he is a hard hitter. His few straight punches, which are pokes rather than drives, are not very dangerous. He is easily thrown off balance—becomes confused when hit to the head. If Farr can throw straight punches with any force behind them—keep them coming and knows how to step on a canvas—he has a chance to defeat the champion. If the British champion tries to slug, and does it blindly—as usually is the case, he will be kayoed."

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

MADCAP MAXIE BAER provided one of the highlights of the fistic month, doing a four-rounder with youngster Al Rovay of San Jose at the Dreamland Auditorium under Tony Palazolo's auspices. The Baer brand of buffoonery was in evidence throughout every minute of the abbreviated four stanzas, during which the gladiators, armed with pillowlike gloves, inflicted very little damage on each other's person. The fact that the rounds were of but two minutes' duration does not speak well of Adelbert's condition.

Two very nice prospective headliners were brought to light on the supporting program in Eddie Booker, San Jose welterweight, and Lloyd Marshall, middleweight from Cleveland via Sacramento, both Negroes. Booker, a flashy boxer who was developed in the local amateur tournaments, looked like lots of class with a ninth-round technical kayo victory over Johnny Bassanelli, tough Sacramentan, while Marshall sprayed veteran Pietro Georgi with a variety of poisonous left hooks until a particularly potent portside poke parked Pietro permanently in the second round of their scheduled ten-rounder.

Johnny Marquez, National A. A. U. welterweight title-holder, got the better of the deal when Referee "One Round" Hogan awarded him a six-round draw with Johnny Fasano, case-hardened North Beach Italian. At that, Marquez did very well, considering the fact that this was but his third start as a professional while Fasano has been pitching leather for a long, long time.

George Freitas, former amateur kingpin from San Jose, took a nice four-round decision over Pablo Salvadore, Filipino bantamweight, in the curtain raiser.

Lou Nova of Richmond cut short the winning streak of "Sonnyboy" Walker when he dished out a ten-round boxing lesson to Frank Schuler's clouting cowboy in a main event at the Dreamland Auditorium before five thousand spectators. Nova's nifty left hand kept Walker at a distance throughout and Louie absorbed the erstwhile Arizonan's best body wallops without evidencing any damage. It was a fast, bitterly contested battle but Nova, one-time national amateur heavyweight champ, held the upper hand all the way. Both were down in the fourth round for no counts.

Bob Larue, promising young heavyweight, dusted off Ernie Collins of Sacramento in the initial round of the semi-windup, and Johnny Marquez made his second pro start a successful one by stopping Joe Juarez of San Diego in the fifth.

Should Freddie Steele and Glen Lee tangle in their proposed Los Angeles meeting, my nickel rests on the 160-pound champion to stop the Nebraska Wildcat within the distance. It'll be Glen's first engagement with an opponent somewhere nearly his size. Garcia, Miller and Jannazzo are welterweights, which Lee is a long way from being, and besides, somebody by the name of "Chief" Paris whipped the Nebraskan at Hollywood not so long ago. Mr. Paris looked anything but formidable in his eight-round draw with Tommy Jones locally.

A bevy of six assorted heavyweights provided a slim crowd with an evening's sleep at the Civic Auditorium. Despite the fact that all three scheduled ten-rounders ended long before their intended route was run, there wasn't enough real competitive action to occasion one lusty yell from Joe Galleryite, who after all, must pay the freight on these boxfight programs. "Sonnyboy" Walker, who seems to be on every card presented hereabouts, stopped a light-heavyweight from Des Moines, Prett Ferrar, in five rounds; Art Sykes of Elmira, N. Y., displayed some semblance of class with a three-round kayo over Denver's "Cyclone" Lynch, and Bob Larue stiffened a guy named Al in five frames. All three were woeful mismatches, as were the two preliminaries in which Dick Foster tamed "Wild Bill" Sutton in five-sixths of a middleweight setto, and Bill Poland, Billy Wells' heavyweight protege, put Ray Grider of Eureka to sleep in thirty seconds. Cards like these aren't very helpful to the staggering local fight situation.

Young Joe Roche, North Beach bantamweight, is going over in a big way down at Hollywood. He knocked out Peewee LaSalle on the Jimmy Vaughn-Joey Alcanter card and then licked Santos Hugo in the semi-windup preceding the Ken Overlin-Young Stuhley feature.

Domingo Valin, heavy-hitting Portuguese heavyweight from Haywards, stopped veteran Tony Cancela of Tampa, Fla., in the third of a scheduled tenner at the Oakland Auditorium. Valin started hitting Antonio at will in the first round and had the Mexican pretty shopworn when it was halted by the referee midway in the third.

Clarence Spencer, flashy Hollister, Cal., featherweight, met his first "acid test" in impressive fashion by holding Pablo Dano, tough Filipino, to a ten-round draw at Watsonville. Fred "Windy" Winsor staged the card.

After dropping a decision to Louie Nova and looking the part of a third-rate second-rater against Prett Ferrar, Frank Schuler's Battling Buckaroo, commonly known as "Sonnyboy" Walker, reestablished himself locally by belting out titanic Frankie Connelly in the fifth round of a blistering heavyweight brawl at the Civic Auditorium. Outweighed thirty pounds by the 233-pound Oaklander, Walker came back from an early pasting to knock Frank completely bowlegged with a terrific right-hand shot to the button that wound matters up in very definite fashion.

Connelly, recently returned from an Eastern sojourn, punched Walker all over the ring in the first two rounds, but the cowboy's vicious body punching began taking its rib-cracking toll in the third. Walker battered away at the midsection until the fifth and accomplished his purpose when Connelly dropped his guard to protect against the leather clad outrages in his tummy region. Walker promptly nicked him with three or four very solid rights to the jaw before really pulling the string on a vicious right-handed shot that felled the massive Irishman with a crash. There was no doubt as to his being definitely through for the night.

Walker really looked the part of a comer in this one. Somehow his victories over Lenglet, Ford and Loughran failed to excite yours truly to any extent, but when he came back from a really nasty pounding to batter this rough, tough, heavy-socking Connelly to the floor, he looked something like my idea of what a heavyweight should be.

Dick Foster, Dolph Thomas' Berkeley middleweight, who has been bowling them over regularly, caught himself a tartar in the six-round semi-windup, but managed to eke out a decision over "Midnight" Bell, a gentleman of color from the great Northwest. Bell stuck to his guns for six hard-fought rounds and wasn't much, if any, in arrears at the final bell. The decision in Foster's favor was received with vociferous disapproval by the gallery gods who did approve of Mr. Bell's style.

Jimmy Thomas, colored lightweight, and "Kid" Ray, hard-punching Stocktonian, went six rounds to a draw, and Bill Poland won his second professional effort, stopping Ralph Pancoast in the fourth round after both had been downed twice.

After staging a one-night farce with the six horrible heavyweights, Promoter Al Young, this city's oldest promoter, really went to town on the Walker-Connelly card. Every fight was a good one, especially the main event which proved to be one of the best in months.

Dale Sparr, the former sailor, who gained himself a place in local fans' hearts by providing Corbett and Apostoli with sensational fights, broke into the win column once again when he pounded out a decisive ten-round decision over Abie Miller, ex-state champion, in a bout at the Oakland Muny Auditorium. Sparr carried eight of ten rounds with his perpetual aggressiveness but Miller's willingness to trade punches made for an interesting battle.

Gus Morrow of Oakland knocked out Sonnyboy Wilson, Alameda welterweight, in the fifth round of the semi-windup. Other results: Douglas Carver defeated "Blondy" Ryan, heavyweights; Soldier Ed Stanley whipped Young Derrick, lightweights; Al Lytic knocked out Clarence Dunn in the third, heavyweights, and Sammy Perez defeated Billy Bitnoff in a lightweight tussle.

Jimmy Delnero, Stockton heavyweight, scored two knockout wins during the month over Jack McCarthy of this city in four rounds and over "Blondy" Ryan of Sacramento in the first round. Horace Mann, the fast rising bantamweight starlet, punched out a very nice win over Johnny Ladao, tricky Filipino, in a San Jose ten-rounder. Mann seems to have the old Indian sign on the little brown boys, having whipped, besides Ladao, Pablo Dano and "Speedy" Dado.

They'll all laugh, but I'll take Tommy Farr over the Bomber. 'Pears to yours truly that Tonypandy Tommy is a bit underrated over hyar. He's licked Baer, Neusel, Loughran, Olin and Foord and must have SOMETHING besides a tenor voice. I like his confidence and his evident utter disregard for Louis' mythlike reputation. Like his speed and his gameness, his straight left and his tremendous reach, his bulk—and those broad shoulders which, if I'm not mistaken, carry a nasty punch. And—heh—heh, his disposition is by no means sunny, according to Mr. Wignall's articles.

Young Corbett III, the perennial portsider from Fresno, dished out ten rounds of A-1 shellac to Joe Smallwood at the Oakland Auditorium. Joe never had a chance at any time with the valley town's Number One athlete, who seems to get smarter and smarter as the years creep up on him.

"Chalky" Wright, Los Angeles colored lightweight, gave the fans an unexpected jolt by punching out Norbert Meehan in five rounds of the semi-windup. Wright recovered from a bad beating to inflict a nasty cut over Meehan's left eye which necessitated stopping the affair.

At Stockton, Jackie Wilson, top-ranking colored featherweight, easily outpointed Speedy Dado, veteran Filipino, in ten rounds.

Once hailed as the finest heavyweight prospect in the nation, Phil Brubaker's comeback try lasted quick when Eddie Simms' thundering Sunday punch disposed of the ex-parson in sixty-five seconds of the first round at the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

BILLY COLBERT, well known St. Paul, Minn., boxing man was appointed matchmaker for the Riverview Park Arena this season. Colbert is holding weekly cards at the outdoor spot and drawing good crowds. With the opening of the Park Arena, Sioux City had two outdoor arenas in operation, the other being the Uptown, which is also staging weekly cards. Right now Sioux City is one of the leading fistic centers west of Chicago.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena. Gorilla Jones, former middleweight champion, defeated three opponents in one evening. He scored decisions over Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, Ray Man, Sioux City middleweight, and Bat Nelson, of Norfolk, Neb. On the same program Frank Nelson, Davenport, Ia., middleweight, scored a close decision over Charley Dawson, of Omaha, Neb.; Sammy Musco, Omaha feather, punched out a win over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia.; and Ken Wyatt of Sioux City lost to Earl Herron in the opener.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, scored a T.K.O. over Webster Apperson, of Chicago, in six rounds; Jess Ackerman, Des Moines, lightweight, won an unpopular decision over Al Pahl of Sioux City; Jackie Bickett, Sioux Falls bantam, stopped Tommy Sacco of Sioux City in three rounds; Wilbur Bielke, former Golden Gloves champion, won a decision over Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, in four rounds. The bouts were well attended.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena. Harvey Woods, St. Paul featherweight, won a hair-line decision over Sammy Musco of Omaha in eight rounds; Lee Morris, Rock Island, Ill., welterweight, won a decision over Johnny De Cruz in six; Buddy McCrea, St. Louis welterweight, dropped a decision to Lloyd Rawson, of Sioux City in six; Myles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, won in six over Stanley Novak of Omaha; Buddy Short, Sioux City Negro light-heavy, edged out a win over Jimmy Caffrey of Omaha.

Waterloo, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, won an eight-round decision over Whitey Walden of Albert Lea, Minn. Al Hoosman, Negro heavy, won by a T.K.O. over Kid Hill of Des Moines after Hill suffered an injured eye.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena. Gorilla Jones scored a five-round T.K.O. over Frankie Misko of Detroit. Misko was completely outclassed. Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, won over Charlie Dawson of Omaha in six; Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, lost to Les Morris of Rock Island, Ill., in six; Mickey Slater and Young Newsboy Brown, both feathers, fought a fast draw; Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, stopped Jackie Hart of Davenport, Ia., in the first round.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena. Frankie Covelli, clever Brooklyn featherweight, punched out an eight-round decision over Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight. Other results on the program were as follows:

Christy Mathewson, 146, Omaha, and Jack Hardings, 147, Sioux City, drew in six.

Eddie Reynolds, 130, LeMars, knocked out Young Newsboy Brown, 134, Sioux City, in third round.

Miles Martinez, 129, St. Paul, defeated Mickey Slater, 133, Sioux City, six.

Speedy Clayton, 132, Sioux City, defeated Phil Montgomery, 137, Sioux City, six.

Waterloo, Ia.—Ralph O'Dell, rugged Iowa heavyweight comer, knocked out Johnny Warner of St. Paul, Minn., in four rounds. O'Dell floored his opponent several times with lefts and rights to the midsection before he polished him off with stiff uppercuts. A capacity crowd turned out for the card.

Alcester, So. Dakota—Bob Morley, Sioux City lightweight, knocked out Benny Benedict, lightweight champion of South Dakota; Tony Swoboda knocked out Johnny Hines of Alcester in three rounds; Red Davis of Alcester drew with Johnny Dobson of Sioux Falls.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena. Harvey Woods, St. Paul featherweight, gained an eight-round decision over Paul Lee of Indianapolis, Ind.; Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, scored over Henry Jones of Fort Dodge in eight; Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welter, won over Ray Mann of Sioux City; Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, won over Al Pahl of Sioux City in six; Myles Martinez, St. Paul feather, scored over Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge.

Des Moines, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone won over Al Pahl of Sioux City in eight rounds. Both lightweights. Dixie Taylor, Waterloo Negro, won over Ray Mann of Sioux City in eight rounds. The Legrone-Pahl bout was a thriller all the way, keeping the large crowd of fans on their feet throughout.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena. Jimmy Legrone,, Des Moines, defeated Al Pahl, Sioux City, in six; Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, beat Al Hooseman, Waterloo, in six; Don Espenson, Minneapolis lightweight, defeated Speedy Clayton of Sioux City in four; Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City, won by a T.K.O. over Don Davis of Waterloo in four; Eddie Reynolds, Le Mars, Ia., feather, beat Billy Clancy of Sioux City in four; Johnny Kruse of Des Moines knocked out Earl Herron of Sioux City in two rounds; Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, beat Bat Nelson of Norfolk, Neb., in six; Andy Miller, Sioux City, knocked out Max Steel of Burlington, Ia., in four; Ray Mann beat Charley Dawson of Omaha; Don Espenson of Minneapolis repeated over Speedy Clayton of Sioux City in four; Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, and Willie Walker of Sioux City drew in four; Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, knocked out Earl Herron of Sioux City in two.

Des Moines, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, won over Rus Wassar of Minneapolis in 10 rounds. The Sioux Cityan carried the fight to Wassar and rocked the latter a number of times with hard punches to the head.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena. Eddie Wenstob, Canadian light-heavyweight, won an eight-round decision over Henry Jones of Fort Dodge; Harvey Woods, St. Paul, won over Frankie Whitney of Bemidji, Minn.; Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, gained the nod over Myles Martinez, St. Paul feather, in six rounds; Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, won over Buddy McCrea of St. Louis in six; Don Swenson, St. Paul lightweight, beat Baby McCrea in four.

Waterloo, Ia.—Henry Schaft, hard punching Minneapolis welterweight, knocked out Johnny Cosgrove in the feature event of a boxing card here. Cosgrove, hailing from Wesley, Ia., was unable to do a thing with Schaft, taking the count in the third round.

Pierre, So. Dakota—Gov. Jensen announced the appointment of Ralph H. Maltby, Vienna, and William J. Cowling, Lead, to the State Athletic Commission. Both terms run until July 1, 1940. The appointees succeed Harry M. Liem, Huron, and M. Ferrero, Lead. R. G. Rhodes, Sioux Falls, will remain on the board.

Herewith is the listings of Iowa boxers, according to the last ratings of the Iowa Boxing Association composed of Iowa's leading boxing promoters. Since this rating was issued, several of the fighters listed have been defeated. The rating will give you a fair idea on the talent in Iowa, at this time of the year.

Here are the rankings by divisions:

HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION

Champion—Andy Miller of Sioux City.

Leading challengers—Johnny Miller of Albia and Ralph O'Dell of Ottumwa.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion—Pret Farrar of Des Moines.

Leading challengers—Mile Klomp of Lime Springs and Henry Jones of Fort Dodge.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Co-champions—Ray Mann of Sioux City and Dixie Walker of Waterloo.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Champion—Milt Arron of Dubuque.

Leading challenger—Henry Rothier of Davenport.

LIGHTWEIGHT

Co-champions—Al Pahl of Sioux City and Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Champion—Everette Rightmire of Sioux City.

Leading challenger—Al Manriquez of Sioux City.

(No outstanding bantamweights or flyweights.)

READERS, ATTENTION—Mail for this column, and readers wishing information on the sport out here, should send their letters to the writer, c/o Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, Sioux City, Iowa. All news must be in my hands by the second of the month. Your help in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

Des Moines, Ia.—Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavyweight, upset the dope bucket when he punched out an eight-round decision over Ralph O'Dell, coming Iowa heavyweight. O'Dell was puzzled throughout the mix, being unable to solve his opponent's style of milling.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Several topnotch fighters will show their wares in Sioux City this season, among them being Jackie Wilson, ranking featherweight star, who is making his headquarters here at this writing . . . . Bobby Ward, veteran Minnesota boxer, was a visitor here . . . . Mike Gibbons, famous boxer of by-gone days, was third man for the opening card at the Riverview Park Arena . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, has returned from the Coast . . . . Ted Zanfes is again third man for the park arena . . . . Bink Naughton is the set-up man at the Uptown Arena . . . . Ty Dillon, Uptown Arena matchmaker, has turned in some dandy cards this season . . . . Billy Colbert, the new Riverview matchmaker, has been connected with fistic sport for the last twenty years . . . . He is assistant matchmaker for Harry Lennon in St. Paul . . . . Several Omaha boxers and managers are keeping busy here . . . . Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, is our bet for the best prospect of the month . . . . Roy Gillman, Fort Dodge promoter, is seeking talent . . . . Sailor Burke, veteran boxer, manager and trainer, is back in the game again . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City boxer, has decided to hang up the gloves for certain in his latest announcement . . . . Louie Tattleman is the announcer at the Uptown Arena, while Sammy Sacco is back at Riverview . . . . Norfolk, Nebr., staged a dandy amateur boxing card . . . . Decorah, Ia., is holding shows, along with Ruthven, Ia. . . . . Ralph Baker, Grand Forks, N. D., feather, is still going good in Chicago.

Arch Koop of Des Moines, was re-elected president of the Iowa Boxing Association . . . . Jack Dempsey was forced to call off his slated appearance in Sioux City . . . . Joe Stecher, one-time wrestling champion, was in the St. Cloud, Minn., veterans' hospital for treatment of a nervous disorder . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., welterweight, was ranked tenth in the 147-pound division by the N.B.A. . . . . Down around Des Moines there are a number of tough coming youngsters, included in the list is Don Milligan, lightweight, and Pep Finney, Negro lightweight . . . . Ralph O'Dell may make a trip to England for a series of battles . . . . Jack Dempsey says O'Dell needs more schooling . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter, plans a number of white hope heavyweight boxing cards for Iowa . . . . The Chicago C.Y.O. boxing team defeated the Dubuque, Ia., team, 7 to 1 . . . . Five of the Chicago wins were by the kayo route . . . . Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, defeated Johnny Page in eight rounds at Milwaukee, Wis. . . . . Gorilla Jones, former middleweight king, spent several days in Sioux City training for prospective bouts . . . . Before coming from the Coast, Everette Rightmire dropped a decision to Ritchie Fontaine in 10 rounds at Hollywood . . . . At the Uptown Arena, Sioux City, Albert Manriquez scored an eight-round win over Armanda Sicillia of Springfield, Ill. . . . . On the same card, Ray Mann drew with Frank Nelson . . . . Les Morris dropped a close one to Sammy Christensen of Kansas City . . . . Lloyd Rawson won over Joe Matheson of Omaha . . . . Al Pahl of Sioux City beat Speedy Clayton . . . . Kid Gindy of Chadron, Nebr., beat Billy Clancy . . . . See you next month.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

LES SHOWERS, premier amateur boxing promoter and director, completed a three-day sellout at McCook, Nebr., and it proved to be the biggest drawing card attraction of any tournaments held in the Middle West the past six months. Showers and his capable assistant are now at Casper, Wyo.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results of a one-night show. Ira Kruger, promoter, at the C.C.C. Camp Bogue. Floyd Everly knocked out Dick Fitzpatrick in two; Curtis Bingham knocked out Dan Straub in two; Rufus Ball beat Byron Johnson. This was an unpopular decision. Max Pixley knocked out Bill Payne in two; Roy Williamson knocked out Jack Moser in two; Johnny Wilson beat Billy Byers; Manuel Vasquez knocked out Blaine Sellers in two; Johnny Henderson knocked out Kenny Ogle in two; View Sigler beat Everett Ogle.

Emporia, Kans.—Lester Holzapfel, former professional boxer, just returned from the West Coast and now acting in the role as manager. He has a fine stable of amateur and pro boxers. Any promoter wanting boxing talent write the above manager at 228 South Mechanic Street.

Neodesha, Kans.—The second amateur one-night show was witnessed by 2,500 boxing fans. View Sigler shaded Everett Ogle; Curtis Bingham barely edged out a win over Floyd Everly; Johnny Henderson knocked out Gyp Bartholomew in two; Don Higgins knocked out Sonny Preble in one; Roy Williamson knocked out Kenny Ogle in one; Carey Smith beat Willard Brooks; Mel Kitterman beat Toots Trembley; Manuel Vasquez beat Byron Johnson; Charles Green beat Bill Hogan.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery, manager and trainer of a large stable of boxers, is getting a fine stable prepared for fall amateur tournaments. It is probable Wichita will be the center for the largest tournament ever held in the Middle West this fall or winter.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, reports a rather dull season at present for boxing and wrestling, but anticipates a revival in the fight game this fall.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results one-night show. Chas. Johnson beat Ham Harris; Johnny Henderson shaded Gyp Bartholomew; Young (Bat) Green knocked out Cruz Jiminez in two; Emanuel Vasquez beat Byron Johnson; Don Higgins knocked out Toots Trembley in one; Max Pixley beat Everett Nutter.

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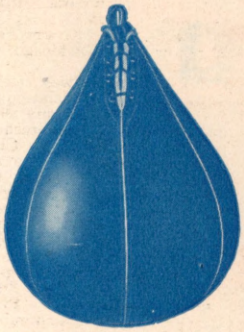

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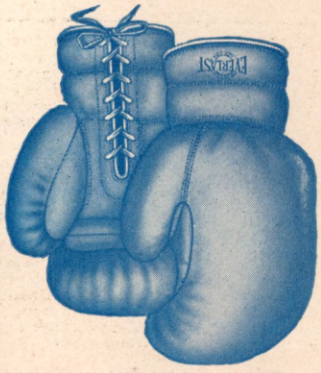

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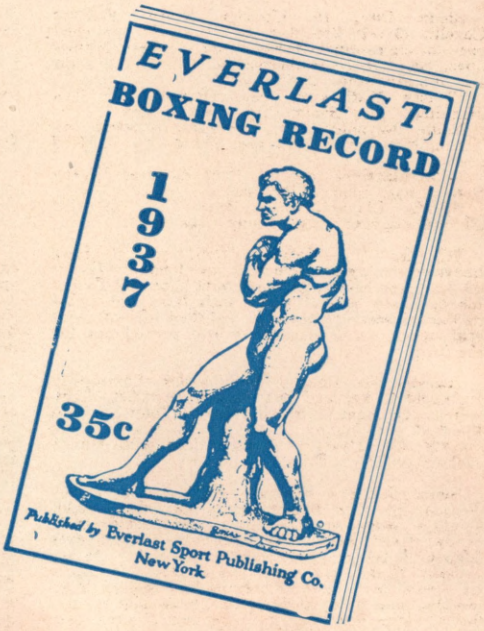

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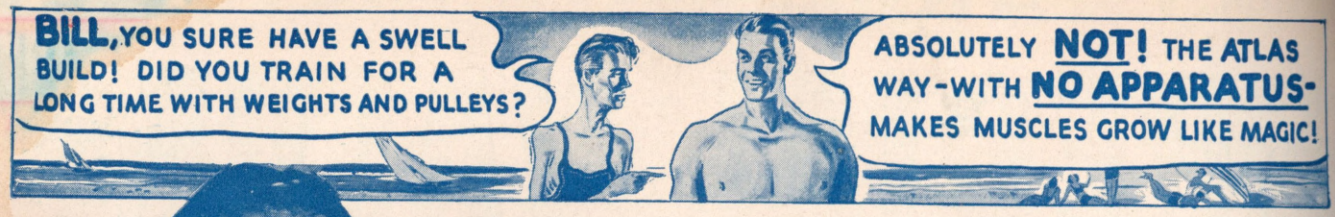

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